

Collier's

JANUARY 3, 1953 • FIFTEEN CENTS

DUQUESNE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY
PITTSBURGH, PA. **AFRICAN SAFARI**

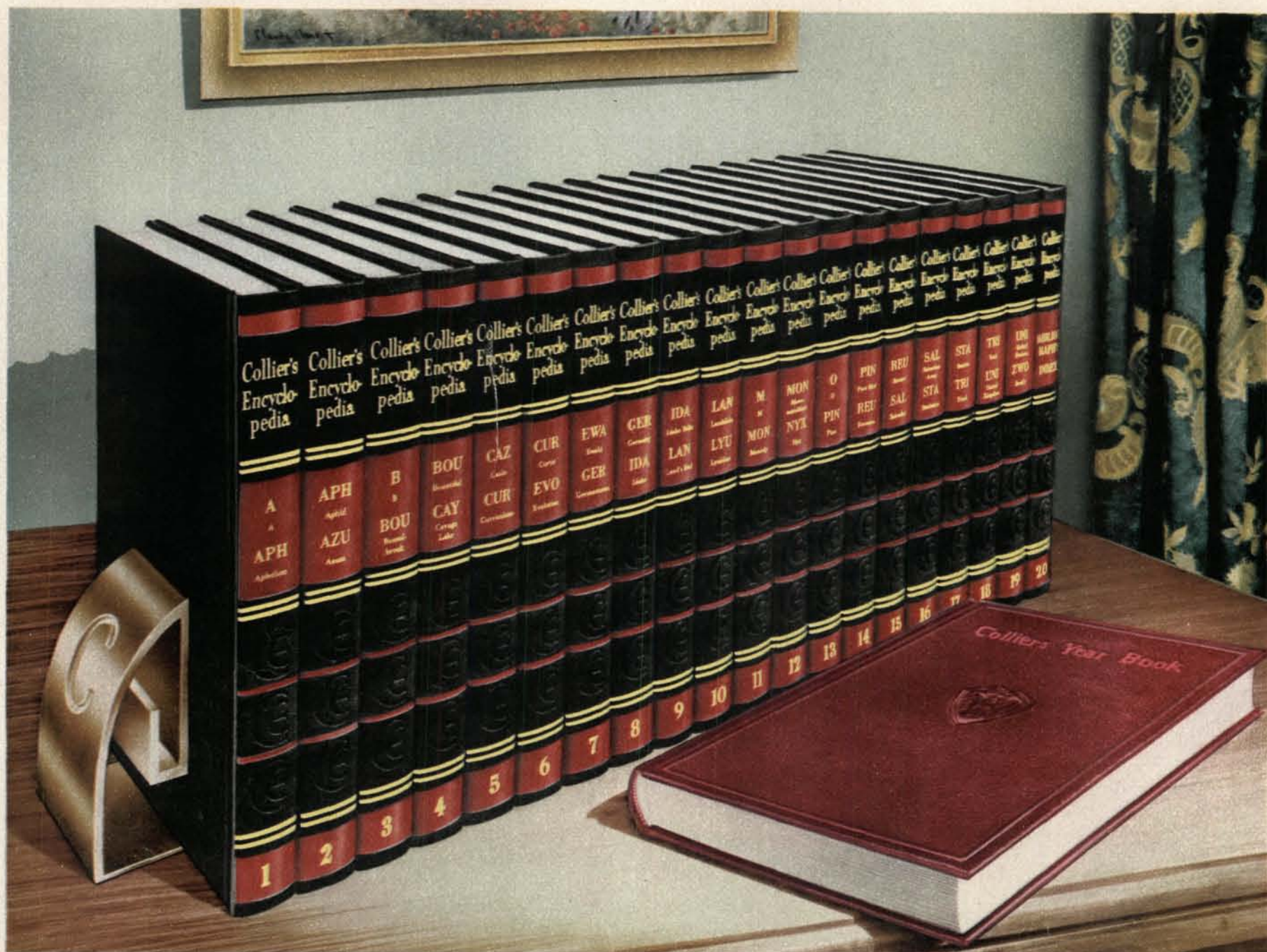
**Robert Ruark
Shoots a Lion**

HOW TO SPOT A BANK ROBBER

**Von Rundstedt Tells
The German Story of
THE BATTLE
OF THE BULGE**



MARY A BECK
5916 HOWE ST
PITTSBURGH 22 PA
1192 10703 2V
0355



"For your INFORMATION... and Pleasure too... YOU'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT!

Here are 20 volumes—all NEW, covering human knowledge from A to Z. Day in and day out they supply every member of the family with vital information on almost any subject they choose. Collier's Encyclopedia will help stimulate your children's reading and make them eager to learn. It is a source of knowledge essential in business, in school, in everyday living.

People who already own Collier's Encyclopedia, tell us they never before found so much knowledge, so interestingly written, so easy to read. They say Collier's Encyclopedia is written like a magazine! And there are 10,000 photos and pictures, 126 new maps! You really enjoy every page.

THE KNOWLEDGE YOU ALWAYS MEANT TO GET *Made Easy!*

Collier's Encyclopedia is an *entirely new* work by over 2,000 modern authorities, associated with 250 universities and colleges. Endorsed by scientists, religious, business and educational leaders; enthusiastically reviewed from coast to coast; recommended for the home by the Subscription Books Committee of the American Library Association.

Delivered Prepaid for only \$8.00 DOWN

Why postpone giving your family this important reference and study aid? Especially when Collier's Encyclopedia will be delivered postage paid to your home for only \$8.00 down. The balance, plus tax if required, to be paid on Collier's convenient Monthly Budget Plan over a period of two years.

FREE! A big, 24-page, full-color booklet that every member of the family will love! It's crammed full of pictures and information taken right from the pages of Collier's Encyclopedia. *Aviation... Atom Smashing Experiments... Strange Animals... Unusual Flowers... Exotic People... and much more.* Mail name and address to Collier's Encyclopedia, 640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y. ... just say "Booklet."

The Encyclopedia That Can Make You An Expert When Your Friends or Children Ask:

How
do they split
the atom?



What about
these new
miracle drugs?



What do
the referee's
signals mean?



COLLIER'S ENCYCLOPEDIA

SEND FOR FULL
INFORMATION
NO COST—NO OBLIGATION

1st Lieutenant Lloyd L. Burke U.S. Army Medal of Honor



BLAZING WITH MORTAR and automatic weapons fire, the Red Korean strongpoint had stalled our 5th Cavalry's attack. Lieutenant Burke saw that to save the assault from disaster, a breakthrough must be made. Rallying 35 men, he crept close to the enemy bunkers. He laid down a grenade barrage. Then, leaving the men under cover, he ran forward to an exposed



knoll and opened a one-man pitched battle. He turned a light machine gun into the Red position. He caught live enemy grenades in mid-air and threw them back. Once, when surrounded, he killed three men with his pistol. Before sunset Lieutenant Burke and 35 men had defeated 300 without one serious American casualty. Now, speaking for all our service men, the lieutenant says:

"Every day, men who fought in Korea are coming home to civilian lives again. They're finding jobs and opportunity—partly because they and you and I own nearly 50 billion dollars' worth of savings in U. S. Defense Bonds. For our Bond savings—which defend our country and protect our own families financially—are also helping *all* Americans by building the biggest backlog of national prosperity ever known. I think that's reason enough for investing in *more* Bonds—don't you?"

★ ★ ★

Now E Bonds earn more! 1) All Series E Bonds bought after May 1, 1952 average 3% interest, compounded semi-annually! Interest now starts after 6 months and is higher in the early years. 2) All maturing E Bonds automatically

go on earning *after maturity*—and at the new higher interest! Today, start investing in better-paying Series E Bonds through the Payroll Savings Plan where you work! Or inquire at your bank about the Treasury's new bonds, Series H, J, K.

Peace is for the strong! For peace and prosperity save with U.S. Defense Bonds!



The U. S. Government does not pay for this advertisement. It is donated by this publication in cooperation with the Advertising Council and the Magazine Publishers of America.



men who care



Suave
their hair

SUAVE—the hand dressing created for the one man in four who'd rather pay a little more to get a lot more in grooming satisfaction. The kind of hand dressing you've always wanted, but never found before. The only hand dressing in the world with secret formula Control—insures perfect hair grooming naturally.

To look suave, use Suave daily.

In alligator grained plastic squeeze flasks.
Travel size 1.00

Suave
FOR MEN

The Luxury Hand Dressing

ALBERT E. WINGER
Chairman of the Board

CLARENCE E. STOUCH
President

Collier's

EDWARD ANTHONY, Publisher
ROGER DAKIN, Editor

RICHARD CHAPLIN, Assistant Publisher

GORDON MANNING, Managing Editor

DAVID MANESS, Assistant Managing Editor

WILLIAM O. CHESSMAN, Art Director

ALLEN CLEATON, Senior Associate Editor

GURNEY WILLIAMS, Cartoon Editor

JAMES THRASHER, Editorials

JAMES A. QUIGNEY, Photo Editor

MACLENNAN FARRELL, Fiction Editor

Associate Editors • JEROME BEATTY, JR. • WARREN BROWN • JEAN B. CAMPBELL
SEY CHASSLER • HOWARD COHN • WALTER DAVENPORT • BILL DAVIDSON
HELEN WORDEN ERSKINE • EVELYN HARVEY • DIANA HIRSH • HOMER JENKS
JERRY KORN • ALFRED M. LANSING • JOHN LEAR • FRANKLIN C. LORANGER
TOM MEANY • JOHN C. PELLEW • ROGER PIPPETT • ELEANOR PORTER
CORNELIUS RYAN • JANET SHEPS • FRANCIS WALLACE • WILLIAM WEAVER
MARTHA WEINMAN • ELIZABETH WOODY

Editorial Research • ROSANNE McVAY, Chief • MADELIN ALK • DOROTHY D. BENNETT
DIANE DOWNS • ALAN M. LEVENSOHN • JANICE MOSES • JOHN NEWHOUSE

Bureaus

WASHINGTON: JAMES C. DERIEUX, Chief; TODD WRIGHT
WEST COAST (Los Angeles): THEODORE STRAUSS, Chief; ROBERT CAHN, JOHN FLOREA
MIDWEST (Chicago): BILL FAY
EUROPE (Paris): SEYMOUR FREIDIN, WILLIAM RICHARDSON
FAR EAST (Tokyo): CHARLOTTE KNIGHT, PETER KALISCHER

January 3, 1953

ARTICLES

- Ruark Shoots a Lion*.....ROBERT C. RUARK 9
(Beginning AFRICAN SAFARI)
The Battle of the Bulge.....GUENTHER BLUMENTRITT 16
How to Spot a Bank Robber.....ROBERT DE ROOS 27
Which Is Glamor?.....COLLIER'S COLOR CAMERA 34
The X-Ray Cannon and the Rotating Chair.....J. D. RATCLIFF 36
Calendar Art.....RALPH REPPERT 58
Washington's Third Party—The Cocktail Party.....
ANDREW F. TULLY 60
Where Have All the Handy Men Gone?.....CARLE HODGE 62
Wally Cox Is "Mr. Peepers".....JAMES POLING 66

FICTION

- The Beginning of Something New*.....JOHN CAMPBELL SMITH 12
The Shoe Box.....JOAN AUCOURT 26
(THE SHORT SHORT STORY)
Date for Another Spring.....MAURICE BARRANGON 30
Celluloid Nude.....HANNIBAL COONS 40
Favorite Son.....WILLIAM R. SCOTT 46
Water in the Wilderness.....PAUL HORGAN 52

- 48 States of Mind*.....WALTER DAVENPORT 7
Attic Safari.....STANLEY AND JANICE BERENSTAIN 43
Never Mind Me.....PARKE CUMMINGS 65
Editorials.....70
Cover.....CYDNEY

The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

Subscription Department, 204 W. High Street, Springfield, Ohio
Editorial and Executive Offices, 640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.

COLLIER'S THE NATIONAL WEEKLY. Vol. 131, No. 1.
PUBLISHED WEEKLY by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, U.S.A., Publishers of Collier's, Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, Executive and Editorial Offices, 640 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N.Y. Albert E. Winger, Chairman of the Board; Clarence E. Stouch, President; E. A. Schirmer, Executive Vice-President; T. L. Brantly, Peter J. Dennerlein, Edward Anthony, Robert T. Messier, E. P. Seymour, Ralph G. Smith, John W. McPherrin, Wm. A. Sittig, Vice-Presidents; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary; C. F. Norworthy, Treasurer.
SUBSCRIPTION PRICES: United States and Possessions, Canada and Philippine Islands, 1 year \$5.00; 2 years \$9.00; 3 years \$12.00; 4 years \$15.00. Foreign countries, 1 year \$8.00. Payments from foreign countries, except Canada, must be in United States funds, and addressed to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio.

ENTERED as second-class matter at the Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879. Authorized as second-class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada.
MANUSCRIPTS or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelope and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both the old and new addresses.

COPYRIGHT, 1952, BY THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY (All rights reserved)
Publishers of Collier's, The American Magazine, Woman's Home Companion

The Cover

The little girls on ice skates are a sequel to artist Cydney's first experiment in putting children on canvas for Collier's (Boom in Ballet, April 21, 1951), to record what he calls the wonderful appeal of their innocence and uncalculated motion. Even in awkwardness, Cydney says, the very young have unchallenged charm. We are happy to report, by the way, that the aforementioned ballet pictures are now best sellers in the United States and Canada.

Week's Mail

Obsolete Ammo

EDITOR: You are to be complimented upon your article, "We Are Hit and Sinking!" (Nov. 22d), except for one thing. The one thing is the utterly erroneous use of the word "shrapnel."

The captain under the illustration states that the vessel is shipping water through "shrapnel holes." In the second paragraph of the text, one finds the statement that "shrapnel" tore through the machine shop.

In the first place "shrapnel" was never capable of holing a ship's hull, and anyone who did not serve in the armed forces back at least as far as the First World War probably never saw shrapnel. In the second place shrapnel was a special type of ammunition used against personnel—not against material. Most especially not against ships.

I speak from more than 44 years' experience with the armed forces and the weapons used by them. Shrapnel has not been used since World War I. The term has been loosely applied by uninformed persons to shell, bomb and grenade fragments.

JOHN H. SCHAEFER, Col. AUS (Ret.),
Los Angeles, Cal.

Glamor or Efficiency?

EDITOR: What do you mean, shortage of secretaries? In your Nov. 8th issue you publish an article (Home on the Typewriter) setting forth the trials and tribulations of employers because of the fact that there is an alleged shortage of efficient secretaries.

I beg to take issue with you on this. Are you aware that the great majority of employers stipulate, when applying to employment bureaus or like agencies for secretarial help, "Not over thirty-five"? In fact, employers will not even grant an interview in most cases to an individual, regardless of how highly recommended, whose qualifications more than meet the requirements of the position available and who is more than capable of filling the vacancy, if she is over thirty-five, and particularly if she has reached the ripe age of fifty years.

There is no dearth of representative secretaries around the age of forty-five and fifty who are capable of working circles around the younger gals; in fact these more mature women do not have their minds on evening dates, young husbands or prospective husbands, possible pregnancies and many other distracting items, and absenteeism among the more mature office employees is practically nil. All these, it would seem to me, would be an advantage in favor of the employer.

Is it volume of work, correctly and



Never pass on curves! Thousands of accidents, costing many lives and property damage, are caused every year by reckless passing on curves. Drive safely!

How much do reckless drivers add to your auto insurance bill?

YEAR AFTER YEAR, approximately 15 to 20 percent of all motorists on the road have approximately 80 percent of all accidents.

Obviously, an auto insurance company which avoids the "careless 15" and concentrates on the "careful 85" can afford to charge low rates for automobile insurance.

That's what State Farm Mutual does. It can charge low rates, while offering maximum protection and service, *because State Farm aims to insure only careful drivers.*

If you drive carefully, you may be paying more than necessary for sound auto insurance. Why not

find out? Look up "State Farm Insurance" in your classified phone book.

Other benefits of State Farm membership

1. *Semi-annual premium payments.* Wouldn't it be easier on your budget to pay for your automobile insurance in two small payments each year, rather than in one lump sum? Advanced State Farm billing and bookkeeping practices make this possible for State Farm members—at no increase in cost.
2. *Mutual benefits.* State Farm is a mutual company. Savings from low claim costs and high operating efficiency are passed on to members, who actually own the company, in the form of low insurance rates. On the other hand, State Farm

policies are non-assessable. You never pay more than the established rate for any period.

3. *Fast, fair claim settlement.* More than 6,500 State Farm agents and claim representatives stand ready, day or night, to come to your aid in case of accident. State Farm cuts red tape—pays an average of one claim every 12 seconds, every working day.

4. *Established leadership.* State Farm now writes more full-coverage automobile insurance than any other company, with more than 2,400,000 members in the auto company alone. And new applications for State Farm insurance are averaging 2,000 every working day! Look to State Farm for Life and Fire Insurance, too. See your agent!

State Farm Insurance Companies

State Farm Mutual Automobile Insurance Company
State Farm Life Insurance Company
State Farm Fire and Casualty Company



Home office: Bloomington, Illinois • Branch offices: Berkeley, California • St. Paul, Minnesota • Lincoln, Nebraska • Marshall, Michigan • Dallas, Texas • Charlottesville, Virginia • Toronto, Ontario • Field claim offices in more than 250 principal cities.

Hear "Cecil Brown News Commentaries," Saturdays and Sundays over Mutual Broadcasting System stations. Check local radio listings.

efficiently done, less absenteeism, more loyalty and greater interest in the work they desire and are looking for in a secretary, or is it an ornament to the office, one who is a drawing card because of her youth and physical attractiveness? Just what do they want? EDNA C. PATTERSON, Sacramento, Cal.

Other Coronations

EDITOR: I have read *There's a Great Day Coming!* (Nov. 15) and think it is a splendid article. However, there are one or two statements I can't reconcile with historical dates as I understand them.

One is that Richard II's crown tumbled from his head and rolled into a thornbush at the battle of Bosworth Field. He must have been a pretty spry old fellow at well over one hundred years old. How about its being Richard III who was killed in that battle?

The other question I raise is about the plague. Of course England was devastated at different times over a good many years with this disease but usually a reference to the plague means the Great Plague of London, which I believe was around 1663 to 1665. That would make it in the reign of Charles II, not that of James I.

MARY I. RUSTEDT, Rutland, Vt.

Miss Rustedt has her Richards correct, and we were in error. And it is true that the Great Plague of London began in 1664. But there was also a plague in 1603-1604, when James I was crowned, which took the lives of 30,578 persons in London alone.

Trade & Tariffs

EDITOR: Regarding your editorial, *Break Down Those Barriers* (Nov. 22d): Suppose American business agreed. Just what do you suppose American labor leaders would be doing? Twiddling their thumbs, with cuts in wages in prospect as a result of imported goods produced by cheaper labor and priced accordingly?

Understand, I am not against trade with the rest of the world, and was in favor of a reasonable program long ago. Nevertheless, at the first prospect of such a thing, the flood of propaganda will begin—dire predictions of American children being deprived of their milk and all the rest.

I know, and you must know, that lowering trade barriers is the real way to peace. Try and convince the millions whose brains have atrophied from disuse since they shifted their responsibilities onto government in return for promises—the millions who dust their brains off only once each four years.

MRS. G. W. EKLUND, Cambridge, Minn.

... Your editorial is a packaged kind of statement, hard to pin down. Almost every statement is hedged with words subject to interpretation. For example you state: "We have enough faith in the resourcefulness of American industry to believe nobody is going to be ruined by a reasonable trade policy." What is "reasonable," and please define "ruined."

"Trade, Not Aid" appears to make good sense. I have to agree that the people of this country have not put the slogan into practice because it is a po-

litical issue, namely, whether we should assist other countries, particularly Europe, in their recovery.

I believe our country is united in thinking that such aid should diminish, and most foreign countries are eager to be on their own feet.

F. G. REUSS, Vineland, N.J.

... I was most interested in your editorial concerning "Trade, Not Aid." It happened to be the subject of discussion in my home quite recently. A young man from Norway, here to observe the "American know-how" in his particular field, brought up the point that, in many of the countries he had visited, feeling was very high over this matter. He specifically mentioned England, France, and his own Norway.

He stated that they were all proud peoples, and that they did, as you say, resent charity. They need help, yes, but they sincerely wish to help themselves, by production and trade with other nations. How can they do this, if they have not the dollars to buy our materials, and cannot sell us their goods, due to prohibitive tariffs?

MRS. A. J. UPTON, Webster Groves, Mo.

... I am a farmer's wife with a farmer's viewpoint and your editorial on tariff barriers disturbs me.

Why pick on agricultural products as examples for tariff reductions? All edi-

tors do! Already an undue proportion of our imports are products of the land. A modern farm is a highly mechanized factory; equipment, repairs, labor are all costly. We cannot compete with the low wages of Europe. Farmers are entitled to the same returns on their investment for their labor and "know-how," as other Americans. And we do not want subsidy handouts.

Maybe we should buy more from Europe; but how can we do it and maintain our high standard of living?

MRS. ELMER L. MORRIS, Fortuna, Cal.

... Your *Break Down Those Barriers* editorial is just another exposition of the Adam Smith economic philosophy written in 1776 to explain and justify the British national economy and the policies needed to make it work.

The foreign and domestic economic policies of all nations are realistically dictated by the ratio of domestic raw materials production to the needs of populations. Each nation ought to import needed supplies duty free and tax competitive imports to protect home interests, even as the British.

PAUL T. BEARDSLEY, Lawson, Mo.

... I question the sense of your editorial on admitting European goods without tariff barriers. Just plain reasoning will tell you that if you are to compete with foreign goods you have to pay foreign wages and if you pay

foreign wages you have to live on the foreign standard.

If you want to do that you are welcome. I do not.

B. W. BRINTNALL, Tacoma, Wash.

She Is So A Lady



EDITOR: Love the photographs of your red tabby illustrating the precise and subtle contortions of a cat washing (The Cat's Whiskers, Nov. 15th). There's just one thing on which I take issue with you. Never, to my knowledge, have lady tabbies been red (or red and white). All that I have known were red, white and black.

This laddie you show is obviously a charming young dandy—but he's no lady. J. O'BRIEN, Philadelphia, Pa.

A canvass of the office has disclosed that one of our editors owns a red and white tabby—not a spot of black on her—who has produced several litters of kittens as proof of her femininity.

Bewitched & Bewildered

EDITOR: It is impossible for me to believe that the Russians were so completely bewildered by the two American teen-agers as the article *The Soviets and the Bobby-Soxers* (Nov. 22d) would have us believe. The story has the flavor of two imaginative young minds.

Having recently lived in Berlin with my husband, who was part of the army of occupation, I was personally acquainted with persons taken into custody by the *Vopos* and later turned over to the Russians for a short period of time. They too had accidentally strayed into the East sector.

Although the article contains a few items of logic, I am very much in doubt that a Russian general, or any general, would be bewitched by fifteen-year-olds in blue jeans.

Truth or fiction—either way the article would be hard to swallow.

INGEBORG GRAMIAR, Rochester, N.Y.

Just Like Being There

EDITOR: After reading Richard Witkin's article, *How Flight 932 Got to Paris* (Nov. 1st), I can honestly say it was as though I were sitting in his place viewing all that took place. It was marvelously written. I have flown very little, but now feel as though I can include in my flights this one to Paris.

Articles such as this one are what America needs. Everyone, I believe, is interested in what's behind the scenes.

JEAN E. NEAL, Indianapolis, Ind.

Collier's for January 3, 1953



True to Frontier Life

EDITOR: My congratulations to Collier's and to Mr. Paul Horgan and artist Edwin Dawes, for the story and the masterful two-page painting, *Duty* (Nov. 22d).

I was born in 1881 in the Nez Perce Indian country of Idaho. My father was a veteran of the Nez Perce campaign in 1877, in which he was twice wounded, three years after his graduation from West Point, and my memory, as a child of four years and on, is crystal-clear of those early Army days when I lived in Fort Sidney, Nevada, during the last of the Indian-fighting days.

Hence, I believe that I am one of only a few living sons of the Army men whose memory is still clear as to details depicted in Mr. Dawes's masterful picture of mounted cavalry troopers of those days and of the faithful mounts, likewise of the atmosphere of the landscape. True, I lived in Nebraska, not Arizona. But from other sources I have absorbed a very clear picture of the Indian country, and this story and the picture are classics of their kind.

MAJOR CHARLES L. WILLIAMS (USA, RET.), Glens Falls, N.Y.

48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

We are surprised to learn from several apprehensive contributors that on New Year's morning quite a number of residents in these 48 will not be feeling well. During the preceding night they will have been celebrating the arrival of 1953 with a vigor suggesting they had doubted the world would survive 1952. We are asked to prescribe for such suffering celebrants who may be feeling like the Atomic Energy Commission had been fooling around in their heads with a successful H-bomb. With our usual alacrity we gallop to the aid of the party survivors.

Pay no attention to the patient's request that he be carried out and quietly buried without benefit of clergy. Give him a comet's tail—an easily thrown-



together elixir: a bottle of Worcestershire sauce and a well-beaten egg. The patient should swallow this hastily while standing as nearly erect as possible—with help if necessary. If that doesn't work, try a mule ear. This is a large glass of gin with enough (but no more) milk to render it slightly opaque. Mule ear may have to be administered intravenously. In extreme cases a Roman candle has been known to help. It's really nothing but sauerkraut juice, beer and tabasco in even parts. One pint should suffice. Any more may leave the patient with a slight cast in one eye. There are people who swear by frog blood. You take a tall glass of clam juice, dilute with cream, red wine and tabasco. Frog blood, if taken early on New Year's Eve, will have you bright, brisk and beautiful next morning because you will not have been able to celebrate. Tomato Zombie is said to be pretty good—ice cream and ketchup, about fifty-fifty. Or, finally, you might try workhouse Eddie. You enter the nearest diner, order a heavily buttered pickle and a cup of cold coffee—with egg. Then, while the man is calling the cops, you fall asleep on the counter. The cops will do the rest. We hope you'll be feeling better.

And now to business. We hear that a citizen named Zeph Yoakum was showing a wintering Yankee the mysteries of Sharkey County, Mississippi. "What's that?" demanded this Yankee, pointing to a man sound asleep in the branches of a large oak tree. "Oh, that's nothing," replied Mr. Yoakum. "That's only Crosby Eakings. Crosby laid Collier's for January 3, 1953

himself down to sleep on the ground a few years ago. Didn't notice he was laying on an acorn."

One of the permanently profitable things you can learn at Pennsylvania State College is how to conduct yourself at a tea. This includes instructions in how to hold your cup in one hand, a plate of cakes or sandwich wedges in the other and, at the same time, stroll about the room with the proper *savoir-faire* swapping crisp bon mots with the rest of the crowd. Same course tells you how and how much to tip a waiter and return another evening to the same table with reasonable assurance you won't get the soup in your lap. Two thirds of the thousand students taking the course are men.

And North Carolina State College offers a course in Advanced Sewerage.

She was about nine years old. She was having lunch with her mother in a St. Louis restaurant. After her fourth glass of water she confided to Mother that she'd had all the water she could manage. Why, then, her mother wanted to know, didn't she stop drinking it? She explained that she didn't want to hurt the waiter's feelings. It was so nice of him to fill up her glass the moment she emptied it.

All this talk about our new and obliterating H-bomb has caused Mr. M. Mortimer Pate, of Terre Haute, Indiana, to recall what Sir G. G. Justinian Marplotte of the King's Own Light Foot Archers said when firearms were first introduced into warfare in 1446. Sir Justinian made bold to say that this probably would mean the end of wars forever because the world could not survive the resulting carnage.

Lady in Louisville, signing her note Miss Lou, would like us to note the increasing number of girls who are wearing Mamie bangs. Noted. But as we



IRWIN CAPLAN

peer out from our dark cubicle we also must take note of the increasing number of men who are going bangless, like Mamie's husband.

Happy New Year.

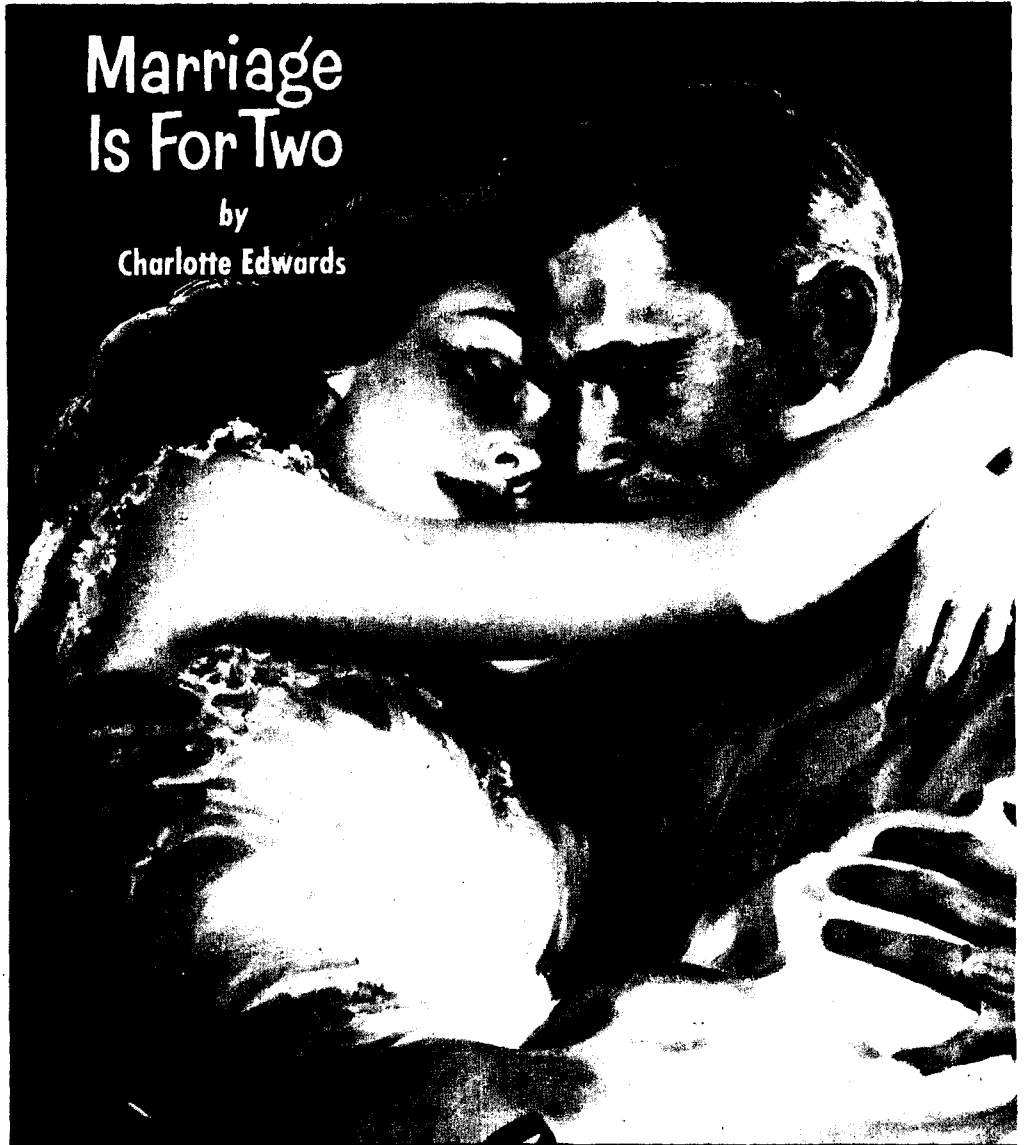


You'll Love
the January

Woman's Home COMPANION
Now On Sale

Marriage Is For Two

by
Charlotte Edwards



Complete—an Intimate Novel

WHAT is the real meaning of marriage? Here is the saga of Eleanor and Mike Pierce who face life together...from small apartment to owning a home...from peace to war to peace again...from childlessness to the rearing of a son. And how aching separation and illness, quarrels and hard silence, disappointments and talk of divorce almost force them to the breaking point. But never quite. And of the rich reward they win when the two become one. Complete in the January issue.

Let Paris designer
CHRISTIAN DIOR

...prove **ANY WOMAN CAN BE BEAUTIFUL!** In five full pages this famous stylist gives his fashion philosophy, and tells how every type of woman, tall, short, plump or petite, should dress for every occasion to give the effect of beauty. And gives you glamorous examples from his current New York and Paris collections. You'll save precious shopping dollars, and like a Cinderella discover your best self in this inspiring interview with a fabulous Frenchman.

COULD YOUR MARRIAGE PASS THE BIGGEST TEST? Outsiders can be fooled, but the children of an unhappy marriage know! And here's how their behavior gives such couples away.

LOVE AT SECOND SIGHT: After 10 years of blindness, imagine being able to see your husband and four children for the first time! That's the thrilling true story of this mother who had two kind people will her eyes.

PLUS: Houses Alike? Picture Companion. Lacy-Top Cake. You'll Wear Prints Early This Year. Hollywood. Plus other inspiring features on Sewing, Decorating, Hairdos, Cooking, and Child Guidance.

only
25¢

You'll Love
the January

Woman's Home COMPANION

CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS TOP ALL OTHERS *IN EUROPE AS IN AMERICA!*

Spark Plugs that Perform **LIKE THIS**
Will Make **YOUR CAR** Perform Better

Every major European Grand Prix in 1952 was won by cars equipped with Champion Spark Plugs—the vast majority of them by the new World's Champion Driver, Alberto Ascari, in Ferrari cars. Spark plugs that perform like this will obviously make your car perform better! Follow the experts and demand Champions for your car!

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY, TOLEDO 1, OHIO



CHAMPIONS

Better by Far for EVERY CAR Regardless of Make or Year



Author Ruark (l.) who did the firing, and hunter Harry Selby who did the advising, pose with "the biggest and deadliest lion" Selby ever saw

AFRICAN SAFARI

Ruark Shoots a Lion

By ROBERT C. RUARK

"A lion has always been the symbol of challenge," says the adventurous columnist as he starts the story of a great trip. "You get the lion, or the lion gets you"

THE hunter's horn sounds early for some, late for others. For some unfortunates, prisoned by city sidewalks and sentenced to a cement jungle more horrifying than anything to be found in Tanganyika, the horn of the hunter never winds at all.

But deep in the guts of most men is buried the involuntary response to the hunter's horn, a prickle of the nape hairs, an acceleration of the pulse, an atavistic memory of his fathers, who killed first with stone, and then with club, and then with spear, and then with bow, and then with gun, and finally with formulas.

How meek the man is of no importance; somewhere in the pigeon chest of the ribbon clerk is still the vestigial remnant of the hunter's heart; somewhere in his nostrils the half-forgotten smell of blood. There is no man with such impoverishment of imagination that, at some time, he has not

wondered how he would handle himself if a lion broke loose from a zoo and he were forced to face him without the protection of bars or handy, climbable trees.

This is a simple manifestation of ancient ego, almost as simple as the breeding instinct, simpler than the urge for shelter, because man the hunter lives basically in his belly. It is only when progress puts him in the business of killing other men that the blood lust surges upward to his brain.

Hunting is simple. Animals are simple. Man himself is simple inside himself. In this must lie some explanation for the fact that zoos are crowded on Sundays, and museums which display mounted animals are thronged on weekdays as well as holidays. This fact must explain the popularity of movies which deal with animals, and the lasting popularity of the exploits of Tarzan of the Apes, the half-animal figure created by Edgar Rice Bur-

roughs. Man is still a hunter, still a simple searcher after meat for his growling belly, still a provider for his helpless mate and cubs. From the moment he wakes until the moment he closes his eyes, man's prime concern is the business of making a living for himself and his family: *bringing home the bacon* is the modern equivalent of banging a curly mammoth over the head with a big sharp rock.

Man has found it exceedingly difficult lately to decipher the weird incantations and ceremonies which surround the provision of meat and shelter for his spawn. He is mystified by the cabalistic signs of the economist. He does not understand billions of dollars in relationship to him and his. Parity baffles him; the administration of ceilings and floors and controls and exercises and supports does not satisfy his meat-urge or his aesthetic response to the chase, when the hunter's horn of



Author's sketch of a lion. Tracking *simba* recalled gun battle Ruark once had in Italy

necessity rouses him. But he can understand a lion, because a lion is life, in its simplest form—beautiful, menacing, dangerous and attractive to his ego. A lion has always been the symbol of challenge, the prototype of personal hazard. You get the lion or the lion gets you.

Personnel of the Hunting Party

I was in Tanganyika, East Africa, getting ready to hunt a lion. Our party consisted of myself, my city-slicker wife Virginia, 15 strange black boys and a professional hunter named Harry Selby, who was not yet twenty-seven, but he has been an able pro since twenty.

Our camp was on a grassy knoll overlooking the Grummetti River. We had pitched the tents the day before beneath big thorn acacias. Up the river a leopard sawed. Over the hill a lion spoke. The baboons came to call to see that we were doing everything right. Halfway between the camp and Harry's favorite leopard trees was a big anthill, 12 feet high. Somewhere along the marsh there would be a couple of juvenile twin rhinos, especial friends of Harry's.

We slept late that morning, bone-sore from the three-day drive that had brought us to our campsite, and along about eleven o'clock Harry said we'd best go and sight the guns in. We left Mama in the camp to repair the ravages to her beauty.

Virginia missed a lot of hunting trips because to her the lure of the beautician is more compelling than that of the horn of the hunter.

It is no secret that Virginia is considerably blonder than she was born. Virginia got her hair bleached many years ago and she was still platinum, even in the Tanganyikan bush. And to stay blonde when you are basically brunette takes work. It means a weekly anointing with some mysterious ju-ju from a bottle.

Friday was hair day, and Juma, one of the natives, using white man's magic, turned the *mem-saab's* hair from black to white. Usually a crowd of locals from the nearest village gathered to watch the miracle.

We had had a hard time explaining to Juma the nature of the trick. Harry consulted long with Virginia, and then mapped his lecture in Swahili.

He finally got Juma to understand what he was to do. "*Ndio*," Juma said, wondering at the madness of white people, who keep the heads and horns of animals and throw the meat away, who continually court death and disaster for fun, and whose women wish to look old and therefore change their hair from black to white. Nothing a white man ever does is surprising to the African, unless he does something that the African expects him to do.

Our camp was cuddled in the crook of a low mountain's arm, but behind was plain, a brilliant yellow plain dotted with a blue-and-white primrosy sort of flowers. Wherever you looked there was life. Five thousand wildebeest, there. Five thousand zebra, yonder. Two hundred impala, here. Five hundred Grant's gazelle, there. A thousand Tommies, a smaller type gazelle, there. A herd of buffalo on the river. Harry's twin baby rhinos. A shaggy-necked, elky-looking waterbuck with his harem in the green reeds.

The animals looked at us casually and with little curiosity. We stopped the jeep beneath a thornbush for Harry to sight our guns.

He sighted them all: the .375, a highly effective lion gun; the .30-06, an American caliber popular for deer and leopards; the .220, a high-velocity varmint gun designed by Winchester; and the big ugly .470 double, a staple for one who would face a charging elephant or rhino. I shot them all afterward. They all seemed to kick. The big .470 had a push, but it pushed you back two feet. I was beginning to feel nervous, having rarely shot anything more serious than a shooting-gallery duck with a rifle. These guns seemed to make an awful amount of noise.

We climbed back into our jeep and aimed for the camp and lunch. A herd of Grant's gazelles looked at us and ambled slowly away, walking gingerly on seemingly sore feet.

"See the old boy, the last one, just over there," Harry said. "He's an old ram and about ready for the hyenas. He'd be tougher than leather and his liver is full of worms and his meat is measly, but the leopards won't care. Get out and wallop him. *Toa* .30-06," he snapped over his shoulder to Kidogo. The Nandi gunbearer slid the bolt of the little Remington and handed it to me. I slid out of the car and crawled to an anthill. The jeep went away. One does not shoot from cars in Africa, nor until the vehicle is a good 500 yards away. The game department puts car shooters in jail.

I have shot at submarines and I have shot at airplanes and I didn't shake, but now I shook. The sight of the rifle was revolving like a Catherine wheel. I was panting like a sprint horse extended out of class in a distance race. My eyes blurred. I aimed at the gazelle's shoulder, waited until the rifle stopped leaping, snatched at the trigger and heard the bullet whunk. I aimed at the shoulder, and I hit him in the hind left ankle. Great beginning, boy, I said. Steady rest on 135 pounds of standing animal and you hit him in the foot. I shot five more times, carefully. The last time I shot he jumped into the bullet which broke his neck. He went over on his horns and the jeep drove up to get me.

"Nice shooting," Harry said.

"Nuts," I said. "It looks like I am a shotgun man."

"You broke his neck," Harry said.

"I was aiming at his rear," I said.

"It's like that for everybody at first," Harry said. "The light, you know. Everybody misses at first."

We drove on, and after a while we saw a hyena watching us, his big dog's face mean and sullen, his lion's ears pricked, scabby hide ugly in the sun. As we approached he galloped slowly away, his crippled hindquarters sloping down from his bear's body—a dog's head with a lion's ears on a bear's body with the hindlegs of a crippled beggar. Spotted and stinking and no friend to anyone. I shot him. I shot him nine times with the .220 Swift. I hit him every time, and every time the bullet splattered on his outside. One time I hit him in the face and took away his lower jaw and still he didn't die. He just bled and began to snap fruitlessly with half a face at his own dragging guts.

I spoke my first command in Swahili.

"*Toa bandouki ni kubwa*," I said. "The big one. Gimme the .470." The gunbearer snapped the barrels onto the elephant gun and slipped a couple of

cigar-sized shells into it. I held it on the gory hyena and took his head off.

"They say it's a good woodchuck gun, the .220," Harry said. "I'm inclined to believe they may be right. But for pigs and hyenas and such it ain't much gun, is it?"

"I just fired it for the last time," I said. "I wouldn't even use it on a woodchuck. Or a skunk. Or anything else I had any respect for. Give it to the deserving poor."

Just before we got back to camp we remembered that I was supposed to shoot a Tommy, a small gazelle, for our table. There was a likely-looking one standing and switching his tail. I got out of the jeep with the Remington and shot at him. I shot at him 14 times, and missed every time. My wife killed him three days later.

I did not speak much during lunch.

I don't think I ate any, as a matter of fact. All I could think of was the fact that the guy who couldn't hit a Tommy was supposed to shoot a lion.

After lunch, leaving Virginia in camp, we drove slowly along the wet edge of the high green reeds and we flushed a herd of waterbuck, but the bull wasn't much and they're not good eating, anyhow, so we pushed on, and then Kibiriti, one of our boys, said something rapidly in Swahili.

"The old boy's come down with one of his hunches," Harry said. "He's feeling lion-y. He says that the way the moon is and what with the rains and all and the state of grass and economics among lions in general, he feels as if a lion ought to be about three miles from here."

"Heaven preserve us!" I said. "Let's hope this lion-fancier is wrong. Today I would hate to go up against a bull butterfly."

"You'll change your tune when you see your first shootable *simba*," Harry said. "You'll be awfully brave. You'll probably be so scared you'll mistake fear for bravery and do everything right."

King of Beasts Takes Afternoon Nap

Finding the lion was simple. We traveled about three miles. There was a rocky hill alongside a marsh. And there in a clump of thorn was a lion, catching a nap in the afternoon sun which slanted under the umbrella tops of the trees and struck some golden sparks from his blackish-yellow hide.

Harry unbuttoned the left door from the jeep. He tossed it onto the grass. He said something to Kidogo, the bowlegged gunbearer. It sounded like *wapi hapa iko simba lio pandi hi m'kubwa bandouki bwana pig a bloody mugu*. I didn't really listen. I was sending my soul away again. I hoped it was at Toots Shor's having a drink with friends.



"We saw a hyena—his big dog's face mean and sullen and his scabby hide ugly in the sun"

Collier's for January 3, 1953

"We will collect this *simba* like this," Harry said sternly, like an overyoung professor lecturing the class. "Kidogo drives the jeep. I sit in the middle. You sit on the outside. We will drive as close as we can without annoying this creature overmuch, and taking care to observe the government's rule about 500 yards away. When I nudge you, fall out of the jeep. Fall flat and lie still and then we will crawl as close to this *simba* as we can and when I tell you to shoot him you shoot him. The idea is to get close as you can—less danger of wounding him that way. You wound this chap, old boy, and he gets into those reeds, and we will all have a very nasty time. I'd *not* wound him, if I were you. When you've shot him once, shoot him again, and then shoot him once more for insurance. Very sound rule. All set?"

Reflections of a Nervous Nimrod

I couldn't say anything but yes. Kidogo had taken the telescopic sights off the .375. I slid back the bolt and caught the comforting glint of the bullets in the magazine. There was one in the chamber. Good-by, Mother, I said to myself. Et up by a lion in the bloom of youth.

"Well, let's go shoot him," I said. "What are we waiting for?"

"That's the spirit," Harry said.

The jeep began to roll, Kidogo obeying motions of Harry's hands. We approached the lion devoutly. We seemed always to be going away from him, but actually we were growing closer. Kidogo took his foot off the gas. Harry hit me in the ribs with his elbow. I fell out of the jeep. I remembered to fall with the gun protected and pointing away. Harry tumbled out behind me. He had a dirty, rusty-looking .416 Rigby bolt-action rifle in his hand. He had told me once that it could not hit anything but lions.

I was on my belly in the stiff, coarse yellow grass, and the lion was looking enormous now. A lion's hide is not tawny. It is yellowish-black. This one flexed the muscles of his forelegs, hooking his claws, and flicked his back hide to express annoyance at the camel flies that buzzed around him. I was humping along on my elbows with the gun pushing out ahead of me. I seemed to have done it before.

I had done it before—in an Italian town, a long time ago, when a shot spurted at me from out of an alley along the Corso in Bari, and I had fallen to the cobbles clutching and cocking a Walther P-38 which I had bought for a carton of cigarettes from a Scottish paratrooper who had killed a German paratroop *Leutnant* at Termoli and who had liberated his sidearm. Some more shots spurted from the alley and I shot back at the shots, moving the P-38 gently from left to right and shooting out the full magazine. No more shots came from the alley. There was nothing in the alley but a dead cobelligerent. We used to lose a lot of allies in those days, before we disarmed the cobelligerents.

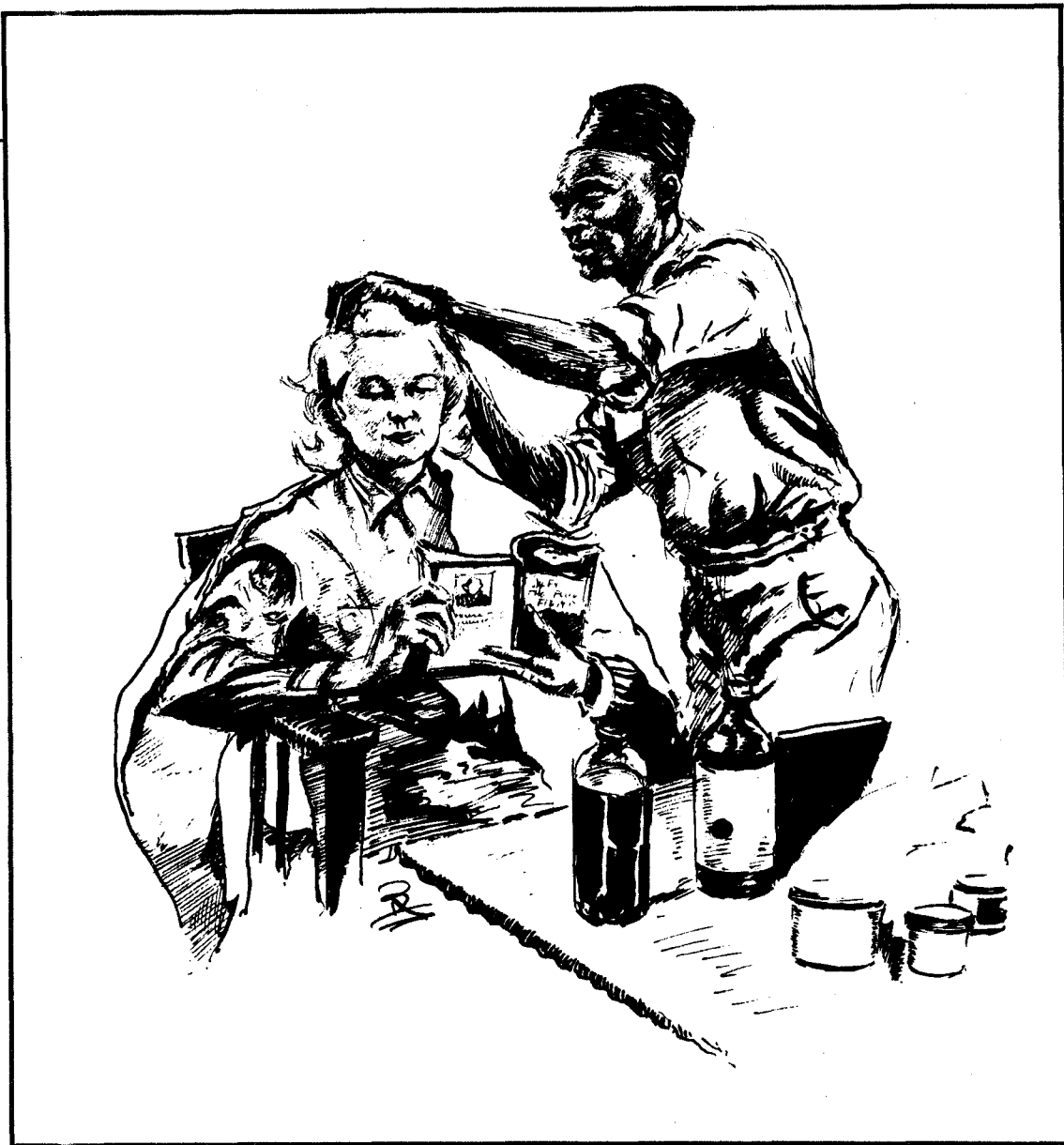
I was feeling now like the lion was a cobelligerent in an alley, and the feeling flooded over me as it is when you come in from a long day in the snow, and the fire and the whisky both start working on you at once. The Winchester was as light as the Walther P-38.

We were close to the lion now. I could count flies on him. Harry reached back and touched me, pressing me down behind a hummock. The lion turned his head and looked straight at us. He was a little scruffy on top, but he had a fine dark mane below. His feet were as big as Satchel Paige's feet. His head was as big as a bale of hay. He yawned and I saw he had his right canine teeth broken off. He was huge.

"Wallop him," Selby whispered.

I got up on one knee and went for just behind his ear. He flopped over like a big dog, kicked once, roared once and stretched out. I never did hear my gun go off. I felt no concussion.

Collier's for January 3, 1953



Even in the jungle, Mrs. Ruark had her hair done once a week. Native served as beautician

"This is the biggest lion I ever saw in my life," Harry said. "Also the dearest. But I should slip another one into him just behind that shoulder blade, if I were you. I keep telling you, these dead animals are the ones that get up and kill you. Bust him again."

I busted him again. You could tell he was dead from the sound of the bullet hitting him and his bodily reaction to the bullet hitting him.

The boys know the script well. They all gave me the special handshake, grasping the thumb, roaring asthmatically, and telling me that I was the one-shot *bwana*, the mighty *simba* player, the protector of the poor.

I agreed readily and then went over behind a bush and vomited just a little bit.

Later I told friends the vomiting was because of something I had eaten disagreeing with me. Then I went to look at my lion. He looked awfully rumpled. A dead lion has no dignity. All the majesty leaks out of him with the blood. He looks like a moth-eaten rug.

The top of my lion's brainpan was off. We walked off his measurements and he was ten feet six. That is a lot of lion. His paws were as big as pumpkins. It suddenly occurred to me that I had crawled up on this thing as close as I had to get and when I had to shoot him I shot him and didn't wound him and of a sudden the boys were admiring me and Harry was kidding me and I felt real good. I hadn't spooked. I hadn't butchered it. I hadn't looked bad in front of the boys.

"I am a hell of a fellow," I said to myself. "I am a slayer of *Simba*, Lord of the Jungle. And anyhow I didn't run or fire into the air. Whisky is indicated."

We wrestled the corpse into the back of the jeep, on a matting of rushes so he wouldn't bleed up the car. I talked a great deal on the drive back to camp, and accepted congratulations freely. One

of the camel flies bit me painfully, and I didn't care. I was suddenly free of a great many inhibitions. Every man has to brace a lion at least once in his life, and whether the lion is a woman or a boss or the prospect of death by disease makes no difference. I had met mine and killed him fairly and saved him from the hyenas which would have had him in a year or so if one of his sons didn't assassinate him first.

Celebrating (with Tips) at the Camp

When we hit the camp the boys knew. They surged over the jeep and me and mauled us all and waited for the money tip to the whole camp. They did a sedate lion dance and ran me for alderman of metropolitan Ikoma.

I went down to the tent to collect the hero's bride. She was taking a nap.

"Get up, you lazy gal," I said. "While you are sleeping your life away I have been out slaying lions and protecting the honest poor. Come and see what Father done done with his gun. And bring your camera."

Virginia came with the camera. We posed the defunct *simba* suitably, his chin arrogantly on a rock. The blacks told me again that I was one hell of a *bwana*. Then the lion's eyes opened. Then his ears twitched. Then he uttered a grunt. Then I found myself alone with a lion and Mr. Selby. The admirers had achieved trees. I am not ashamed to say I shot my *simba* once more in the back of the neck. Like Harry says, it's the dead ones get up and kill you. ▲▲▲

Be sure to get next week's Collier's so that you won't miss the second exciting chapter of Robert Ruark's African safari. The articles are part of a book to be published in the spring by Doubleday

SKETCHES BY THE AUTHOR

11



Lois was at Smith. She and Sonia talked about school, and Lois asked questions about what it was like to work for an advertising agency. Lo

The Beginning of

Crawford had postponed his own happiness for years, for Tom

AS FRANK CRAWFORD had expected, Sonia was dressed and waiting when he arrived at her apartment. She looked very lovely. She was small, and she had a thin face, with high cheekbones and very large, gray eyes. It was an unusual, exotic sort of face, and Crawford was in love with it; but now he wished for the first time that it was a little more ordinary, a little less different.

"Do I look all right?" she asked.

"You look beautiful." He sat down in the easy chair in one corner of the room. "The cab's waiting," he said, "but we have time for a drink."

"You want a drink?"

Crawford nodded. He was a big man, with a square, heavy, intelligent face which impressed clients of the advertising agency for which he worked. "A drink is just what I do want," he said. He sighed and lighted a cigarette.

Sonia stood staring at him. "Do you think he'll like me?" she asked. She was wearing a new dress, cut low in front.

"Of course he'll like you."

She laughed apprehensively. "I'm scared," she said. "I didn't think I'd be scared."

"You look beautiful," Crawford said. "And stop being scared."

When she went into the kitchen to mix the drinks, Crawford closed his eyes. It was ten o'clock, and already it had been an eventful evening. He felt tired and a little confused.

"Where are we going to meet them?" Sonia called from the kitchen.

"A place on Fifty-third Street," Crawford said.

He did not open his eyes. "A bar Tom suggested."

Sonia came back into the room. "What is he like, Frank?" she said.

Crawford stood up and took a glass from her. "He's a nice kid," he said. "He's very nice. I told you all about him."

"I know. But it doesn't help much."

"No," Crawford said. He smiled wryly. "I guess not."

"I thought you didn't want me to meet him yet?" she asked, as she sat down across from Crawford. There was something appealing about her posture and the stare she directed at him. She seemed fragile, as though she might be easily hurt. "I thought you were going to wait until sometime this summer?" she said.

"I was," Crawford said. He frowned. "It was Tom's idea. He surprised me."

He might have explained further. He considered doing so, but it would have been far too difficult in the time that they had, and, besides, he was not certain that it was one of those things you can explain. He finished his drink quickly. "Come on," he said. "Let's not keep the cab waiting."

As he settled against the cushions in the back seat of the taxi, he looked across at Sonia and wondered what she must be thinking. She knew only the barest outline of what had happened, after all. It was not much for her to go on.

IT HAD all started with Tom's call earlier that same evening, at a little before six. Crawford had been working late, and he was just about to leave the office when the telephone rang. The familiar voice, and the information that his son was in New York, had been something of a shock. Tom was nineteen and in his second year at Yale. Crawford had had no reason to expect that he would be in town that week end.

They had not said very much over the telephone. Crawford had arranged to meet the boy for dinner at Christ Cella's; and then, realizing that he would have to break his engagement with Sonia, he had called and explained the situation to her.

"Will he be here for the whole week end?" she had asked, her voice sounding faraway and faintly apprehensive.

"I don't know," he had said. "I didn't really



mired Sonia's dress. Suddenly, with a feeling of surprise, Crawford realized that they were all relaxed—that they were having a good time

Something New

By
JOHN CAMPBELL SMITH

ke. And now he was afraid to face Tom with his decision

have much of a chance to talk to him just now."

"You don't think there's anything wrong?"

"No," he had said. "I don't think so."

There was a momentary silence at the other end of the line. "All right. I'll be here all evening. You can call me if you do get away."

"Look, I don't think I will," he had said. "Don't stay in, if you don't want to. There's that cocktail party at the Harveys' you told me about."

"I'll be here," she had said.

"I'll call you sometime during the evening."

"All right."

"I'm sorry."

"Don't say that. Just have a good time."

He had hung up, feeling guilty. It was not, he reflected, an unusual situation, and the fact that he felt guilty surprised him. Tom knew about Sonia. He knew that Crawford was going to marry her sometime the following fall, in September or October, after the divorce was final. Crawford had told the boy all about it six months earlier, and Tom had understood as well as could be expected.

Crawford had been in love with Helen when he married her; but that seemed very long ago, and

that girl was hard to remember. For her part, it seemed, Helen had never been in love with him. After the first couple of years, the complete failure of the marriage had been apparent to both of them. It had only been a matter of time.

If it had not been for Tom and the necessity of protecting him, it would have been simple. They would probably have separated years before. From the first, Crawford had been devoted to his son, a little too much so, perhaps; and Helen—who was, herself, the product of a broken marriage—shrank neurotically from the idea of letting the boy experience the sort of thing she had known in her own childhood. It was an attitude that Crawford might have admired in her, if he had not realized that it had little to do with the boy himself, for whom, he suspected, she had never cared a great deal.

They had decided that divorce could wait until Tom was grown-up enough so that it couldn't hurt him too badly. It had been the right decision, Crawford felt, and they had held to it.

Crawford had known Sonia for some time, but he had been in love with her for less than a year.

The divorce had been agreed on by then, although Tom had not known about it.

CRAWFORD was jolted from his recollection of the early part of the evening, as the cab he and Sonia were riding in turned a corner sharply, throwing her against him for a moment. He smelled her perfume, a faint, subtle odor that seemed to exhale from her hair. In a little while she would be meeting Tom for the first time, a meeting Crawford had not expected when the boy had called earlier that evening.

Crawford cleared his throat. "Remember, he's only nineteen," he said. He blushed. "He's remarkably grown-up in some respects, but . . ."

Sonia smiled, reached out and took his hand. "You say it was his idea, my meeting him tonight?" she said.

He nodded. "It's funny," he said. "I guess I still sort of think of him as a sixteen-year-old. The whole thing was kind of a shock." He stared thoughtfully at the back of their driver's head. "It shouldn't have been, I suppose."

"You were the one who told me not to worry," she said gently. "Remember?"

He looked at her familiar, lovely face, and he knew what she must be thinking. He loved those thin, alert features, and—reading the half-formu-

lated question in her eyes—he felt sorry. “Yeah,” he said, “I know.”

“We’re meeting them at a place on Fifty-third Street?”

“Uh-huh.” Automatically, nervously, he glanced at his wrist watch. It was only a little after ten. They would be there by ten thirty.

AFTER his telephone conversation with Sonia, Crawford had left his office and gone straight to the restaurant. Tom had been waiting for him.

Now, thinking back to it, Crawford could see that dinner had been a somewhat strained affair from the beginning. Sitting across from the boy, he had felt awkward and, for some reason, at a subtle disadvantage. Tom’s thin face had been relaxed and expressionless as he studied the menu.

“Have the steak,” Crawford said. “If you’re really hungry.”

The boy lowered the menu. “Sounds all right,” he said. “I think I’ll have a drink first, though.”

Crawford glanced up at him. He hesitated and then said quickly, in a voice that he hoped did not reflect his surprise, “A drink might not be a bad idea. What are you going to have?”

“A Martini,” Tom said.

“We’ll make it two Martinis.”

The boy lighted a cigarette, and Crawford said slowly, “Have you heard anything from your mother?”

“A letter. She said she was enjoying herself.”

Crawford was uncomfortably aware that he did not really have anything to say on the subject. He nodded. “She always liked Florida,” he said.

“When will the divorce be final?” the boy asked casually.

“May. The end of May.”

“It takes a long time, doesn’t it?”

“Not so long,” Crawford said, “when you think about it.” Again he felt awkward, big compared to the boy sitting across from him. Tom was like his mother, thin, fine-boned. “Divorce is a pretty serious business,” Crawford said, sounding hopelessly parental and platitudinous to himself, hopelessly inadequate.

“I guess so,” Tom said.

The waiter arrived with the Martinis. Crawford sipped his. “What brings you to New York right now?” he asked, trying to make it seem casual. “I’m surprised you could break away. Any special reason for the trip?” He waited, unable to dispel a slight anxiety.

Tom’s answer, when it came, was unexpected. “I came up with a girl,” the boy said. “Her name is Lois Hunter. She’s from Michigan, and she’s never been to New York before. I met her at a dance.”

“A girl?”

Tom smiled. “She has an aunt who lives here,” he said. “Lois is at her house now. I’m picking her up later. You might say I’m showing her the town.”

“I see,” Crawford said. He digested the information.

“Maybe you’d like to meet her?”

Crawford thought about it. “It might be nice,” he said and frowned. “Yes,” he said, “I think I would, Tom.”

“She goes to Smith. I’ve known her for almost a year. She’s a very interesting girl.”

“Uh-huh,” Crawford said.

“I’m picking her up at about eight,” Tom said, “and then we’re thinking of going to a bar that a friend of mine at school recommended, a place on Fifty-third Street.” He smiled. “Lois is a year older than I am. She’s twenty, but she looks even older than that. And I’ve never had much trouble getting served. The guy said this was a pretty nice bar.”

Crawford had the feeling, suddenly, that he really did not know very much about his son. It was disturbing. “You look old enough,” he said.

There was a pause. Tom sipped his Martini. “Look,” he said, “maybe you might like to bring someone along? How about it?”

“Bring someone?” Crawford asked.

“Yeah.”

“You mean Sonia?” It seemed to Crawford that he was becoming inured to surprise.

“Is that her name?” Tom said. “Sounds romantic.”

Crawford lighted a cigarette. He realized that when he had told his son about Sonia he had never, for some reason, referred to her by name. He had spoken of the woman he was in love with and wanted to marry. “Sonia Roman,” he said. “Her parents were Russian. Roman’s the Anglicization of the family name.”

“It seems like a good chance for me to meet her,” Tom said. “Better than one of these formal occasions.” There was another pause.

“I suppose I could call her,” Crawford said, considering the idea.

“She works at the agency, doesn’t she?”

“She works in the art department,” Crawford said. “She’s a very intelligent, very charming woman. I hope you’ll like her, Tom.”

“How old is she?”

“She’s thirty-two.”

“You want to call her up? We could meet at that place on Fifty-third?”

“I could,” Crawford said. There seemed to be no good reason he could think of why he shouldn’t. He drained his glass. “I’ll call her after we finish dinner.” For a moment, he had wondered whether Sonia would be in. She might have gone to the



She had been very lovely. But, for a moment, he had wished that she looked a little more ordinary

cocktail party at the Harveys', after all. For just a moment, he had hoped that she would not be there to answer the telephone.

But she had been there, as she had told him she would be. He had explained to her briefly what had happened, too briefly for it to mean much. He told her that he would get a cab and pick her up at her apartment.

NOW the cab was nearly at Fifty-third Street, and Crawford found it hard to believe that less than two hours had passed since his conversation with the boy. It had seemed more than that.

“We used to go fishing a lot,” he told Sonia, trying to make her understand how it had always been between him and his son. “Up to Canada sometimes. Tom was crazy about it. Helen never cared much for that sort of life, and there were a couple

of times when just Tom and I went. We had a great time. Tom’s quite a boy.”

“He would seem to be, from your description,” she said. She smiled. “You must have been quite a father.”

Crawford laughed. “A stereotype,” he said. They were at Forty-second Street, almost there. “Hell,” he said, “he’s grown-up. I guess I’m just getting used to the fact.”

“Is it hard?”

He did not answer. After a moment, though, he reached out and put his arm around her shoulder. He wondered what the girl with Tom was like.

She was pretty. She had dark hair and a nice smile and a soft, low voice. She looked, Crawford thought, like the sort of girl you might see playing tennis on a college campus—or the way you imagine such a girl should be. She looked nice.

Tom introduced her, and Crawford introduced Sonia. It was awkward and formal for a few minutes. Then they all sat down. Both Tom and the girl already had drinks in front of them. Crawford ordered a Scotch and soda for himself and a Tom Collins for Sonia, and they all discussed what they liked to drink for a few minutes. Crawford wondered whether the girl’s parents knew she drank. She did not drink very much, she told them, only occasionally; but she liked whisky sours.

Crawford was glad when his drink arrived. They discussed New York, and then they talked about a play that Tom and Lois were going to the following night. Crawford and Sonia had already seen it. The bar was dim and pleasant. Crawford kept trying to judge everyone’s reactions: Tom’s, Lois’s, Sonia’s. It was hard.

LOIS was in her last year at Smith. She and Sonia talked of school, and Lois asked questions about what it was like working for an advertising agency. They had another round of drinks. Lois admired Sonia’s dress. Suddenly, with a feeling of surprise, Crawford realized that they were all relaxed, having a good time.

He lighted a cigarette and leaned back in his chair. Both Tom and Lois were laughing at something amusing that Sonia had said. Crawford looked at Sonia. He felt a warm surge of affection for her. He enjoyed, he discovered, sitting across from his son drinking Scotch; and the fact that he had not known earlier in the evening that the boy drank seemed incredible. He was quite a boy, he thought. And the girl was pretty. That pleased him. Tom should have a pretty girl.

He had been shocked earlier by the discovery that there were things about his son of which he was not aware. He had been afraid of this meeting and of what might happen; but now he saw that he had been mistaken, that nothing was changed. It was just that Tom was older than he had given him credit for being.

On an impulse Crawford leaned forward. “Just a suggestion,” he said, “but when we finish these, how would every-

one feel about finding some place where we could dance?” He waited.

“It doesn’t sound like a bad idea,” Tom said. He looked at the girl. She nodded.

“Sonia?” Crawford asked, turning to her.

“If everyone else would like to. I think it would be nice.” She was, Crawford thought, very lovely. He smiled at her.

There was a moment, when they were waiting on the pavement outside for a cab, when Tom and Crawford were alone, lost in their own conversation. Lois and Sonia had moved a few feet away.

“I like her, Dad,” Tom said softly. “Sonia. I can see why you want to marry her.”

Crawford looked at him. His son’s face was serious, mature, strangely unlike that of a boy. “Thanks,” Crawford said.

It seemed to him, in the cab, that the city was

Collier’s for January 3, 1953

beautiful and fascinating. He had not felt that way about New York in years, not since, as a young man, he had thought of the city as a challenge, a testing ground, something against which to pit his strength. It was an illusion, but it was an illusion worth the having. He glanced at Tom and wondered how he felt about it. Crawford had come to New York from a small town in Pennsylvania. Tom's background was different. He had been born here, and the city might not mean the same thing to him. It probably did, though, Crawford thought. He hoped that it did.

He had suggested a place that he knew to be quiet, a place he thought Tom and Sonia would like. Although he had not been there in some time, it was still pretty much as he had remembered it.

THEY danced. Crawford danced with Sonia, and once or twice he danced with Tom's girl. He was sitting at the table with Lois, admiring the way Tom and Sonia danced, when the girl said, "You know, I'm glad to have had this chance to meet you, Mr. Crawford. Both of you. I think you're very nice."

Crawford smiled at her. "Well, thank you," he said.

"Tom's told me a lot about you, about the whole situation. He's on your side in all this. He really is."

For a moment Crawford was confused, and then he wondered whether she might be a little drunk. "We talked it over," he said. "I think Tom understands it all."

"He's sort of mixed up," she said, "but that's to be expected. It's hard growing up with confused feelings toward your parents, knowing that they hate each other. Tom told me about how he used to think it was your fault, and how he felt about you."

Crawford stared at the girl.

"The psychiatrist he's going to at school has really cleared up a lot," she said.

"Psychiatrist?" Crawford repeated. He felt dazed, as though suddenly he had had too much to drink.

She blushed. "You knew, didn't you?" she asked.

He might have lied, but he had the feeling that she would have known. "No," he said, shaking his head. "No, I didn't know about it."

She looked bewildered and contrite. "I thought you knew," she said. "He's been going for over a year, now." She stared at him. "He used to have crying spells."

Crawford was watching Tom and Sonia. Tom was smiling, and Sonia was laughing at something he had just said. "It's sort of a surprise," Crawford said. He spoke slowly.

"He's over most of that now," Lois said. "He's really pretty well adjusted."

The number had ended. Tom and Sonia started back to the table.

Crawford summoned a smile. "Let's not say anything about it, shall we?" he said. "Since Tom hasn't mentioned it." He felt a little bit sorry for the girl's embarrassment.

Sonia sat down, and Tom asked Lois to dance. Crawford ordered another drink.

"They seem so young," Sonia said. "They're very nice, really."

"Yes."

Crawford watched the way Tom held the girl in his arms. It was a slow number, and they danced well. "They do seem young," he said. "Very young."

"Is anything wrong?"

"I'm a little tired." He turned to her and smiled. "Maybe they'd like to be alone," he said.

"Maybe," she said. "You're certain nothing's wrong?"

"Certain," he said.

"Do you think he likes me?"

"I'm pretty sure he does," Crawford said. "They both do."

"I think he does, Frank," she said. "I really do."

Tom protested when Crawford told him that he and Sonia were leaving. Crawford overrode him. "You two stay here," he said with a smile, "or

find some more places. Explore if you want to. The evening's young." He looked at Tom inquiringly. "You have your key to the apartment?" Tom nodded. "Well, you can find your way home then. I won't wait up for you." He hesitated and then smiled. "Don't get drunk."

They found a cab, and Crawford gave the driver the address of Sonia's apartment. He leaned back and closed his eyes. He felt tired.

"I think it was a success," Sonia said.

He looked at her. It had nothing to do with her, he thought. It was not her fault. For a moment,



He told me, the girl had said, how he used to think it was your fault

though, she seemed a stranger, someone he did not know. "Yes, I think it was," he said.

He saw the girl leaning forward across the table. *Tom told me about how he used to think it was your fault, and how he felt about you.*

Crawford lighted a cigarette. He was remembering other times Tom had come home, remembering back to when the boy was sixteen, and the feeling he had had about him then, of responsibility, of his own strength compared to the boy's, of the ability to protect him from all the dangers of a complex and labyrinthian world in which it was easy to lose one's way, a world in which the signposts were not easily read, or had decayed and fallen.

He glanced out of the window, and for a moment the city seemed bewildering, not fascinating and wonderful as it had earlier, but strange, dark and menacing.

Sonia looked at him. "There's something wrong, isn't there?" she said softly.

"No," he said. "No, there's nothing wrong."

"But you act as though something was wrong," she told him.

HE DID not answer. After a moment she said hesitantly, "Do you want to come up for a while?" He felt that there was an appeal in the words. "It's still early," she said. She looked as though she might cry.

"Not tonight. I'm pretty tired."

"All right."

He reached out and took her hand, surprised that it should be so warm. He had failed his son, failed him a long time ago, without knowing it. He thought of the boy's crying spells, which he had never suspected, just as he had never suspected that Tom might be going to a psychiatrist. Tom was on his own, finding his own way. He had had to find his own way for a long time.

"She's a nice girl, isn't she?" he said. "Lois. She seems pretty nice."

"I liked her. I liked both of them."

When they reached the apartment, Crawford

kissed Sonia quickly. "I'll call you in the morning," he said.

She nodded.

He watched her dart across the sidewalk and into the entrance of the building. She turned and waved, and he thought that she looked frail, a thin, vulnerable figure against the solid mass of the apartment house. He waved back, and then he gave the driver his address.

He considered the evening. He saw that his failure was something he would have to accept. He could not think of anything he might have done that would have changed things. It was in the past, and the truth was that Tom had understood more than Crawford would have believed. *He told me about how he used to think it was your fault, and how he felt about you.* The girl's words returned again—words that were an explanation of so much, of the evening, of the things about his son he had not suspected.

Crawford smiled wryly. The boy was older than he had known, older than most boys of nineteen. His knowledge had brought him maturity. Crawford remembered Tom's face as they had stood on the pavement outside of the first bar they had gone to, the face that had seemed to him so unlike that of a boy. *I like her, Dad. Sonia. I can see why you want to marry her.* It had been as though he were giving his approval. Crawford had felt relieved.

Yes, that was what he had wanted, his son's approval, the knowledge that he understood. *He's on your side in all this,* the girl had said. Crawford had forgotten that part of her conversation. It came back, now, together with the memory of Tom's face as he had stood there, staring at his father. He had been sincere, Crawford realized, as the girl had been sincere.

IT CAME as a surprise, the idea that knowledge, which can hurt, might, in the end, be of value. It was true that Tom was on his own, that their relationship had never been what Crawford had imagined it to be, that he had failed his son. But it was also true that Tom did not blame him for what had happened. He had passed beyond that stage; he understood more than Crawford had until that evening. The boy was young, but he had made a good beginning, as good, perhaps, Crawford realized, with vague astonishment, as could have been expected.

Slowly, Crawford took out a cigarette. This was a beginning, he saw, a beginning rather than an end. He saw, suddenly, that a new relationship was possible, better than the imaginary one which had never existed, one in which he accepted the truth: that Tom was on his own, finding his own way, as Tom had, after all, accepted the facts about him and Sonia.

Crawford became aware of a faint perfume that still lingered in the back of the cab and of a memory that he had been trying to suppress, the memory of Sonia's face as she said, *Do you want to come up for a while? It's still early.* Her lips had trembled. It had not been her fault, and she had not known what was wrong. He thought of that moment earlier in the evening when he had walked into her apartment and she had asked him, standing uncertainly in the center of the room, *Do you think he'll like me?*

She had been very lovely, but he had wished, for a moment, that she looked a little more ordinary, a little less different. *I'm scared,* she had said. *I didn't think I'd be scared.* He saw her standing in front of the apartment building, waving to him: a thin, vulnerable figure.

He leaned forward. "I'll get out here," he said. The cab pulled over to the curb, and he paid the man.

He walked quickly. It was a cold night, cold and damp, and there were a few scattered patches of snow at the sides of the pavement. It was late February, but as he walked back toward Sonia's apartment, Crawford had a sudden feeling of impending change. It was undefined, as yet, only a promise; but it seemed to him as though winter were almost over, that soon it would be spring, and the days would be longer. ▲▲▲

Field Marshal Von Rundstedt's Own Story of

At last, after eight years, here is the German side of the vicious struggle in the Ardennes Forest—the account of the senior military leader of the Third Reich who executed Hitler's back-to-the-wall offensive of 1944—the frantic gamble to drive the Allies out of Europe

By **GUENTHER BLUMENTRITT**

General of the Infantry, Germany, Retired

At dawn on December 16, 1944, the Germans roared through the bleak Ardennes Forest. The Battle of the Bulge was on—a battle of seeming impossibilities.

The western front that day was a wavy, north-south line. In the uppermost reaches were the British and Canadian armies, commanded by Field Marshal Montgomery. South of him was the U.S. Ninth Army. Farther down was General George Patton's U.S. Third Army attacking in the Saar Basin. And south of Patton was the U.S. Seventh Army. Smack in the middle of the front was the U.S. First Army, part of which was thinly stretched along the Ardennes sector. It was there the Germans hit.

The attack itself was impossible—or so the Allies thought. Less than 24 hours before the battle began, Montgomery said the Germans were in such battered shape they could "not stage major offensive operations." And Eisenhower said "we had believed they (the Germans) could not be ready for a major assault."

The place of the attack was impossible. It left Bradley dumfounded. "When anyone attacks . . . either he is out to destroy the hostile forces or he's going after a terrain objective . . . Neither objective could be attained in the Ardennes . . ."

Thus, the Germans struck, a surprise attack in timing, strength and site by Hitler's resurrected blitzkrieg forces. The First Army's battle-weary 28th Division was caught unsuspecting—and pulverized. Two raw regiments of the First Army's 106th Division met the same fate.

In other spots the First Army put up an al-

most impossible defense. The 4th Division and the V Corps of the First Army stood their ground and the Germans spilled into a narrowing corridor westward toward Bastogne.

Caught unaware, severely crippled and hampered by lack of communications, the Allies fought back with seemingly impossible zeal. The German onslaught was like a torrent. But here and there little rocks of resistance poked up and refused to be swept along. Saint-Vith held out for several vital days, but the real island of resistance was Bastogne. There Brigadier General A. C. McAuliffe was surrounded. The Germans sent an ultimatum—surrender or be annihilated.

"Nuts!" snarled McAuliffe.

Bastogne was never taken.

McAuliffe's impossible defense was matched by Patton's impossible drive to relieve the "battered bastards of Bastogne." In 48 hours, Patton broke off his Saar attack and raced to Bastogne's aid. Bradley called it "one of the most astonishing feats of generalship" in World War II.

We stopped the Germans on Christmas Day. When it was all over, the Americans alone counted 56,000 men dead or wounded. The surprise of the German attack was largely responsible for the appallingly high number of casualties.

In the account that follows, we learn for the first time the German motives and execution of the Battle of the Bulge—the struggle of impossibilities—as Field Marshal Karl Gerd von Rundstedt with one of his top commanders saw it—and fought it.

swiftly as possible, without regard for its flanking units. It is necessary to show the enemy that we are not yet at the end of our resources, and that we still have the power to strike swift blows. I am sure of success, and this success will not be without effect on the British and American people.

"The attack will begin at 0630 hours on December 16th."

As Hitler saw it, the offensive was to be a blitzkrieg all over again—a lightning thrust against an outnumbered enemy, a move exploited by our overwhelming superiority in tanks.

For the attack, Hitler was going to make available crack units comprising 500,000 men—far more than the Americans had in this thinly held sector. He also was going to mass 1,000 tanks and tank destroyers against the 300 we believed the Americans had. In addition he was going to bring up batteries of rocket launchers never before used on the western front, and employ V-1 guided missiles for the first time in a tactical operation.

Hitler had ordered to be collected and carefully trained a force of *saboteurs* to operate in American uniforms behind the American lines. Reichsmarschal Hermann Göring, chief of our air force, had promised 3,000 airplanes; actually he provided 800, the largest number he had mustered in one fleet since before the Allied invasion of Normandy the previous June.

Finally, the Fuehrer had moved up what without doubt he considered the greatest and most incomparable German weapon of all: himself. He had come from the eastern front only six days earlier to mastermind this critical operation.

With this impressive superiority of men and arms, Hitler believed the operation could not fail.

The atmosphere was tense as Hitler finished outlining the offensive to us. No one spoke. Field Marshal Karl Gerd von Rundstedt, commander in chief on the western front, looked pessimistic. Field Marshal Walter Model, commander of Army Group B, which was to lead the attack, appeared to be thinking furiously. But there was nothing any of us could do at this late date to persuade Hitler to alter his plans. The die had been cast.

The West has since named the Battle of the Ardennes the "Rundstedt Offensive." It is an erroneous label. Hitler planned the operation against repeated opposition from his generals. Rundstedt not only did not take part in the original planning, but he opposed the move when he heard about it. Later he was to describe the operation in these terms: "It was a nonsensical operation, and the stupidest part of it was the setting of Antwerp as

IT WAS December 12, 1944, at Adolf Hitler's new headquarters 100 miles behind the western front. German armies were hard pressed in both east and west. And when we generals and high staff officers assembled in Hitler's mountain-side retreat overlooking the Ziegenberg Valley, most of us had no inkling that we were about to receive orders to launch only four days later the last great German push in the west—the offensive Allied historians were to label "the Battle of the Bulge."

Hitler still showed the effects of the nearly successful bombing attempt on his life the previous July 20th. He seemed near collapse. His shoulders drooped. His left arm shook as he walked to a card table. He sat down at the table with a grimace, as if it hurt.

His opening words to us were halting and weak. It was only after he had been speaking some minutes that he began to take on strength. He spoke

for an hour, and the sense of what he said was:

"Germany, located in the center of Europe and surrounded on all sides, can prevent collapse not through defense, but only by attack. . . . We must break out of the fortress Germany by making a decisive attack from both sides of the Eifel mountains across the River Meuse on Antwerp. Thus there is a chance that we can strike the Allied troops in southern Holland and Belgium a decisive blow. Our main goal is to encircle the mass of English and the northern wing of the Americans in the area east of Aachen and north of the Albert Canal. The recapture of Antwerp is important, because this great port is the base of supply for the enemy.

"If this operation succeeds, the western front will be shortened, and we will be able to effect a saving in our forces. These new reserves can then be used for further operations in the west later.

"I want you to understand the importance of this decision. Every troop unit is to strike forward as

Throughout my life, I have opposed much writing. I still hold to this principle. Only with time will truth emerge. As more and more professional soldiers write about the Battle of the Ardennes (the Bulge) it will be astonishing to note that propaganda has mistakenly established as fact several falsehoods about the battle.

At the urging of Collier's, I have for the first time given my permission for the author to write this factual report. I have read the treatise and it coincides with my opinion of the events. Nothing can be beautified or excused. Unfortunately, all of us make mistakes.

Karl Gerd von Rundstedt
Generalfeldmarschall a.D.

Collier's for January 3, 1953

the BATTLE of the BULGE

its target. Let alone try to reach Antwerp, we should have got down on our knees and thanked God if we had reached as far as the Meuse."

Hitler had started planning the Ardennes offensive back in August, when the German western front was being battered by the Allied forces that poured onto the Continent after the June invasion.

As early as June, both Rundstedt and Field Marshal Erwin Rommel had sent Hitler, then in his field headquarters in East Prussia, behind the eastern front, extraordinarily sharp criticisms of the situation in the west. These documents are today in the hands of the Western Powers.

But from East Prussia, Hitler could not form a real opinion of the situation in the west. He could not—nor did he wish to—believe that the weight of men and material from Britain and the United States was as overpowering as reported to him time and again. He could not imagine that the Allies had absolute air superiority in the west over the disappearing *Luftwaffe*.

Hitler Disparaged Allied Strength

He did not, or could not, form a picture of the abundance of the Western Powers in technical know-how, munitions, material and fuel. He would not concede that division after division of the German army in the west had simply melted away, while the Allies had strong, rested, well-trained divisions.

As a result, during the battles in the west after the Normandy invasion, the Fuehrer had busied himself entirely with the idea of a counteroffensive. Throughout the Germans' fighting withdrawal of June, July and August, the commanders in the west had received urgent instructions from Hitler to undertake a new offensive. He hoped thereby to halt the Allied advance, and win time to make the disarmed "west wall" defensible.

In August, he apparently became convinced that the fighting west of Germany's western frontier was only a battle for time. He therefore changed his plans somewhat. He decided that his armies should pull back to the German frontier, where they could form a comparatively solid, short front.

Hitler thus hoped for a breathing spell, during which he could bring up new units from inside Germany. After that, he planned to launch a new offensive to seize the initiative lost since the invasion.

Hitler's plans, by a strange twist of fate, seemed to have been made more feasible by the Allies themselves. To the astonishment of the German military commanders in the west, the ferocity of the Allied attack slackened sharply during September. At that time, of course, the Germans didn't know why. They assumed there were differences of opinion among the Allies concerning the conduct of future operations, or perhaps difficulties in bringing up reinforcements. Or, they theorized, maybe the Allies thought new German units had been brought up along the "west wall."

(EDITOR'S NOTE: The real reason for the slackening of the Allied attack in September, 1944, was the fact that the Allied armies, especially Lieutenant General George S. Patton, Jr.'s, American Third, had run to the extreme limits of their supply lines. They had to stop to let their supplies catch up with them.)

Field Marshal Model was Commander in Chief West as well as commander of Army Group B at this time. Rundstedt had been retired temporarily from the over-all command in June by Hitler, who was irritated at Rundstedt's reports following the Normandy invasion.

It was obviously impossible, in the critical Collier's for January 3, 1953



Hitler and Von Rundstedt map details of Battle of the Bulge—Germany's last blitzkrieg

The Allies had a hand in bringing on the Bulge. The Nazis' front was crumbling, but

situation at the front, for Model to continue at the head of both a strategic command and a tactical one. So Lieutenant General Siegfried Westphal, Chief of Staff to C-in-C West, asked Hitler to reinstate Rundstedt. Hitler, after some indecision, said he would do so, provided Model agreed. The latter replied, "That is the best solution."

Rundstedt came out of retirement in Bad Tolz, Bavaria, in September and returned to the Western Command.

Crumbling German Battle Lines

Rundstedt's first assumption on his return was that the Allies would gather their power for a strike through the center of the western front against Aachen, and to the northeast through the Ruhr toward Berlin. The German front was ragged and broken at many points. The condition of many divisions was serious. The "west wall bluff," as Rundstedt described it, was barely manned, and technically indefensible. On the west bank of the Rhine, there were no sizable German units. The eastern bank of the Rhine was neither fortified nor manned. The route to the Ruhr and through the north German plains to Berlin was—for all practical purposes—wide open. As the Germans saw it, the *Schwerpunkt*, or real strong point, was in northwest Germany, protecting the arms industry and the North Sea ports.

But the expected Allied break-through did not come in September. Instead, the slackening of the Allied attack gave Hitler grist for his mill. Hitler's personal headquarters staff worked on plans for the Ardennes offensive, which was to be given the code word, "Watch on the Rhine," all through August, September and October. Yet the military commanders in the west who were to carry out the campaign were told nothing of the preliminary work.

Instead Rundstedt was intent during this period on drawing up his armies into a solid, comparatively short front, running generally from Antwerp, along the Albert Canal, past Aachen, Trier, Metz, Lunéville, and west past Belfort to the Swiss frontier. He hoped his troops would have some rest and a chance to build fortifications during September and October. At the same time he planned to form all remaining Panzer units into a reserve which could be thrown into the line at whatever point the Allies chose to renew the attack.

But, Rundstedt told his staff, all these purely military efforts were useless unless Germany's political leadership used the time gained to do some political tacking.

"In this situation," he said, "the soldier can do nothing but buy time for the political leadership to negotiate. He can do nothing but preserve the military power as much as possible."

Such talk was an open invitation to disaster for a German commander. Hitler was morbidly suspicious of all his generals. Every headquarters was honeycombed with his spies and informers. Usually, it was only in his own small sitting room that Rundstedt would speak freely to his intimates of the hopelessness of the situation.

On October 24th, Rundstedt's chief of staff, Westphal, and Model's chief of staff, General Hans Krebs, were called to Hitler's headquarters in East Prussia. Both men were expecting promises of new troops to stop up the holes in the west. Instead they were instructed to sign special security oaths before the talks began. Then, for the first time, they were told of Hitler's plans for the Ardennes offensive.

The two chiefs of staff returned to their headquarters on October 26th and informed their commanders of the completely new situation. As



BLUMENTRITT

Guenther Blumentritt was a brilliant professional soldier who became Rundstedt's closest friend. Early in World War II he was chief of staff for German forces fighting the Russians. Late in 1942 he was transferred to the western front and subsequently became Rundstedt's chief of staff. During the Battle of the Bulge, he was a field commander of infantry in the northern sector. Blumentritt was known for his wit and for openly criticizing Hitler at a time when it was dangerous to do so. Since the war, Rundstedt has lived on a small pension in a walk-up flat in Hannover, alone since the recent death of his wife. He has granted no interviews and permitted only Blumentritt to write for him. A strong bond exists between the two men. Says Blumentritt: "The field marshal and I are going to show the world that here are two friends that can't be separated."



VON RUNDSTEDT

Westphal outlined Hitler's grandiose scheme, Rundstedt fingered his marshal's baton and expressed astonishment. Model also refused to believe the report of his chief of staff. But both Westphal and Krebs insisted that there was no chance of Hitler changing his mind.

Hitler did promise Rundstedt he would move in a new army group to strengthen Model's Army Group B, in the middle, for the attack.

And Hitler's order went on:

"Goal of the operation is to achieve a turnabout in the western campaign by annihilation of the enemy forces north of the line Antwerp-Brussels-Luxembourg. I am prepared to carry through the operation, taking into account the greatest possible risk, even if an enemy attack on either side of Metz and the expected strike for the Ruhr should lead to great losses of terrain and fortifications."

Rundstedt was pleased at the prospect of reinforcements, but warned he could promise no results with the planned offensive.

"The last word hasn't been said," he declared. He pointed out that Antwerp could never be reached, and insisted there weren't enough troops at hand to secure the flanks for an operation extended this far. If an offensive were to be undertaken, he said, it must be tailored to fit the troops available.

Hitler wanted a big solution; his generals at the front more realistically counterproposed a small solution.

Both Rundstedt and Model sent communications to Hitler outlining their small solution. They had General Hasso von Manteuffel, commanding the Fifth Panzer Army, do the same. At Rundstedt's request, Colonel General Alfred Jodl, operations chief for the Wehrmacht General Staff, visited the field marshal's headquarters at Ziegenberg. There Rundstedt outlined his objections to the Fuehrer's plan, and then presented his own idea.

In the area east of Aachen, along the Roer in the Monschau-Dueren-Juelich area, and then west to Geilenkirchen, there were strong American and British units, estimated to total between 10 and 15 divisions, most of them from the U.S. Ninth Army and the U.S. First Army. Since these units had bulged out far to the east of the rest of the front, they were ripe for a pincers movement.

Rundstedt's plan was for the Fifth Panzer Army and the Sixth SS Panzer Army, plus units of the Seventh Army, to strike west toward Namur, on the River Meuse, where a defensive line would be established.

The Sixth SS Panzer Army would then turn right. Meanwhile, the Twelfth SS Corps, with two infantry divisions, one tank division and one grenadier (elite infantry) division, would march south from Geilenkirchen, with the western flank aimed at Maastricht, where it would link up with the Sixth SS Panzer Army fighting downriver from Liège. If successful, the maneuver would encircle the United States Ninth Army.

But all arguments were in vain. Hitler's answer to Rundstedt was contained in a brief message from Jodl:

"The Fuehrer has decided that the operation is in every detail unalterable."

Later Rundstedt's staff heard that Hitler was highly incensed when he heard of the field marshal's small solution; he charged his Western Command lacked daring and had turned defeatist.

Nor did Hitler change his plans in November, when the German Western Command had its hands full trying to ward off renewed Allied attacks, or when, late that month, the Allies broke through to the Rhine near Strasbourg.

Lieutenant Colonel Otto Skorzeny, who had acquired some fame as the rescuer of Mussolini in 1943 and of Admiral Nicholas Horthy of Hungary in 1944, entered the picture for the first time, so far as Rundstedt was concerned, in November. Twice that month he briefly visited the field marshal's headquarters. He explained, and this was confirmed by Rundstedt's superiors, that he was to head a special Panzer unit then being trained at Wahn, near Cologne. This unit was to sneak through a soft spot in the front and attempt to seize a bridgehead across the Meuse which could be exploited by regular troops coming up behind. Skorzeny's brigade was being established on Hitler's personal order.

Refused to Provide U.S. Uniforms

Rundstedt saw an order asking for English-speaking soldiers to be assigned to Skorzeny. When Skorzeny also requested some captured American uniforms for his unit, Rundstedt flew into a rage. He would not provide any, and Skorzeny finally obtained the American uniforms elsewhere, mainly from prisoners of war who were held inside Germany.

In addition to Skorzeny's independent brigade, Rundstedt had these units available to throw into the big push:

Sixth SS Panzer Army: two SS Panzer corps of two SS Panzer divisions each, one infantry corps of two divisions, one paratrooper division and two grenadier divisions.

Fifth Panzer Army: one infantry corps of two divisions, and two Panzer corps totaling three Panzer and two infantry divisions. To this army, just before the offensive began, was added the Fuehrer's Escort Brigade.

Seventh Army: one infantry corps of one paratrooper division and one infantry division, a second corps of two infantry divisions, and a third with two and one half infantry divisions.

The SS Panzer divisions each had between 15,000 and 18,000 men and about 100 armored vehicles. Army Panzer divisions also had 100 armored vehicles, but only between 11,000 and 13,000 men. Infantry divisions were between 8,000 and 10,000 men strong, while paratroop divisions had between 15,000 and 18,000 men.

This array gave the Germans an overwhelming,

Collier's for January 3, 1953

e failed to exploit it. And the breather gave Germany a chance to recoup its strength

better than two-to-one superiority in man power and three-to-one superiority in tanks.

In numbers of men, the German units were relatively satisfactory. But all units had suffered severe losses of veterans, and many of the replacements were undertrained. In a number of units, the average age of the soldiers was higher than normal in line companies, and the numbers of Germans from outside the Reich was quite high. Morale was still good, but fighting ability varied seriously.

The food problem was not too bad. The main staple diet of the German army included soups, stews and goulashes, brought to front-line fighting troops in huge canisters. The fare would not appeal to American soldiers, but German dietary habits differ from American even in peacetime.

Marshal Shared Scanty Meat Ration

Headquarters officers were rationed to one and a half ounces of meat per day. Rundstedt, a very light eater, often would cut off a tiny piece of his own ration for himself and pass the rest to one of his officers.

One of the greatest shortages was combat boots for the troops. Because of allocations to the bitterly cold Russian front, Germany's leather supply was almost exhausted. Rundstedt's supply officers argued for weeks before they got adequate issues of footwear for the snow-covered Ardennes.

There weren't enough artillery pieces for the offensive, and only two-and-one-half initial issues of shells were available for those pieces we did have. Many artillery batteries were not mobile, or only half mobile.

The command had only 18,000 cubic meters of fuel on hand, although it estimated it needed 35,000; the rest was to be taken from Allied depots as they were overrun. The fuel ration for the offensive had been cut so drastically that the rocket batteries which had been scheduled to move forward with the attacking forces had to be largely abandoned at the jumping-off point to give priority to tanks.

Rundstedt set up his headquarters for the Ardennes offensive in ancient Ziegenberg Castle, some 30 miles north of Frankfurt and across Ziegenberg Valley from Hitler's mountainside retreat. From the air, the castle looked deserted, a medieval ruin with only one tower still standing. What seemed like hunting lodges and farmhouses were scattered through the grounds, but in reality they were carefully camouflaged, doubly reinforced concrete buildings, connected by elaborate tunnels. The 12-foot-thick walls of the castle itself had been strengthened against modern bombing, and out of the stone cliffs beneath had been carved a series of deep shelters for the use of military planners.

Only after the Allies crossed the Rhine, months later, did they learn that this seemingly abandoned pile was the German command post for the Battle of the Bulge. It was to this castle that the German generals, myself included, were summoned first on December 12th. We thought we had been asked to appear simply to celebrate the sixty-ninth birthday of Rundstedt, Germany's senior soldier.

We found instead that we were to be taken across the valley to the retreat to which Hitler had shifted only six days earlier from East Prussia. But before we were bundled into two hard-riding busses for the drive across the valley, we were relieved of our weapons and were told to check even our brief cases with the castle guards. These security regulations were astonishing but explainable. After the bomb plot against Hitler's life the previous July 20th, some 1,500 generals, officers and noncommissioned officers had been executed for alleged participation in the conspiracy. The Fuehrer remained a very nervous man.

Ill feeling between Hitler and Rundstedt grew steadily from the moment the Fuehrer moved to Collier's for January 3, 1953



WIDE WORLD

American dead, killed in "Malmédy Massacre," lie strewn along roadside in western Belgium. Men, attached to 7th Armored Division, were captured en route to front and disarmed. SS troops later mowed them down on roadway. Only 18 of 160 men escaped by feigning death. The incident enraged Allies, who believed that the Germans murdered GIs cold-bloodedly because American captives

were hampering advance. Von Rundstedt, however, says prisoners were being marched in the direction of Malmédy with only a handful of guards. SS men, hurrying to the front, came upon them and immediately opened fire, thinking that they were an American unit heading for battle. Their guards also were killed by SS machine-gunners. Von Rundstedt says he was shocked by the mistake

Hitler moved up Germany's greatest weapon: himself

Ziegenberg. The Fuehrer continually interfered in operations; some of the Rundstedt headquarters routine even had to be modified to suit him. Rundstedt and his staff members were summoned to confer with Hitler daily—an interruption which hardly pleased the busy Rundstedt.

Hitler liked to stay up most of the night, brooding and talking, and then sleep most of the morning. As a result, he required a special briefing after he had become thoroughly awake—around four in the afternoon. He could then brood over the problems at night again in the hermitlike seclusion of his eyrie until, in the early hours of dawn, some flash of inspiration would seize him.

At first, Hitler tried to placate Rundstedt. He learned that the elderly general was in the habit of drinking a glass of vermouth just before he left for one of the Fuehrer's conferences. Hitler, although he personally abhorred alcohol, ordered a glass of the wine provided for the field marshal at his conference chair. But later, when the Ardennes offensive ground to a halt and Rundstedt's I-told-you-so remarks became increasingly barbed, Hitler canceled the vermouth.

Rundstedt was to recall of Hitler's interference: "The pressure from behind was always far worse than the pressure in front. As Commander in Chief West my only authority was to change the guard in front of my gate."

After the Ardennes offensive began, the 4:00 p.m. briefing for Hitler and high-ranking members of his personal staff usually was given by Westphal, Rundstedt's chief of staff, or by Lieutenant General Bodo Zimmerman, his west front operations officer.

These sessions with the Fuehrer were always so tense that both officers tried to avoid them whenever possible. One day in late December—when the tide had turned against our forces—Westphal decided that he couldn't take any more of Hitler's tantrums. He told Zimmerman: "I'm not going to brief that ——— today. You'll have to go." A brief discussion followed, to be settled when Westphal declared: "Well, I'm just going to report sick, that's all."

Zimmerman's assignment it was. Nervously he entered the briefing room, which had been carefully aired so that the Fuehrer would not be bothered by cigarette smoke. Zimmerman gave a brief report of the situation.

General Wanted Six More Divisions

Hitler glowered at the news, then read an optimistic field report from General Model. It said Model was "just at the point of splitting the Allied lines," and victory was assured—if only he could have another six divisions.

All through the briefing, Reichsmarshal Göring had been sitting silently, occasionally studying his brightly lacquered fingernails. (At earlier staff conferences, Göring had appeared not only with painted fingernails, but also with rouge and lipstick on his face.) Now, at Model's fantastic and improbable request for six divisions, Göring's chins quivered and he burst into uncontrollable laughter. His huge frame shook. The multitude of medals on his chest bounced. He slapped his thigh and shouted:

"That's great! That's wonderful! Let's send the good Model sixteen divisions!"

Then, near hysteria, he collapsed over the map table, his long, dyed-blond hair falling over his ears. At this exhibition, Hitler, too, started chuckling. The other officers, nervous and dead serious till then, picked up the cue and burst into laughter.

"I got out of there as fast as I could, and shook hands with Hitler while he was still laughing," Zimmerman later recounted.

Rundstedt made one last attempt to sell Hitler his "small solution" idea just before the offensive started by suggesting that his plan be adopted at the beginning and, if it were highly successful, then

the Western Command could simply keep moving forward to carry out Hitler's "big solution." Hitler gruffly rejected the idea.

The field marshal next pointed out that while SS General Sepp Dietrich, commanding the Sixth SS Panzer Army, was an effective officer, his troops were ill trained and likely to run into plenty of trouble with the U.S. Ninth Army facing them. He therefore suggested that the spearhead of the attack be shifted about 20 miles to the south, where the Fifth Panzer Army faced the U.S. First Army. Hitler would not hear of it.

The entire Ardennes offensive hinged on the weather—rain, snow and fog were needed to pin down the massive Allied air force and give the attackers the added benefit of poor ground visibility. Had the weather been clear, Allied planes from their airfields in France, Belgium, Holland and Britain easily could have blocked most of the major roads during daylight and pinched off our tank spearheads.

Victory Hung on Weather Reports

All the far-flung meteorological resources of the German armed forces had been carefully coordinated by top scientists in Berlin who knew that any mistake in this particular weather prophecy might literally mean their lives. For many days before the jump-off, they meticulously collated reports from lonely outposts of arctic Norway, and from long-range reconnaissance planes and submarines in the Atlantic.

Afterward it was revealed that the date for the attack had been in grave doubt for 24 hours while the scientists awaited one final report from a submarine in the Atlantic. After many anxious hours, word came from the submarine that a great storm front was moving east, and would hit the Ardennes about the middle of December.

Secrecy surrounded the entire operation almost until the zero hour. As I have said, most of us generals did not learn of the impending offensive until the December 12th conference with Hitler; major unit commanders were told of it only December 15th, and the staff of the operations chief for the Western Command was informed only at 0530 hours on December 16th, one hour before the attack began.

Troops had to be moved into the attack area three or four nights before the offensive began, but these movements were described as defensive. The sound of our moving vehicles was drowned out for the most part by planes hedgehopping along the front all night.

Telephone and radio discipline was excellent. All staffs received new code names. A radio station was established at Cologne and broadcast repeated false reports to throw the Allies off the scent.

The offensive began on schedule December 16th. During the preceding night, a few small German units had infiltrated through the American front lines, a trick we had learned only too well from the Russians. Then there was a brief but heavy artillery barrage, followed by the ground attack all along the front.

As is always the case, our armies achieved some immediate success, but the German command was not satisfied. The initial attack had not taken as much ground as could have been expected from earlier battles. The comparatively weak enemy defended its positions fiercely. By the third day, the American reserves, brought up from the rear, were making themselves felt. Of particular significance was the subsequent attack General Patton's tanks made on the German southern flank.

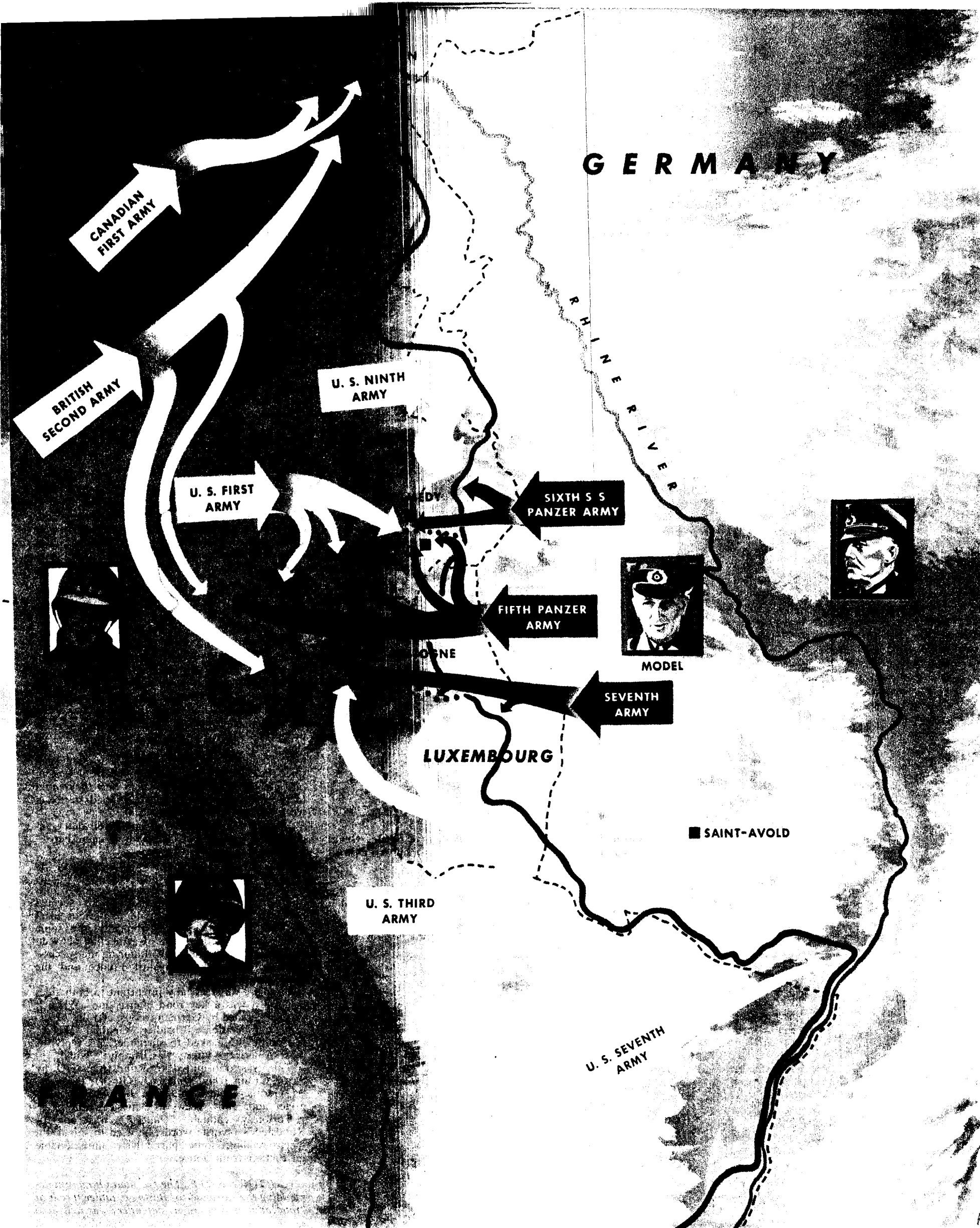
Nevertheless, our attack moved westward, although much slower than had been hoped. And what Rundstedt had expected all along happened. The Sixth SS Panzer Army's right wing was brought to a standstill by indirect pressure exerted to the north by the U.S. Ninth Army. Even the



The dotted red line shows bulge in Western front which gave Battle of the Bulge its name. Allied front sagged under weight of Nazi attack in Ardennes. Solid red line is front December 16th, 1944, when attack started, and dotted red line is sector December 25th, when Germans forced the deepest penetration. Stubby arrows show positions of armies on both sides when assault was launched. Sweeping arrows show German advance (in black) and the Allied deployment (in white) to halt westward blitzkrieg. Entire Allied line was shifted as different armies broke off local attacks and raced to Ardennes sector. Hitler's ultimate objective was Antwerp, but only a few Panzer units got far enough to glimpse Meuse River. Because break-through was in their sector, American soldiers did most of the fighting and suffered by far the largest number of casualties

AL TARTER

Collier's for January 3, 1953



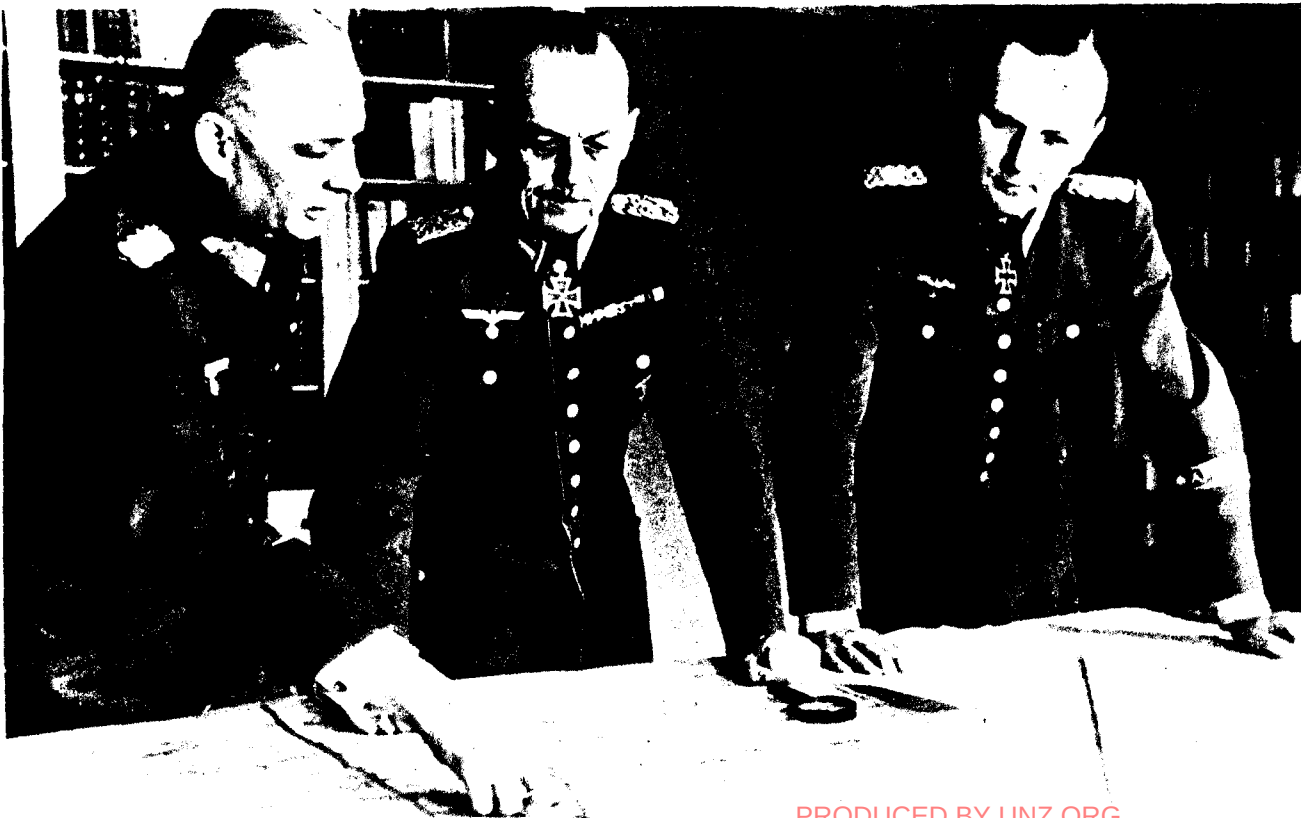
On Christmas Day, 1944, the incensed Allies stopped the steamrolling Nazi war machine



INTERNATIONAL

German infantrymen advance past blasted American vehicles during early days of battle. Great secrecy preceded attack. Top German operations staff was told of plan an hour before assault

Rundstedt (center) analyzes German advance into Ardennes Forest during briefing by Lt. Gen. Westphal (left) and Lt. Gen. Zimmerman. Rundstedt says Hitler devised attack; he opposed it



center of this Panzer army showed no great results, mainly because of its lack of training and because a number of mechanical faults developed in its equipment.

Above all, it had not been possible during the first three or four days even to reach the River Ourthe, much less Liège. By the evening of December 18th, the entire operation had been placed in doubt because its success required a quick march to the Meuse. Now we could logically expect that General Eisenhower and Field Marshal Sir Bernard L. Montgomery would have time to move up reinforcements from their neighboring fronts, bring the German offensive to a halt, and open an attack on either German flank.

Just that happened. The weather, however, remained on our side. It was still rainy and foggy enough to keep Allied planes grounded, but not snowy or icy enough in the Eifel mountains to delay seriously German movements of supply.

Panzer Armies Make Slow Advance

By December 20th, the situation of our weak Seventh Army, guarding the southern flank of the Fifth Panzer Army, was worsening rapidly. However, the Fifth Panzer Army itself continued to advance slowly against the U.S. First Army until Christmas Eve. Some units managed to fight past either side of Bastogne and toward Dinant. But even these failed to reach the Meuse. Allied pressure on the Sixth SS Panzer Army's left in the Malmédy area was increasing.

British troops, along with the U.S. 2d Armored Division, were thrown against the point of the Fifth Panzer Army, and General Patton continued smashing at the southern flank toward Bastogne.

To top it all, the weather cleared so much on December 23d that Allied air forces were able to start flying. They laid down a blanket of bombs behind the German front which paralyzed the movement of the already inadequate supplies and reinforcements. That meant the end of the offensive. Then snow began falling, the temperature dropped, the few roads behind the German front iced over.

Rundstedt went to Hitler and suggested that, since the offensive was now hopeless, it be broken off, and the troops withdrawn as best they could to the positions from which they had started a week earlier. Hitler barely listened.

"Herr Field Marshal," he said, "you don't understand these things. That's why I came here—to help you!"

Here one must make particular mention of the heroic stand of the American troops at Bastogne, who fought on against German troops far outnumbering them when their positions seemed hopeless. Bastogne will remain a glorious ideal for the American Army. Ironically, the same village had been the scene of a meeting between Hitler and Rundstedt in 1940, during the successful German blitzkrieg against France and the Low Countries.

Bastogne was tactically important to both sides because it was a key road intersection. When it was surrounded by German troops, and the American commander, Brigadier General A. C. McAuliffe, was asked to surrender, his reply, as most Americans know, was, simply: "Nuts!"

This was transmitted to Rundstedt's HQ by Army Group B as "Quatsch!" (Bosh), the nearest German equivalent. The *Wehrmacht* interpreter apparently knew his American idiom.

Curiously enough, "Quatsch" was one of Rundstedt's favorite words; he used to spit it out when reading some particularly unreasonable instruction from above.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: The German ultimatum demanding the surrender of Bastogne under threat of "total annihilation" of its defenders was delivered to the Americans by German emissaries of Gen.

Collier's for January 3, 1953

A handful of German troops had glimpsed Belgium's Meuse River—never to see it again



UNITED PRESS

The tide is turned! Americans camouflaged for winter trudge forward toward Saint-Vith after German drive was halted and Allies again advanced

Creeping under barbed wire, an American GI inches toward Bastogne to relieve the encircled "battered bastards" there. Patton's Third Army executed Herculean shift to rescue comrades

WIDE WORLD

Heinrich von Luttwitz, commander of the 47th Panzer Corps, under a white flag on December 22d. General McAuliffe's written one-word reply was handed the emissaries by Colonel [now Brigadier General] Joseph H. Harper, then commander of the 325th Glider Infantry Regiment. Unable to translate "Nuts!" immediately, the Germans asked Harper for clarification and he replied, "It means about the same as, 'Go to hell!' You understand that, don't you?" The Germans understood.)

On being told of the Bastogne commander's reply to the surrender demand, Rundstedt remarked to intimates that he wished that outfit were fighting on his side.

Bastogne was defended by the American 10th Armored Division, later reinforced by the famous American 101st Airborne Division. Their heroic achievement threw the entire German offensive out of step.

Division after division was sent in by the Germans in a futile attempt to drive the stubborn Americans from Bastogne. Before it was all over, our Western Command had all of the following

Collier's for January 3, 1953



McAuliffe's classic "Nuts!" to the German ultimatum reached Rundstedt as "Quatsch!"



WIDE WORLD

The defender and the rescuer of Bastogne. Brig. Gen. McAuliffe, who held out against Germans for 10 days and replied, "Nuts!" to German ultimatum, with Patton after the break-through

Americans battle in the streets of Aachen after Allies seized offensive. Although advance of Germans was halted Christmas Day, 1944, it took almost a month to regain the territory lost

EUROPEAN



fighting for the village: the headquarters of the 39th Panzer Corps and the First SS Panzer Corps, the First SS Panzer Division, the Fuehrer's Escort Brigade, the 340th Infantry Division and finally the Fifth Paratroop Division. Some of these units were brought over from the Sixth SS Panzer Army. That shows how hard the battle was. American tanks finally broke through the encircling German units and relieved the Bastogne garrison on December 26th.

Skorzeny's Brigade certainly played no decisive role in the Ardennes campaign. During the battle, Rundstedt and his staff viewed Skorzeny like someone just playing at war, because his movements had so little to do with the main operation.

Initially, Skorzeny apparently intended to strike in the direction of Liège, hoping to create confusion behind the Allied lines, and eventually to establish a bridgehead across the Meuse near that key communications and road center. But two or three days before the offensive opened he shifted his troops south and aimed them at Saint-Vith.

This was in the sector of the 66th Corps, Fifth Panzer Army. Promptly the 66th Corps commander, Lieutenant General Walter Lucht, got into a squabble with Skorzeny. Lucht had never heard of Skorzeny's "Operation Grief." But the general staff instructed him to give Skorzeny free rein.

"Operation Grief" Is Ineffective

Skorzeny's men apparently did create some confusion with their American uniforms drawn over their *Wehrmacht* clothing, their fast-moving jeeps, and the Molotov cocktails they threw against passing tanks. But they never reached their objectives, and after the first day of the offensive were widely dispersed. After that, Skorzeny drifted from one corps headquarters to another, trying to find out how the battle was going, and where he might be useful. But no corps commander wanted anything to do with him, and he did not visit Western Command headquarters once the battle began.

To Americans, the Ardennes offensive inevitably brings to mind the incident at Malmédy, in which some 140 American prisoners were shot by SS men who after the war were tried by a U.S. war crimes court in Dachau.

Rundstedt first learned of the incident, which took place about the third day of the battle, through an Allied radio broadcast heard by his monitors. He immediately asked Colonel Joachim Peiper, commanding a Panzer regiment in the First SS Division, for an explanation. Peiper ordered an investigation. He finally reported that the shootings appeared to have been an error.

The Americans, he said, had been captured near Saint-Vith, and were being marched in the direction of Malmédy by an escort of only a handful of Germans. But they met a unit of the First SS Division hurrying toward the front. This unit opened fire, apparently in the belief that it was an advancing American unit. Peiper reported that the prisoners' German escort was killed by the SS fire, too.

The Ardennes offensive marked the first time guided missiles had been used in battle. V-2s had been used against London, of course, and V-1s were being used against Antwerp, but these were distant targets. Shortly after the invasion, our Western Command had suggested using the slow V-1s against Allied troops. But Hitler rejected the idea because he feared the V-1s, hard to direct, would hit his own troops. Later, it was suggested they be used against Paris, but Rundstedt threw cold water on that plan.

By the time the Ardennes offensive opened, ambitious SS leaders had been given control of the V-weapons, although Rundstedt had a small tactical V-weapon command for a few weeks more.

The general staff ordered V-1s aimed at Liège in connection with the Ardennes offensive; this instruction was carried out. They seemed to have little more than psychological effect, however. And,

Collier's for January 3, 1953

and the hero of Bastogne won himself a secret admirer—the man he actually was fighting

almost immediately, Western Command began receiving complaints from Eifel mountain villagers that many V-1s were falling short or turning around and dropping on the villagers' property.

After Christmas Day, even Hitler realized that something had to be done quickly if anything at all were to be saved. Hitler ordered a new attack in Alsace.

But by now the Germans had lost the initiative. It also became clear that the German spearhead far out to the west was not going to receive the main Allied counterattack; instead the Americans and British were going to collapse our deep flanks. By early January, 1945, Bastogne was irretrievably lost to us and the whole battle became even more senseless.

It was then Hitler and Rundstedt had it out for the last time in the Fuehrer's headquarters at Ziegenberg. Rundstedt became so angry during this interview that he smashed his field marshal's baton across the conference table. Rundstedt's immediate staff prophesied that he would soon be removed, and the loss of the Remagen Bridge over the Rhine in early March gave Hitler the excuse he needed.

Even had the Germans reached and crossed the Meuse, it would have made little difference. With the ever-threatening situation in the east, it would have been impossible to have maintained such an offensive in the west.

But suppose German troops had been brought in from Norway, the Balkans and Italy? The Allies would not have overlooked the movement of so many troops, and the element of surprise would have been gone. Allied troops on other fronts could also have been brought to the Ardennes. In addition, the Allies would still have had air superiority.

And even had tremendously reinforced German forces crossed the Meuse, it would not have changed the outcome of the war. The Allies might have taken some stiff losses, but they would have never been forced off the Continent. They had lots more troops in Britain and the U.S., and they had more time than we did. Sooner or later, Germany would have had to withdraw troops from the west to bolster the eastern front.

At most, Germany could only have won a little time; since the political leadership did not use this time intelligently, the whole Ardennes battle was nonsense. ▲▲▲



Final defeat brought Rundstedt (center) together with Lt. Gen. Alexander Patch, Jr., of U.S. Seventh Army. Rundstedt's son, Hans (l.), died in 1948. Rundstedt now lives cloistered life

Mop-up of the Battle of the Bulge. 2d Armored Division GIs round up defeated Nazis in eastern Belgium. Bulge cost Germans 120,000 men



Otto Skorzeny (r.), "rescuer" of Mussolini, at trial for Bulge war crimes. U.S. Col. A. Rosenfeld (l.) worked with prosecution staff





THE SHOE BOX

By JOAN AUCOURT

TOM stood up suddenly, and the tattered plaster of the ceiling hung above his dark head like a crown of mangy laurels—the signal of a daily, obscure victory. He had learned, in the course of the year, *not* to bump his head when he stood up suddenly like that. A tricky maneuver, but he'd been an athlete in college, and he managed it fine, now. His wife, watching him, thought once more how glad she was that she was a small girl, and what a marvelous marriage it was that had endured for twelve whole months in an apartment literally the size of a shoe box.

"Well?" asked Tom, conscious of her admiring glance but too worried at the moment to return it with a look as fond. "Shall we sign ourselves into this hole for another year? It isn't really so bad. Why, I know a boy who's upholstered a telephone booth, and when he wants to sleep he steps into a clothesbag and just sort of hangs all night. He says he wouldn't live any other way now."

"We might as well sign up," said Peggy.

"I might as well," said Tom. "But, honey, I hate to think of you braving it out for another year. Now at night," he went on musingly, "it's quite pleasant. For one thing, that cat is asleep. Then, it looks larger by firelight, and I must admit that for me, having a real fireplace almost makes the whole thing worth while. But for you! No storage space, no stove, no icebox, no sink."

Peggy sighed. "Oh, I stand it all right," she answered, loathing the noble ring of her own voice.

"No, you don't," Tom said. He made a rubber face—the kind that goes down at the edges—and patted her curls indulgently. He loved to lecture endlessly. "Now, you see—"

Peggy sat half listening, remembering how she had always felt she was in proper proportion to the comfortably shabby houses of her Midwestern girlhood. But in New York she felt either like an elephant in a clothes closet, or a mouse looking up at the Empire State Building.

Suddenly there was a shattering crash, a terrible whanging sound like a stack of paper boxes

collapsing in a high wind. They both jumped up and looked over at the mantel, where the cat had succeeded in detaching the Cézanne print from the wall above the fireplace and sent it careening to the floor, one corner torn off and mangled. The print was matted, but they had never had it framed, although it was an expensive and beautiful French print, a wedding present.

"Mwrowr?" said the cat, pleased as Punch.

Silently, Tom and Peggy stared down at the glowing remnant of the picture, spread out at their feet like a wing torn from some fabulous moth. Miserably, Peggy picked up the print and laid it out on the bed like a corpse.

"I tell you what," Tom said decisively. "Let's whip out and take one more look around. You can't tell. We might just see an empty window or a moving van or something."

So they put on their hats and gloves and started out into the bright September morning. Peggy took one last backward glance at the room as she shoved the cat, not too gently, back inside.

She realized, walking down the street, that her private catalogue of domestic disasters would be almost laughable to girls who went to work. But Peggy was not a working girl; she was the sort of girl who stayed home and counted her pennies so she could have a baby as soon as possible. A baby! She stopped short at the thought of it.

"What's the matter?" asked Tom.

"Nothing," said Peggy. Mentally she was picturing the soap powder, the copper and silver polishes stowed under the bathtub, which towered on huge lionlike feet; the one closet shelf, holding hats, gloves, belts and scarves, which also doubled as a stove, or at least bore the chafing dish; their two spindly Hitchcock chairs, the three-quarter-size bed, and those two handsome andirons. That's all there was, there wasn't any more. She was wondering if it might be possible to make a formula in a chafing dish, when Tom said: "Hey!"

And there was an empty apartment—no doubt about it. As they raced up the stoop, two earnest

young men emerged, discussing the possibilities of the left-hand corner of the living room. It was impossible, apparently, to be first on the scene.

Well, the apartment was enormous—that much had to be said for it. The kitchen was big enough to eat in, if you wanted to, and the shiny new bathroom had a shower. The living room, with a study off one end, was huge, and the bedroom had amazing closets. There were acres of this apartment, and each acre was painted arsenic green.

"My word!" said Tom.

"It must cost the earth," said Peggy.

"Not necessarily. This isn't a fashionable street."

"Of course it has no fireplace," said Peggy, gazing hungrily at the closets and the kitchen.

"Nooo—" Tom replied rather wistfully. "But think what you could do with a place like this!"

"Of course it would take time," said Peggy.

"It wouldn't always have to be this color—what would you call this color?"

"Arsenic green," said Peggy decidedly.

"I could paint it," Tom asserted stoutly. "I painted a barn once. Well, not a barn, exactly. It was more of a chicken house."

"I can just see you, Mr. Sawyer," said Peggy. "Well—h'mmmmm." She was thinking how lonely their furniture would look in these three huge rooms. And what would they do with the andirons?

"There'd be plenty of room for a baby."

THAT did it. "All right," said Peggy. "Go see the landlord. But, Tom, let's not go overboard. There's no point in having a place to *put* a baby if you can't even afford a can of evaporated milk."

Tom grinned and kissed her hastily. "I won't do anything rash," he promised.

"I have to shop," Peggy called after him. "I'll meet you back at the place."

It was a sort of home-town expression, but it had always seemed particularly apt, as obviously it was absurd to refer to their place of residence as an apartment. It just wasn't one, no matter what it said on the lease. The only thing that kept it from being a furnished room was that it was unfurnished and had a private bath. And, of course, the fireplace. There was a certain sort of magic about a fireplace, Peggy had to admit.

Carefully she chose her head of lettuce, her slices of veal for the scaloppine. Slowly she walked back home. Would it be just the furniture, she wondered, that would look lonely in that enormous apartment? That arsenic green! She shuddered. What sort of people could have lived there? Not cheerful, certainly. And suddenly she thought of their own shoe box with affection. It was a happy room.

Tom was already there. He barely looked up as she walked in with the groceries.

"You didn't get the apartment, Tom?"

He shook his head. "Nope. Those two were willing to put six months' rent down in advance, and what could I say?" He sounded defeated.

"Thank God," she answered simply.

Tom stared at her, incredulous. "Peggy!" he said. "You don't mean you'd rather stay here?"

"Yes, I do. I'm as surprised as you are but I do."

"Why?"

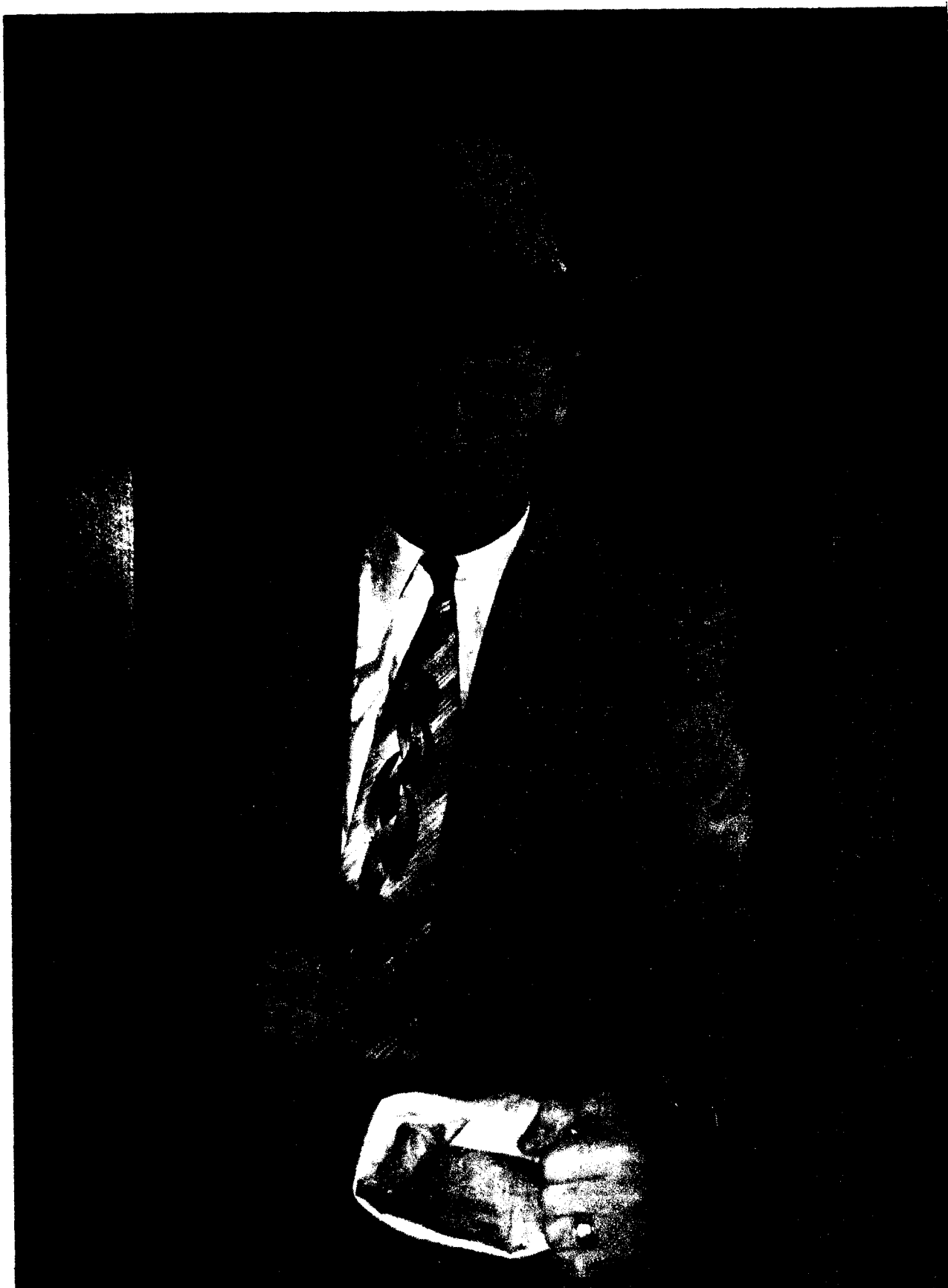
She gestured wildly, grasping for something elusive. "Oh, lots of things—like the way we call it 'the place.' The place; our place. And then, we've been happy here, and I think other people must have been happy here, too." She shuddered at the memory of those endless, arsenic-green walls. "It's not just the fireplace—it reminds me of something someone once said to me about folk music. It has deeper roots than one person's lifetime can grow. And there's deeper happiness in this room than two people could ever make alone, even us."

"It doesn't make you feel like we were two trained fleas in a matchbox?"

Peggy laughed, and shook her head.

"What in the world would we do if we *did* have a baby?" asked Tom.

"I guess we'd just have to get rid of the cat," Peggy answered, picking up the torn picture and feeling around behind the books where the Scotch tape was stored.



Can You Identify This Man?

Someday, a gun might be pointed at you. "Hand over the money," says the robber at the bank, or in the grocery store, or on a quiet street corner. A short time later, he's gone.

The police regard you as their most important witness. Their chances of catching the holdup man and

bringing him to justice may hinge directly on your powers of observation.

Here's a chance to test yourself. Study the man in the above picture carefully for 90 seconds. On the following pages you'll learn how you should be able to describe him.

THE man on the previous page has just thrust a pistol forward and demanded money. Now the police want to know what he looked like so they can get about the job of catching him. Fill in the form below and then compare it with the police report in the article

1. Sex Male 2. Race W 3. Age 45
 4. Height 5'9 5. Weight 145 6. Build W
 7. Complexion Ruddy 8. Hair Brown
 9. Eyes Brown 10. Beard or mustache None
 11. Dress Checked gray suit
 12. Peculiarities noted polite, calm, smiling
hands
 13. Description of weapon; how carried Black .38
revolver carried in right
hand

HOW TO

By ROBERT de ROOS

BANK robbers do not stand still while their pictures are being made. The "holdup" on the preceding page was staged with a member of the Oakland, California, Police Department, Sergeant Fred C. Eytel, in the role of robber. It was part of the curriculum of a "school for bank tellers" which Lester J. Divine, Oakland's chief of police, hopes will bring more thugs to justice.

The idea for the school was born in the spring of 1952 when 11 building-and-loan offices and one bank were robbed during a period of two months. In case after case, witnesses gave such garbled descriptions of the robbers that the cops were confused.

"The descriptions were worse than useless," Captain of Inspectors Anthony J. Bolger recalls. "In one case, the criminal was described as being either five feet eight inches tall, or six feet two. According to the eyewitnesses, he weighed both 160 and 210 pounds. He wore a plain brown suit and sport clothes without a necktie. Some said he had bushy hair. And, so help me, other witnesses insisted he was bald."

When you've finished chuckling over that, you can see if you would have done any better by describing, in the chart at the left, the man you saw on page 27.

Here's the way the Oakland Police Department says you should have been able to do it.

Questions one, two and three: male, white, and approximately forty years old.

Four: about five feet 11 inches tall. (The trick here is to gauge the man's height by the height of some other feature in the room. In this case, the top of the teller's barrier is five feet three inches high, and comes to the tip of the robber's nose. By adding seven or eight inches, you have his approximate height, even though he wears a hat.)

Five: about 180 pounds. (At best only a guess.)

Six: medium build.

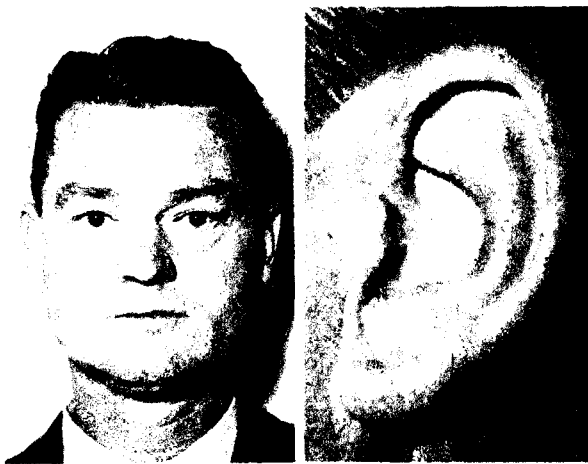
Seven: complexion is medium, but on the darkish side.

Eight: hair dark, almost black, and would appear to be full.

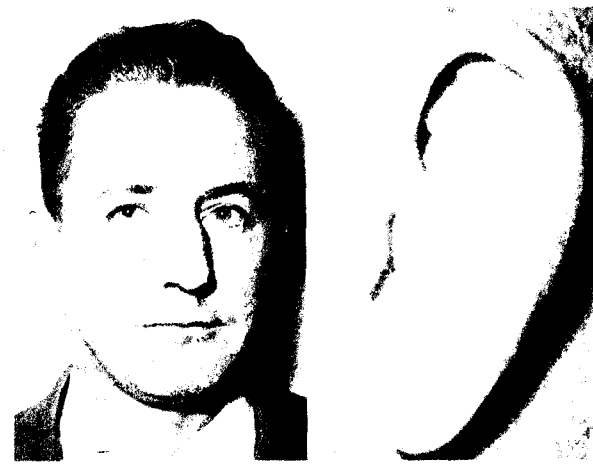
Nine: brown eyes. More important, the eyes are protuberant—a noticeable and unchangeable feature.



Broad forehead. Normal eyes. Slightly pointed, medium width nose. Straight mouth with medium broad chin and heavily lined double chin. Ears set close to head, with prominence on each lobe



Normally broad forehead, with medium heavy eyebrows. Medium-sized nose. Medium mouth with upper and lower portions of lips very thin. A heavy, cleft chin. Straight, medium-sized ears



High, broad forehead. Normal eyebrows and eyes. Roman nose bent slightly to left. Mouth normal-sized; thin upper lip. Medium chin. Ear protrude little from head, have descending lobe

Collier's for January 3, 1953

SPOT A BANK ROBBER

tymied too often by faulty descriptions, a police department now conducts a school for eyewitnesses

Ten: thin mustache.

Eleven: standard operating procedure, as outlined by the Oakland police, is to describe a person's clothing from top to bottom. Our "bank robber" is wearing a tan hat with a narrow brown ribbon; a bold yellow-and-orange "hand-painted" four-in-hand tie; and a light-patterned, single-breasted, tan business suit. He has a diamond ring on the third finger of his left hand and a yellow gold expandable watch band on his left wrist. He is holding a canvas money sack in his left hand.

Twelve: most noticeable peculiarities are the heavily etched lines in his face, particularly under his mouth, and his fairly large ears set high and close to his head. And, of course, those banjo eyes.

Thirteen: a Luger pistol in his right hand.

Witnesses Shouldn't Compare Notes

That is all you can see. If you find your description of the man accurate, it may well be because you filled out the chart by yourself. What happened during Oakland's wave of robberies, Captain Bolger reports, was that the witnesses generally put their heads together and emerged with composite descriptions of the thugs. But group opinion frequently backfires.

"In every group, there is a leader, and sooner or later the group tends to follow him," Bolger says. "He may have the poorest conception of how the robber really looks, but his opinion sways the rest of the witnesses."

In the hope of securing more accurate descriptions in the future, officers from the Oakland robbery detail and two FBI men organized a series of courses for the employees of 39 banks and similar institutions. They distributed mimeographed forms, similar to the one you've just checked, for the "students" to memorize so that making descriptions would become routine and no points would be missed.

The most important part of the plan was a taboo on consultation. Descriptions were to be made individually and independently.

To augment the short description form, the Oakland police also provided a detailed list of characteristics to help potential witnesses find the



Some common holdup guns: (1) Winchester 12-gauge shotgun; (2) M-1 carbine; (3) L. C. Smith sawed-off shotgun; (4) Ithaca riot gun; (5) Colt 4-inch revolver; (6) Thompson submachine gun; (7) Colt 2-inch revolver; (8 and 9) Walther .32 automatics; (10) Japanese automatic; (11) Smith & Wesson .38; (12) Sauer German automatic; (13) Colt .45; (14) German 9-mm. Luger

correct descriptive words (see captions below) and to suggest items which might otherwise be overlooked: Was the robber a scholarly-looking or athletic type? Did he have a rough "Give-me-the-swig" voice, or did he speak softly behind his big gun?

Among the most important—and most neglected—physical features are ears. In the photographs below, members of the Oakland Police Department illustrate the variety of shapes and positions of common types of ears. Captain Bolger

says that good descriptions of ears rank next to fingerprints as a means of identification.

The Oakland "school for bank tellers" has been so simple and inexpensive that the police are thinking of widening the enrollment to include employees of liquor stores, service stations and supermarkets, plus any other business establishments which appear particularly prone to hold-ups. They feel that there's no better means of solving crimes than showing eyewitnesses what their eyes should witness. ▲▲▲



Round head, balding in center. Has medium eyebrows. Noticeable lines beside nose. Medium-sized nose twisting to right. Thin, gray mustache. Normal mouth. Medium chin. Ears close to head

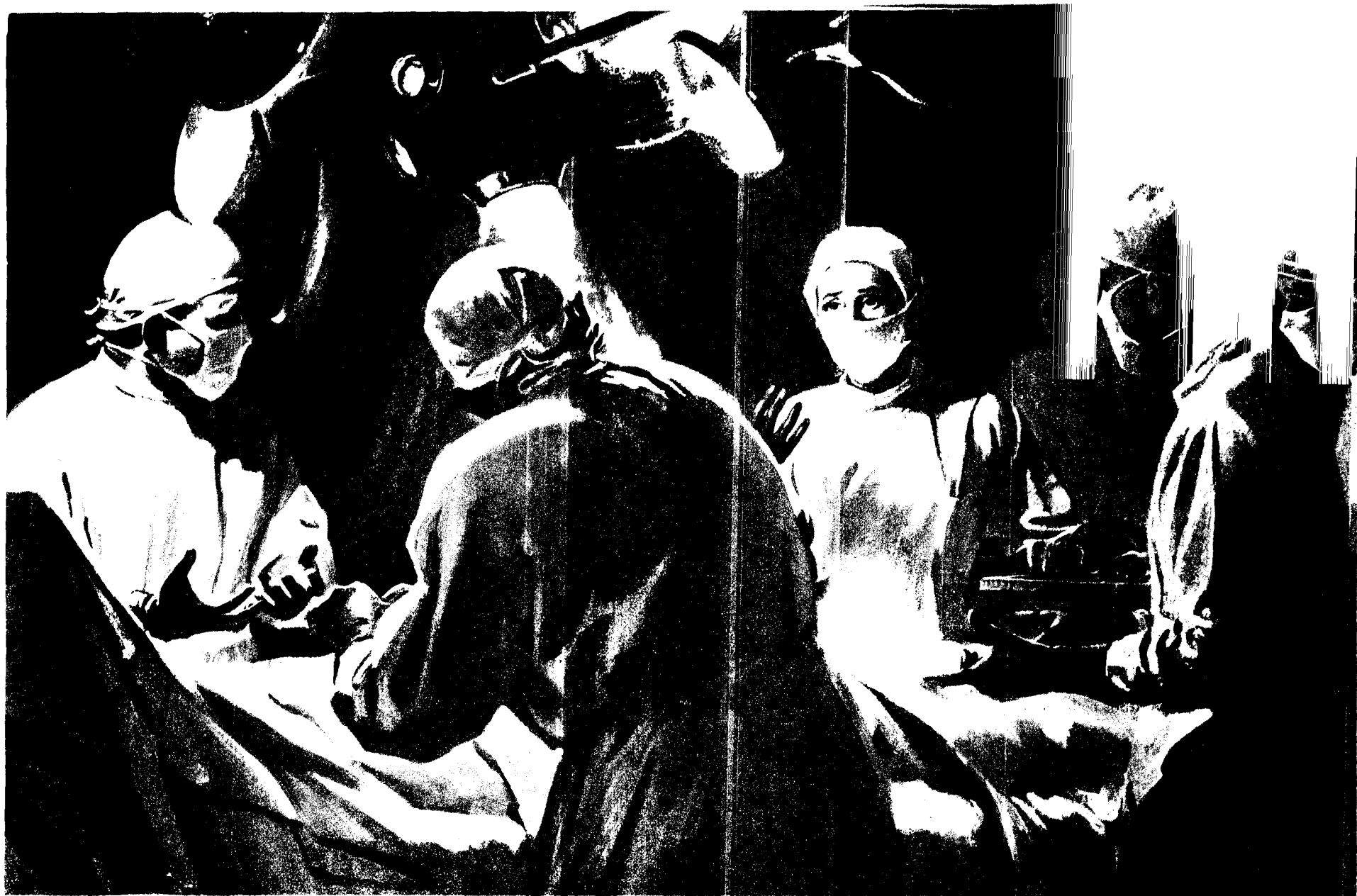


Oval face. Normal forehead. Medium eyebrows, eyes. Normal nose, pointed slightly to left. Full upper lip. Mole to left above mouth. Ears low-set. Upper borders seem to be folded over



High forehead with the hair receding on sides. Normal eyes, eyebrows. A broad, broken nose. Straight mouth. Heavy chin. Ears low-setting with rectangular look and almost square lobes

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JOHN FLOREA



There was nothing to do but hand him the instruments as he called for them. But there was misery in her eyes, above the mask

Date for Another Spring

By MAURICE BARRANGON

The surgeon had given little Larkin a last chance to prove herself as a nurse, at this one important operation. And now perhaps she had made a mistake that would kill the patient

ANY day but Wednesday I'd have been in Ancon. When you've served in the Canal Zone long enough, you have a routine and you stick to it. You don't fight the heat or the rain. You don't fight anything. If Wednesday's your day to go to the show in Panama City, you go.

That Wednesday in the crowd on the Avenida Central, I saw a girl in uniform, and I saw her arm go up in salute. Wearily I raised my hand to my visor. Seconds later it dawned on me: that was Ann Larkin. I discovered I was standing still in the middle of the sidewalk, and people were walking slowly around me. You don't hurry in Panama.

When I turned, the uniform wasn't in sight. I went back and found her in a shop where a Hindu was selling silver filigree—frail, cobwebby stuff for women. I went close and said, "Sponge count!"

She spun around. "Dr. Hinckley, it was you," she said, and she held out both hands to me. At least, she'd half recognized me, out in the street.

She must have come off the white ship I'd seen tied up in Balboa. She had on one of those pale-blue Navy uniforms and a garrison cap and black shoulder bag. Little Larkin. Last time I'd seen her, she'd been bundled in a surgical gown, back at

Schuyler Hospital in New York, the day of the trouble; a slender kid, with a round, solemn, freckled little face. Now here she was, a brisk young woman, who had learned to smile each time before she spoke.

She smiled and said to me, "Your face is thinner. You look positively British."

I felt like a tramp. I was in suntans with no tie. I explained about Wednesday. "Any other day," I told her, "I'd have missed you. I would have been in Ancon at the Tivoli, ordering planter's punches. Suppose we declare this to be Thursday and head for the Tivoli?"

She smiled again. "Thursday it is," she said, "but I'd like to see something of Panama City first. I've got all day."

She had the grace to call me doctor instead of major.

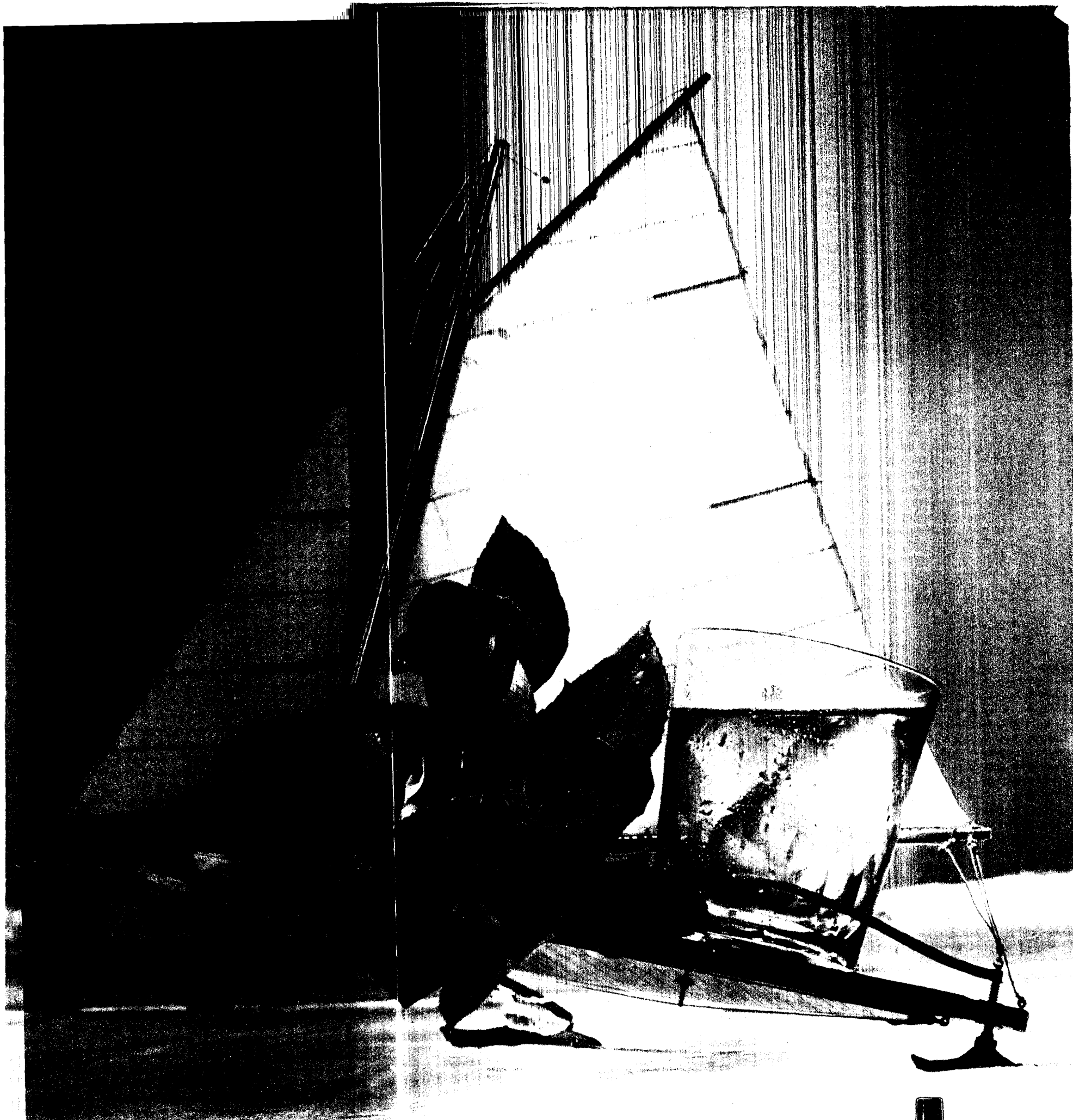
The rain was over—it never rains after four in the afternoon—and I walked her to the sea wall and around to the French Plaza, away from the damp smell of the shops. I told her that life drifted by fast enough in Panama. It was a rut, but I'd seen worse. We talked about the winter of forty-seven at Schuyler, when she was a student nurse.

That was the year I quit anesthesiology and went back into the Army. I found out that she knew what had happened that last day I'd seen her, in the operating room.

We were leaning on the parapet, looking at the bay, when she reminded me that she hadn't belonged at Schuyler, was not one of their own students. She'd gone there for affiliation from a country hospital in Massachusetts. "They sent me to Schuyler to learn surgery and obstetrics," she said. "I didn't know a soul. That time in the operating room . . . it was the worst day of my life, I guess. And nobody seemed to want to help me, except Mike Printon, and he was only an intern. Dr. Hinckley, I'm surprised you remember."

SHE wouldn't know how well I remembered everything: the wet streets, just after dawn, the May drizzle fogging the windshield of my car, the porter mopping the lobby of the hospital, and the old fellow who ran the elevator getting off his stool, clanging the gate and telling me the devils were loose again, and that another student nurse was being fired.

They were talking about the student when I went



Smoothest thing on ice. In a "whiskey on the rocks" (just whiskey and ice), smoothness and flavor make the big difference. Try Four Roses "on the rocks." You'll discover—at your first sip—the special smoothness and distinctive flavor that have made Four Roses the first choice of millions—coast to coast.

Wouldn't you
rather drink

Four Roses



Frankfort Distillers Corp., New York City. Blended whiskey. 86.8 proof. 60% grain neutral spirits.

into the O.R. to check my tanks. It wasn't her fault, they assured me—before telling me what had happened. Nobody really thought she'd steal anything. Of course, she was hard up. It developed that a box of streptomycin, six vials of it, had disappeared.

The student had been responsible for the box. At least, she'd had the keys. I heard the name Larkin twice before I connected it with our little eager beaver, our kid from Massachusetts.

I remember saying, "Are they crazy?" and an orderly answered, "If I tell you, Doctor, don't quote me."

IHAD three anesthesia cases that day, one of them in the afternoon. Dr. Howard Maconnet, who was also the hospital's director, was operating at two thirty. It was a cholecystectomy, and of course an important patient. There would be a big fee for me. I should have been feeling great. Instead, I felt mean and bitter.

At ten o'clock, with one operation over, I caught up with the O.R. supervisor, a cool, competent woman of about thirty. She was standing in the door of the workroom, watching student nurses fill drums for the autoclave and make sponge packs. I asked her whether anybody was doing anything for the Larkin kid.

The O.R. supervisor looked grimly amused. "Oh, yes, indeed," she said. "Yes, indeed. Her intern friend's going to fix everything."

"Printon?"

"Himself."

"Well? What're you grinning about?" I asked.

"Just the idea," she said. "Doctor, do you know what's going on in this hospital?"

"Anything good?"

She picked up a pencil and used it to keep score on her fingers. She spoke quietly. "In just two weeks," she said, "we've had a ward patient almost killed by a wrong medication, interns on strike over the food, a student nurses' party canceled by the superintendent of nurses, two student nurses dismissed for insubordination. A special had an argument with Miss Storrow and walked right off a case—"

"If you don't mind," I said, "precisely what is our boy Printon fixing to do?"

She spoke out of the corner of her mouth. "Dr. Printon," she said, "is going straight to Miss Storrow."

"What?"

"Well, Doctor," she said, "he is good-looking."

That's all we needed; some squirt of an intern trying to tell our rank-conscious superintendent of nurses her business.

I turned away, hoping I'd kept a poker face. I couldn't go around looking like a disappointed high-school boy because a student nurse from up country gazed cow-eyed at an intern. Hell, I was thirty-three, and she was—well, I'd heard somebody say she was nineteen.

I found Printon in the scrub room. He was a tall, curly-haired youngster, with a spoiled look about his mouth; and I knew, as sure as you can know anything, that he'd marry some rich babe as soon as he got out into practice. Don't know that I'd blame him, but it made me sad for the kid from Massachusetts.

Printon had a worried look. I asked him if he'd seen the superintendent of nurses. He was sitting on a bench against the wall, staring at the floor, and he looked up at me like a spanked six-

year-old. "I saw her," he said. "Boy, did she get livid. Wow!"

"That's a help," I said. "What's next? A hint to Maconnet?"

I'd seen Printon hanging around the director a few times, and I knew he was scheduled to assist in the operation that afternoon.

He looked up, startled. "I couldn't do that," he said, and I guess he couldn't.

I took the elevator and headed for the main office. I was getting tired of that hospital. Interns on strike! A few of them had raised a row with Miss Storrow when she had canceled the student nurses' party the week before. One of them had been very rude. The board said he'd be dismissed. The others said they'd quit, too. The matter had been dropped. Big deal.

That patient in the ward. An intern wrote the order, but a nurse should have caught it. They had an investigation, and there was an uproar in the nursing

of students I've ever seen. I've got to have discipline."

Maconnet kept saying, "I agree, I agree." He sounded unhappy.

I barged in. It was, of course, the superintendent of nurses, Miss Storrow, a tall, lean woman, about forty-five years old, with graying hair. At that moment she looked red around the eyes, and she had her jaw clamped. Maconnet's good-looking secretary sat in a corner, pretending to be deaf. I said good morning, and I told Miss Storrow she looked tired.

"I have a right to, Doctor," she said. "I was still in the hospital at midnight, juggling the specials to get a competent nurse for a critical baby in C. Nurses!"

"Get away from it," I suggested. "Do like Howard, here. Go to Florida. Look at him. Look at that tan."

She stood there like a tired but determined corpse. "I haven't had a va-

nobody would mention it. They'd hoard it against the next shortage. Maconnet wasn't dumb.

He glared at me. Then he looked down at the folder. He put his elbows on the desk and massaged his temples. He spoke like a patient asking for a hypo, strained, troubled. "George," he said, "there's something the matter with the Department of Nursing." He leaned back, suddenly angry. "But I can't interfere in Miss Storrow's business, unless I know she's wrong. I sit here at this desk, and I sign papers. I initial them where it says 'approved.' What else can I do?"

"You can look at the girl. Have her in the O.R. this afternoon. Let her hand you the instruments."

I had thought of it only that instant. Normally Maconnet would not consider having a student for his instrument nurse. It's most unusual anyway for a hospital executive to continue surgery, even the little he did; and for at least five years he'd always had one particular nurse at his right hand, a woman so experienced she could probably have performed an operation herself. He was annoyed with Storrow, but would he take the trouble to show her up?

Now, he looked cold. "I'll think about it, George," he said, and his voice told me he'd do nothing. "I'll think about it. See you at two thirty."

I went back to the sixth floor, wondering how much harm I'd done myself with Maconnet. I stood by an open window, smelling the rain, looking down at the lakes on the concrete between the pavilions, and I felt like a fool.

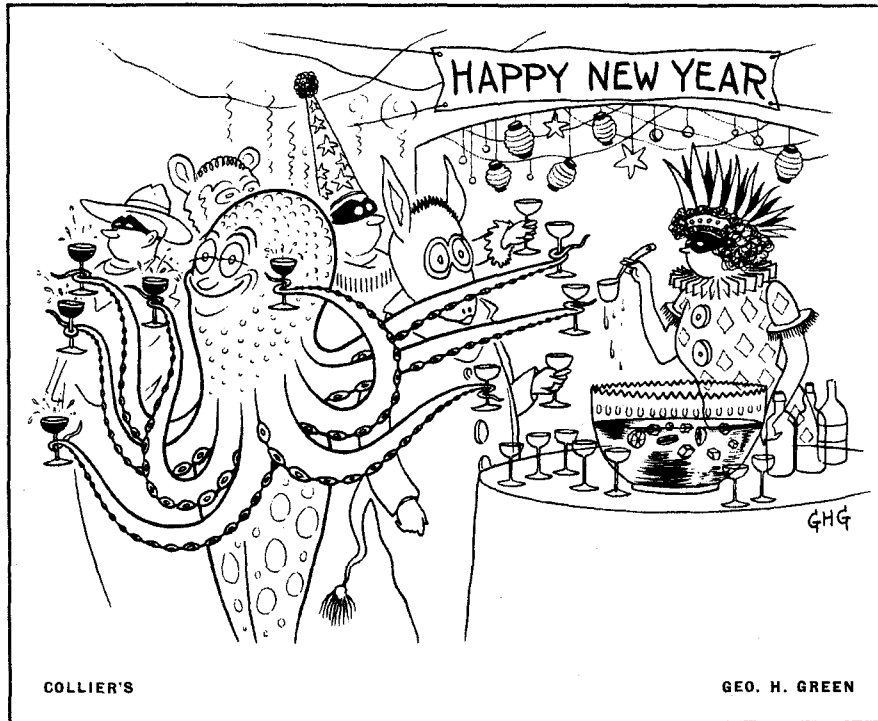
THE first time I ever saw Larkin, she was rushing in and out of the operating room, with a grim expression on her face. She seemed to have a problem. I remember she took it to everybody in the place without apparent luck, and finally she came over to me. "Can you help me?" she asked. "Where can I find retractor extensions?"

They were hazing her. I couldn't help laughing, because there was a very fat woman on the operating table. Retractor extensions! As quietly as I could, I told the girl there was no such thing as a retractor extension, and to take things easy. Maybe she was too simple-minded for hospital work. Maybe I had been a fool.

Only recently there'd been a day when they herded the students into a bus and off to the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. It was Hospital Day, the nearest Sunday to the birthday of Florence Nightingale. Each year a couple of thousand nurses paraded into the cathedral, in white uniforms and blue capes, for a service in memory of all nurses who had died that year. It was pretty impressive, I was told. But for the next three days, our kid from Massachusetts wasn't fit to have around. She was dreaming, bumping into things. We had to tell little Florence Nightingale to come down to earth and get on the ball. Probably she'd been dreaming about the Printon boy when the streptomycin walked off.

Well, I'd done what I'd done. I had another case at eleven. Sometime between then and one thirty, I evolved a roundabout scheme for slipping the girl a few dollars for railroad fare home. She'd been transferred to obstetrics, so I didn't expect to see her.

At two fifteen, I took my patient to the O.R., and when I arrived, damned if there wasn't Larkin, in sterile gown, draping the instrument table. I said, "Hello, there," and she came over to me, all shiny-eyed and trembling.



office. Miss Storrow took it hard. I thought about that case, in the elevator going down, because it was my excuse, now, for butting in. I told myself that the Larkin kid would have recognized wrong medication and would have had the guts to stand her ground. When she was told to boil instruments twenty minutes, they got steamed twenty minutes, not nineteen and a half. She studied! I once heard her name every instrument in a long line—fifty or sixty of them—and there were a couple I didn't know.

All right, there was a box of streptomycin missing. And sure, the girl was supposed to be poor. What about it?

NEAR Maconnet's door I began to hear voices from the outer office: the big fellow himself and a firm, bitter-sounding female accompaniment. Maconnet was sixty or sixty-one, a shaggy old rascal and a damned good surgeon. A wide man with a potbelly and a pink, cherub face and a couple of chins, he could be a pouter pigeon; he could play the charming boy, or he could roar and scare the daylight out of the help. If he hadn't been a surgeon, he could have been an actor.

I heard him saying emphatically that he'd initial something after he'd read it. He'd have to read the folder first.

The female voice said, "I've got to have discipline. If we can't keep them away from the interns, and if we can't depend on their honesty, we might as well give up. I've got the worst bunch

in ten years," she said, and pulled her chin up.

Maconnet had a folder in one hand. He grabbed me. "Come in," he said and pulled me toward his private office. He called to the Storrow woman, "I'll send you this later today."

He tossed the folder on his huge mahogany desk and sank into the swivel chair. He hooked his thumbs in the pockets of his vest and drummed his fingers on his belly. He sighed. "All right, George," he said. "What's your trouble?"

My trouble? I wasn't too clear about it, but I persuaded myself it was that crack about honesty, and the earnest face of the girl from Massachusetts. "That student nurse, Larkin," I told him. "I've watched her in the O.R. She's good."

His eyebrows went up, and he looked at me sharply. His voice was low. "You know something about this?" he asked. "Or are you just butting in?"

"I'm just butting in. I like the kid. She's a nurse."

"What do you mean, she's a nurse?"

"She's got integrity. She does things right."

"Yes? Six vials of streptomycin are missing."

I gave him a short, hyphenated answer, but I said it quietly. He knew as well as I did that there were a dozen ways that a valuable drug could get lost in that hospital. It might show up again, or it might not. If it did, later,

"Mike got me a chance," she said, apparently taking it for granted I knew about her trouble. "He must have talked to Dr. Maconnet. Dr. Maconnet ordered them to send me up here. I'm to be instrument nurse this afternoon."

AFTERWARD, I wished I'd been able to watch the kid more closely. As it was, I had to be extremely careful. The patient was a middle-aged woman, the wife of a chain-store executive, and my job was to make it easy for her and to see to it that her heart stood up. Between pumping the blood-pressure cuff; watching her pulse, pupils and respirations, checking my instruments' gauges and keeping the chart, I had no time. Maconnet's regular instrument nurse, who was standing by, would keep an eye on the kid.

Maconnet came prancing in and said, "Ah, beautiful nurses, today! Good!"

I thought: Oh, God, he's going to have one of his cute days. But when he came out of his scrub, he became all business.

He marched around the table and inspected the kid. "You my instrument nurse? Miss, uh . . . what is your name?"

"Larkin, sir."

"Yes, yes. Let's get this thing going."

I had my patient ready, and I gave Maconnet the nod. It occurred to me there were a lot of people in the room, two or three more than usual. I glanced at one female standing well back, in white uniform but wearing O.R. cap and mask. She turned out to be the nurse instructor. There was the resident surgeon, who, as first assistant, had already prepared the patient; and young Mike stood nervously at my left. And the kid, across from Maconnet, was standing on the footstool that raised her six inches so that she could hand him instruments from the Mayo table.

Then, just as Maconnet got comfortable, with his stomach braced against the table, another figure appeared: Storrow, the superintendent of nurses. She wore a mask tied too tight, and her eyes looked shockingly hollow. I saw the kid look up, then down again, and I thought she was afraid. Maconnet glanced up too, and Storrow said, "I hope you don't mind, Doctor."

"Not at all," he said, and called for the skin knife. Larkin put the scalpel in his hand, and the job began. I've seen Maconnet go cute and keep the whole operating room chuckling dutifully at his jokes. Once, at the end of an operation, I saw him take a handful of cracked ice that had been packed against the patient, and stuff it down the instrument nurse's neck. I've also seen him get tough and scare the pants off an entire crew. But this time he was completely level. There were no histrionics. Above his mask, his eyes had the look of a boy playing a game.

When he withdrew a sponge—a pack of gauze red with blood—he dropped it to the floor. I've seen him practically throw them over his shoulder. This time the circulating nurse had to fish around his shoes with her long forceps to collect the sponges and carry them to her rack for the final count.

Those sponges worried me, he used so many of them, a possible sign of excessive bleeding. There was rarely much bleeding when he operated. This time, halfway through, I knew he was simply wasting sponges.

I heard him calling, "Retractor . . . forceps . . . Kelly clamp . . ." and I waited for him to criticize the kid, tell her she was slapping the instruments into his hand too hard or not hard enough. But he didn't say a word.

Once I saw her take a quick look at her friend Mike, as though she were drawing strength from him, and I looked down quickly and took another blood pressure. A minute later I saw her hand Maconnet the ligature carrier and reach back for the knife, and I thought of a child playing a piano piece before visitors and getting it perfect—so far.

And then Maconnet tipped his head back, like a drillmaster about to below a command, and he said, "Instrument count."

The kid answered, "All here, sir," and the circulating nurse checked it.

Maconnet rared back again, "Sponge count!"

Larkin said, "Eighteen, sir."

The circulating nurse did not respond immediately. Maconnet turned and called, "Well, come on, come on." The circulating nurse said, "I have only seventeen."

Maconnet gazed at the wall. His voice became sharp. "All right," he said, "let's get together on this. You girls are supposed to know how to count. Can't keep this patient open all day."

Larkin said, "Eighteen sponges."

The other girl scurried back to the table and searched the floor around Maconnet's feet.

She went back to her rack, where the red-stained pads were neatly lined up, and she counted again. A roomful of people counted with her. "Seventeen," she said, and her voice quaked.

Maconnet glared at Larkin. "How did you keep your count?" he demanded.

There she stood, one student nurse holding up an operation by the great Dr. Maconnet. "Five sponges in each pack," she said. Her voice was sure. "We used three packs, and three sponges out of the fourth pack. Eighteen."

I'll never forget the next voice that chimed in, a shrill sound, like an alarm clock. The Storrow woman. "Dr. Maconnet," the superintendent of nurses said, "I watched those packs. One of them had only four sponges. The girl didn't count carefully."

Except for Larkin, nobody in that room believed for a moment that Maconnet had left a sponge in the patient. Maconnet glanced at the split pack of sponges, and then at Miss Storrow. "Could that happen?" he roared, and Miss Storrow answered, "We've caught it twice lately, Doctor. The student nurses who pack them are careless."

And then, if Larkin didn't pipe up, "No, Doctor. There were five in each of those packs. Eighteen sponges."

In the silence of the next few seconds, the click of the valve in my breathing bag grew loud. Then Maconnet spoke, gently. "We'll sew up," he said. "Suture."

I know what Larkin went through in the next few minutes. I know the agony of watching somebody in authority do something that you think may harm or kill the patient, and you can't stop him. I wanted to go around beside her and tell her that the old walrus knew what he was doing. But there was no way; and there was nothing for her but to hand him the instruments as he called for them. But there was misery in her eyes, above the mask!

I stayed with my patient all the way to her room. But before I left the O.R., I heard Maconnet say, "Miss Storrow, could you be in my office at, say four?" And I noticed Maconnet and Larkin and the nurse instructor in a huddle. I always wondered what happened.

Oh, I knew some of it. For instance, the Storrow woman reported ill the next

day; and then she took a leave of absence, long enough to catch up all those vacations she'd missed. I knew that Larkin continued in obstetrics. . . .

Five years later, over a planter's punch in the Canal Zone, I heard Larkin's story. About that huddle with Maconnet and the instructor: Maconnet spoke to the instructor.

"This young woman was absolutely correct. She will continue her studies. Soon as she's cleaned up here, she'll report to you." He turned to Larkin. "Miss—what is your name?—Larkin? Please come with me to the scrub sink."

He got her over there, back of the panel. Her tears were starting to come, and she could scarcely see him. "You nurse enough to keep a secret?" he said.

She bobbed her head.

He spoke quietly. "Unfortunate situation," he said. "Can't let you think I sewed up without knowing where that eighteenth sponge was."

He'd been holding his left hand in front of him, the hand closed. Now he opened it, and there was a sticky, red mass of gauze. He'd hidden the thing between his belly and the table during the operation. "Did it deliberately, to test you," he told her. "Meant to show you before we sewed up. Things, uh, got out of hand. Say nothing about this to anyone in this hospital. Now, now, it's all right." She had begun to bawl. "It's all right, young woman. Get hold of yourself."

I TOOK Larkin to dinner at the Tivoli, inside the Zone. I wished Maconnet could have seen her with the nurse's gold leaf on her lapel, the silver bar on her cap: Lieutenant Junior Grade Ann Larkin.

She told me she'd been lucky. She liked the hospital ship. She'd had a few days in Liverpool and London, then the Pacific. Mostly, though, she'd been busy nursing the sick and wounded in the wards, in the ship. "That's all I ever wanted," she said, "ever since I was a little girl. Just to be a nurse."

It was November, but already she planned to be in the cathedral when Hospital Day came around, next May. She'd heard they wouldn't have thousands of nurses in blue capes, any more—not enough nurses turned out. They'd let the ceremony die in fifty-one.

"This nurse'll be there," she said, "all by myself."

She wore no rings. Riding back to Balboa in my jeep with a sulky corporal at the wheel, I asked Larkin about her friend—Printon?—the young intern.

"He's married," she said. "Somebody from Westchester. You never liked him, did you?"

I admitted I hadn't liked Dr. Printon. "He liked you," she said. "He told me who went to Maconnet for me, that day. You didn't think I knew, did you? He also told me you were . . . fond of me. Any truth in that?"

"Yes."

At the pier, we picked our way across the tracks and between a couple of locomotives, out to her ship. I climbed the gangway with her, and she took me to the promenade deck, which belonged to the officers. The moon was up, just over the hills. I made up my mind not to kiss her, not to say anything more. But she turned her face toward me, and there was a steady, humorous look in her grown-up eyes. I kissed her.

I knew, that night, that I'd take my discharge and go back to New York, back to anesthesiology. And I'd be at the cathedral, one certain Sunday in May.



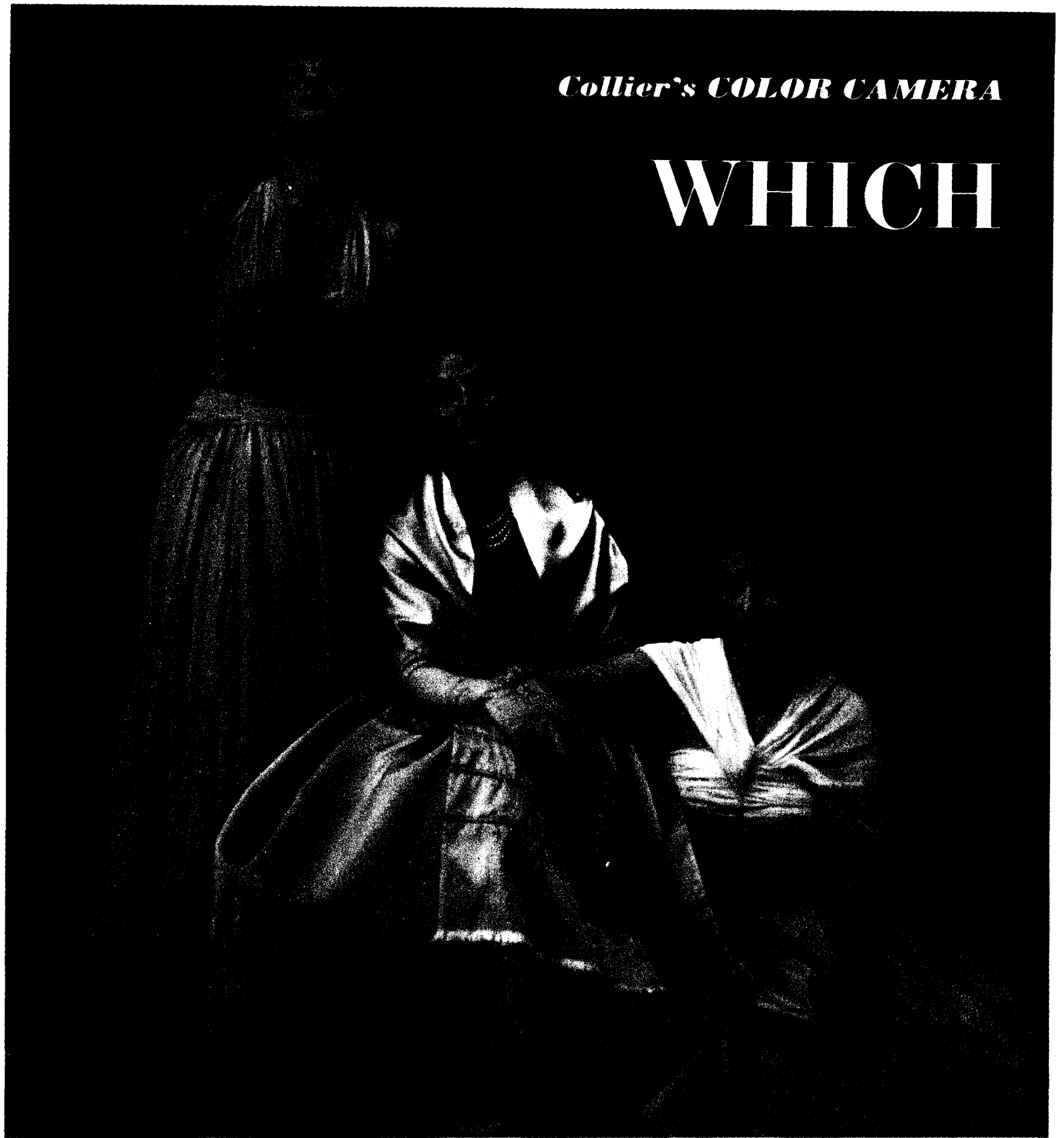
"I think he's handsome. I never wear my glasses when I'm with him"

COLLIER'S

JOHN RUGE

Collier's **COLOR CAMERA**

WHICH



Italian movie stars Eleonora Rossi-Drago, Marina Berti and Silvana Mangano look languorous—and somewhat bored—in American evening dress

According to American tastes a woman is silks and satins and rare perfumes

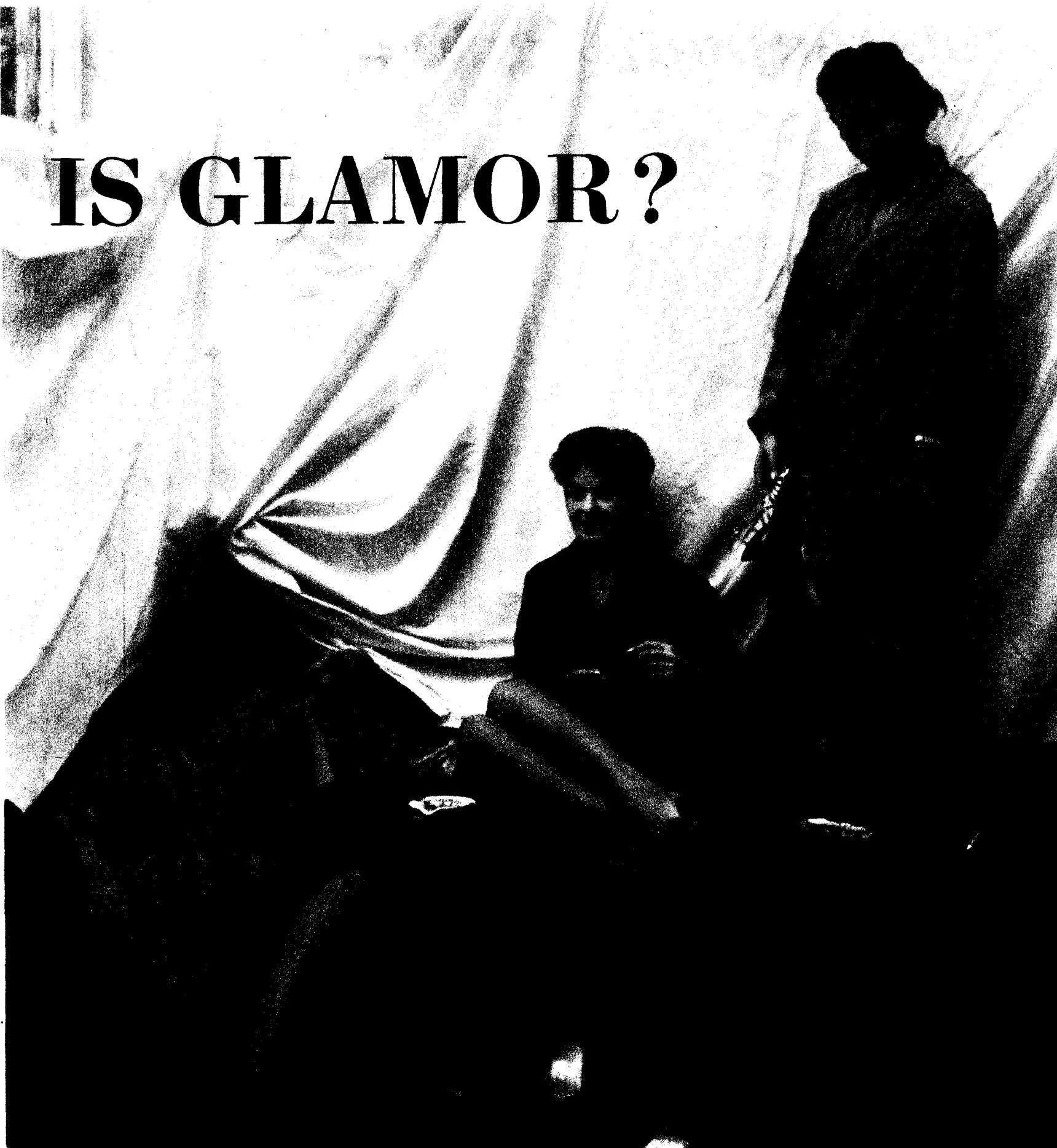
MOVIES stamped “Made in Italy” have taken black cotton stockings, faded house dresses and moth-eaten sweaters for their trade-mark. Swathed in the stockings, the underpinnings of such provocative young Italian stars as Silvana Mangano, Marina Berti and Eleonora Rossi-Drago

have an almost magnetic effect on movie-goers bound for the box office. And shabby dresses and old sweaters, when draped around the lithe bodies of these three young ladies, become instruments of glamor. Thus, Italian movie makers have evolved a turnabout formula for leg art: substantial quanti-

ties of womanhood, covered as haphazardly as the censors will permit with the clothing of poverty.

Silvana, a twenty-two-year-old, limpid-eyed brunette, pioneered the field of sex in black cotton stockings when she slogged her way through soggy rice fields five years ago in *Bitter Rice*. The physio-

IS GLAMOR?



But in the disheveled kind of clothing that made them famous, they came to life. "Elegance," they say, "makes us look like stuffed dolls"

For Italians she is cotton and patches and a frank approach to femininity

logical attraction of Silvana in her threadbare shorts and unraveling sweater was instantaneous, tremendous and marvelously rewarding at the ticket windows. The pattern was set.

Miss Rossi-Drago, twenty-four and a pale reddish blonde, had her biggest role in Sensuality,

which was a huge success abroad, but has run into trouble getting approved by American censors.

Miss Berti, most famous for her role in Giacomo the Idealist, looks like an American coed, although she is said to have "an authentic Italian face."

When the young ladies visited the U.S. last fall,

their mink coats bespoke the fact that black cotton stockings, like diamonds, can indeed be a girl's best friend. To see whether Silvana, Marina and Eleonora had more appeal disheveled or slicked up, Collier's photographed them both ways. Which is glamor? ▲▲▲

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY MILTON GREENE

New Weapons Against Cancer— **The X-Ray Cannon and**

Physicist John G. Trump (right) and physician Hugh F. Hare (left), who developed new treatment, position a model in revolving chair alongside supervoltage X-ray machine at MIT



the Rotating Chair

This combination enables scientists to bombard deep-lying cancers with powerful X rays. It's one of the most hopeful treatments yet

A TWO-MAN Massachusetts team of physicist and physician has combined a giant X-ray cannon and the ancient principle of a merry-go-round into one of the most hopeful methods of treating cancer to be developed in recent years.

Pooling their knowledge, physicist John G. Trump and physician Hugh F. Hare built a device which from outward appearance might have come straight from the pages of science fiction. But in the three years it has been in operation, their machine has brought new hope to sufferers from deep-seated cancers difficult if not impossible to treat by other methods.

Simply put, the Trump-Hare method permits massive doses of X ray to be delivered directly to cancerous tumors with little injury to surrounding tissues. The secret? Revolving the patient on a platform so that powerful X-ray beams may focus constantly on their target while healthy surrounding tissues receive only minor exposure.

X rays have been used for years in treating cancer, but until recently their application has been severely limited. They were excellent for readily accessible growths—as on the skin, lip or tongue—but of limited value for deeper cancers. They might make patients with deep-seated cancers more comfortable and might add a few months to their lives, but too often, that was about all.

Using 200,000-volt machines such as are available in most large hospitals, radiologists always face a dilemma. Cancer tissue is only slightly more sensitive to X rays than healthy tissue. If a radiologist administers too large doses—enough to kill cancer cells—he might also severely damage intervening tissues. The result: X-ray burns which take months to heal or never heal, or even leave holes in highly sensitive tissues such as intestines.

Low-voltage X rays from conventional machines have another disadvantage. They scatter as they enter the body so that the cancer may get very little radiation and healthy tissue a great deal. They can damage, and have damaged, healthy lung, stomach and intestinal tissues severely enough to cause death. Low-voltage X rays have another serious drawback. If the body trunk gets too much radiation, serious sickness generally follows—sickness marked by violent nausea.

Radiologists have used laudable ingenuity in trying to reduce the limitations of their tool. They have used multiple-port X ray, shot at the cancerous target from different directions, and they have stretched small daily X-ray doses over months. But they knew these measures were not the answer they were seeking; in many cases the treatment offered little hope of curing deep cancers. Then in 1949 a brilliant, young (forty-two at the time) associate professor of electrical engineering at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology thought he saw a way around the difficulties.

He was Dr. Trump, tall, blond, wartime head of the British branch of MIT's Radiation Laboratory, which did pioneer work on radar, submarine-detecting devices, bomb-target locators and dozens of other electronics devices.

Trump knew it was possible to build compact X-ray generators with 10 to 20 times the voltage of those in common use—machines in the 2,000,000- to 4,000,000-volt range. Million-volt X rays had been built in the late thirties and early forties, and an experimental 3,000,000-volt machine was

By J. D. RATCLIFF

built by MIT in 1940. Their beams penetrated deeply into the body and could be focused sharply at any given target with a minimum of scatter.

Another type of supervoltage machine had been used with striking success in the Army's Walter Reed General Hospital in Washington by Dr. Milton Friedman, then a lieutenant colonel in the Army and now head of the department of radiation therapy in New York's Hospital for Joint Diseases. A group of workers at Huntington Memorial Hospital, Boston, had reported similar success with supervoltages. With such machines, focus could be regulated to produce a beam ranging from the size of a dime to the diameter of a dinner plate. With perfect control, it was possible to radiate either the pea-sized pituitary in the center of the head or a cancerous lung.

Trump figured a two-million volt machine would be about right for the cancer treatment he had in mind. Then he had another idea—which he thought was original but which turned out to be at least forty years old. Why not aim an X-ray beam at a target—say a cancerous womb—and then rotate the patient? If you did this the cancer would get a 100 per cent dose of radiation while the surrounding skin and other healthy tissues perhaps would get no more than 10 to 30 per cent.

Most radiologists are satisfied if they can hit a cancer with 2,000 to 3,000 roentgens (units of radiation). Trump was thinking of 6,000 to 8,000!

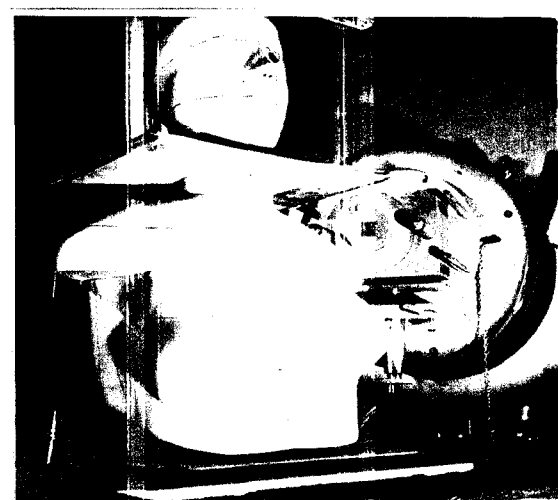
Physicist's Training Was Inadequate

Sitting in his small, cluttered office in the rabbit warren of buildings that make up MIT's Radiation Laboratory at Cambridge, Massachusetts, Trump thought all these ideas looked tremendously inviting. But he wasn't a medical man; he was a physicist. So he enlisted the help of a friend, Dr. Hare, head of the Department of Radiology at Boston's famed Lahey Clinic.

Hare, fifty, is a compact, energetic, friendly man of world-wide reputation. He was born in State College, New Mexico, where his father was professor of chemistry at Agricultural and Mechanical College. He studied medicine at Harvard, and joined the Lahey Clinic staff in 1934.

What did Hare think of Trump's theorizing? There was nothing new about rotating the patient under treatment, he said. That had been tried many times, but only with low-voltage X-ray machines which don't penetrate far into the body. Almost everyone who had tried the idea under those conditions had abandoned it as not worth the trouble. But if you used rotation with the giant-sized X-ray machine Trump had in mind, that was something else again. Trump's ideas looked good, Hare said, really good.

The newly formed team of Hare and Trump took their ideas to the American Cancer Society. The High Voltage Engineering Corporation of Cambridge, a company set up by Trump and other technical men, could build the X-ray apparatus of wanted voltage. It would cost about \$90,000. Did the Cancer Society have \$90,000 to spare? Fortunately, it did.



Photograph film is put between wood slabs in dummy to measure dosage of X rays

The awesome generator, a great cylindrical cannon seven feet long and three feet in diameter, was built to order on the basis of principles developed by Trump's friend and associate, Dr. Robert J. Van de Graaff, and installed in a small building in MIT's crowded back yard. The next problem was to build a turntable chair fitted with clamps which would hold a patient rigidly in position. The chair had to revolve at a constant speed—three fourths of a revolution per minute—so X-ray exposure of the skin would be evenly dispersed around the body.

Various tests indicated X rays penetrated pressed wood almost exactly as they penetrated human flesh. So Trump and Hare—with a team of young physicists and doctors—built a pressed-wood "phantom"—a mock-up of a human body. The phantom was built in layers, so it could be pulled apart. Photographic film—which would measure X-ray dosage—was inserted into the pelvic, lung and other areas of the phantom. Then, when the phantom was seated in the revolving chair and subjected to X-ray bombardment, it was possible to tell exactly how accurately the beam was focused on any particular spot and how much radiation was reaching that spot. Such trials were essential if the researchers were to learn how to hit the cancerous target in human beings.

Months of work went into these preparations before one of the world's most unusual cancer clinics—a clinic associated with an engineering college—opened October 3, 1949. Hare had a patient ready. Indeed the patient had been waiting for two months while final mechanical and engineering details were completed.

The patient was a thirty-three-year-old Boston businessman with cancer of the pelvic bone. He had undergone three operations and all had been failures. Bits of cancerous bone had been left behind and the disease had flamed up again.

Because it is hazardous to give too much radiation at one time, the researchers decided arbitrarily to limit dosages to 280 roentgens at one treatment. Since the total dose they wanted to administer was about 6,000 r, this meant a schedule of 20-odd treatments at the rate of five a week. This first patient kept appointments faithfully and spent 12 minutes at a time being peppered with radiation. Three years have elapsed since the treatment was completed and he is alive and well. If he is still alive and well two years hence, he may regard himself as cured—according to the rigid definition of a cancer cure.

Other patients came along. Because of the time required to position patients properly so the X-ray beam would focus squarely on the target, not more than 15 to 20 a day could be handled. Another X-ray machine was needed, and it was provided by funds from the American Cancer Society; the Godfrey M. Hyams Trust, a Boston philanthropy; and MIT. At present the little clinic is handling 30 to 40 patients a day and has treated a total of approximately 500.

I recently visited the clinic and watched the treatment of a typical patient. In the center of a large, concrete-block room, a young woman sat in a slowly revolving chair, her head and body held firmly in position by wood and metal clamps. The barrel of a giant X-ray cannon was aimed at a pinpoint target: the cancerous

Supervoltage X-ray machines now treat deep cancers which surgeons can't reach

larynx in the woman's throat. A 2,000,000-volt stream of X rays—twice as much radiation as could be produced by all the available radium in the world—was passing through the cancer.

Outside the room, a young physicist peered through a foot-thick window, made of a dozen sheets of plate glass. Before him was an elaborate panel, similar to a control console in a broadcasting station. With it, he controlled the motion of the chair and the operation of the X-ray howitzer.

I found that every cancer had its particular treatment requirements, determined largely by its position in the body. A patient with cancer of the larynx may spend only five minutes in the revolving chair, while a woman with breast cancer may spend 15. The number of treatments also varies from 10 to 40, according to depth of the cancer.

Danger in Pituitary Surgery

What results have been achieved? The response to pinpoint X radiation frequently has been highly dramatic. For instance, take pituitary adenoma, a nonmalignant tumor. Tumors on this gland—which rests in a bony socket on the underside of the brain—range from marble size to the size of a Ping-pong ball. As tumors grow, they often cause persistent headaches. In time, they exert pressure on the optic nerve to cause visual disturbances, and finally, blindness. Surgical removal of such tumors is a grave business. The surgeon must make an incision along the side of the head and push the brain aside to reach the pituitary.

With heads clamped firmly in place, 58 patients with pituitary adenomas underwent treatment. In most, improvement in vision was almost immediate. Symptoms disappeared in 51 of the 58, and X-ray pictures gave evidence that the tumors had shrunk and disappeared.

Cancer of the larynx (voice box) responded with similar alacrity. It can be one of the most desperate and distressing diseases found in any large hospital. Where surgery has a chance, the doctor enters the throat and removes the larynx. Here, again, was a small target ideally suited to rotational therapy. Of the first 21 patients treated, 17 are free of symptoms of their disease as this is written. Two are dead, and in two the disease persists despite radiation.

Two-million-volt therapy has also been given a chance at one of the grimmest of all cancers—cancer of the lung. Until 1933, this disease was regarded as being universally fatal. That year a patient climbed on the operating table of Dr. Evarts Graham, of St. Louis. The patient was a physician, a Pittsburgh obstetrician. "I want to be well or I'd rather not get off the table. Be as radical as you like," he told Dr. Graham.

Once the chest was opened, it became apparent that one lung was entirely gone of cancer and that complete removal was the only hope. Such an operation never had been performed successfully, but Dr. Graham went ahead. The patient is still alive.

The principal difficulty with this type of surgery is that by the time lung cancer is recognized, two times out of three the disease has progressed so far that surgery would only hasten death. Radiation had been tried in the past on

such inoperable cases; often it only caused additional severe damage to sensitive lung tissues. The story added up: no matter what was done, 17 of 20 lung-cancer victims would be dead two years after their disease was discovered.

Hare and Trump believed supervoltage therapy might be the answer because their more powerful beam could deliver greater doses of X ray directly to the cancerous spot, and smaller amounts to areas of spread. After treating numerous lung cancers, they by no means claim that they have a cure for this distressing and growing problem (lung cancer has tripled in the past 20

years). But X rays have no trouble finding the target. Seven of 10 patients who had cancer in this region are alive and symptom-free—thanks to rotational therapy. The other three died.

Hare and Trump also have given their apparatus a chance with breast cancer, chief cancer killer of women. While surgeons have made notable progress with this disease, the prognosis is still far from good. Only a third of women who have cancerous breasts removed are alive five years after surgery. The surgeon has no way of knowing with surety that cancer in

skin cancers, Hare and Trump developed yet another means of treatment—an electric bed that slides back and forth under an electron (not an X-ray) beam. Electrons penetrate the skin only a few centimeters and hence do not damage underlying structures. Since this type of treatment began only a few months ago, it is much too early to say what final results will be.

Summing up: rotational therapy with supervoltages holds out great promise with adenomas of the pituitary, and cancers of the pelvis, cervix and larynx. And it has turned in less spectacular results with cancers of the breast, bladder, esophagus, lung and ovary. The researchers hold out little hope that it ever will be of great value in cancer of the intestine, stomach or liver; these organs are far too sensitive to radiation.

Rotational therapy has been found to have another interesting application. In a number of cases, it apparently has stopped the spread of cancer without eradicating the primary tumor. Thus it has opened the way for surgery where surgery would have been pointless before. From the patient's point of view, rotational therapy has outstanding advantages. It causes almost no radiation sickness—only two out of the first 50 patients noted slight nausea—and burns almost never occur.

But supervoltage rotational therapy is not a cancer "cure" which will salvage lives of the incurable, or bring back from the brink of the grave those about to die. And a final estimate of the value of this type of treatment cannot be given for another two years. At that time the score for five-year survivals can be added up. A person who is treated for cancer and lives for five years is regarded as cured.

Incurable Cases Not Treated

Since the capacity of their clinic is severely limited, Hare and Trump turn down terminal patients—those in the last stages of cancer. They feel their treatment should be given only where it has a chance of success; precious time should not be wasted on hopeless cases.

Some estimate of what others think of the treatment may be gained from the fact that a number of top hospitals are installing similar equipment. Dr. Milton Friedman had rotational equipment, plus a 2,000,000-volt X ray, built by General Electric at the Hospital for Joint Diseases, New York. To date, his results almost exactly parallel those at MIT. Boston's Massachusetts General Hospital and New York's new Delafield Hospital, a unit of the vast Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center, also have rotational apparatus.

One internationally known cancer specialist, who prefers to remain anonymous, says: "This is in no sense a cancer cure, but it is, by a wide measure, the best method of radiation therapy yet found."

Hare is slightly more optimistic: "This is the most promising method evolved so far of treating deep tumors susceptible to radiation, including many cases previously considered inaccessible. While the clinical disappearance of the malignancies under treatment has been most gratifying, it must be remembered that a period of years is required to prove any new method of cancer treatment."



years). But they feel that preliminary results merit attention. Of 37 patients treated, 17 are alive and free of symptoms, some for periods up to two years; 19 are dead, and symptoms recurred in one case. Developing the new mode of treatment has often called for a high degree of ingenuity. This was true in treating cancers of the pelvic area: the bladder, pelvic bone and cervix (neck of the womb). The difficulty was that, if the intestine is irradiated, severe injury often results.

To get around this danger, Hare trussed the lower abdomens of patients with tight woven elastic bandages, forcing the intestines upward. Patients then mounted the turntable and were held in a standing position. Of the first 32 women who underwent this treatment for cancer of the cervix, 23 are apparently free of symptoms, four have died, the cancer has spread in one and there have been four recurrences.

In cancer of the bladder, results were less heartening, but still good in light of the seriousness of this disease. Of 25 cases treated in the first two years of work, 12 were freed of symptoms, 10 died and the disease persists in three.

Rotational therapy has proved valuable in at least one area unreachable by surgery—the nasopharynx. When cancer strikes in the dark labyrinth where nose and throat join, there is

such cases is confined to the breast. It may have slipped out through the lymphatic system that surrounds this organ, possibly entered the blood stream, and planted seeds which will flower and flourish elsewhere in the body.

Hare and Trump knew that straight rotational therapy, of the type used on cancer of the bladder, would have little application here. Why expose the entire circumference of the body to X rays when radiation was wanted only in the breast area? To solve this problem they adapted the rotating chair so it would oscillate—swing back and forth—always keeping the breast area in X-ray focus.

Most patients were women whose cancers had progressed so far surgery would be pointless. A few had undergone breast amputation only to find that the cancer had escaped to surrounding areas. In all these cases, the patients were placed in the chair with their chests bared, and the chair was set to oscillate in an arc that would cover the field to be radiated—possibly even to include the armpits. To date, 20 such women have been treated. Nine are alive and, for the moment at least, free of symptoms—an excellent record by almost any standards. Ten are dead, and there is evidence of spread in the remaining one.

For treatment of widely scattered

Here's

MORE... than just a luxuriously bound
five-foot shelf of books . . .

More... than 418 of the greatest literary
masterpieces of all time . . .

More... than selected writings of 302
most famous authors in the world

Here's a liberal education . . . *a masterfully planned, exhaustively indexed, prescription for learning. Here's reading that realistically reflects the progress of man from the beginning of time to modern times . . . not just in literature, but in science, politics, drama, medicine . . . in fact in every major field of knowledge.*

You'll find The Harvard Classics on the bookshelf of important people in every walk of life . . . Each mind-stimulating volume is a rich, new experience in learning. From The Harvard Classics you develop the broad viewpoint, the culture, the conversational poise that are the tools of success in modern business and society.

Here in 22,407 fascinating pages is the thrilling cavalcade of kings and commoners, soldiers and scholars, knights and knaves, priests and poets—beginning with the dawn of history and sweeping down through the centuries. Here is the drama, ideas and emotions, that make up life itself.

If time is limited, a

Daily Reading Guide outlines a fifteen-minute-a-day, pleasure-reading program. If serious study is your personal assignment, eleven reading courses on such subjects as history, philosophy, and education are outlined from which the reader will acquire a fundamental background in all the main departments of intellectual activity.

"... so inexpensive that everyone can afford to own The Harvard Classics."

W. A. FitzGerald in the
Library Journal

WHY WAIT a single minute longer when, for a small down payment, you can have the complete 51-volume set delivered to your home, shipping charges prepaid . . . and you may spread the balance over two full years.

**The Five-Foot
Shelf of Books**
(Harvard Classics)

THE FIVE-FOOT SHELF OF BOOKS
640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.

Please send me, without cost or obligation, your elaborately colored brochure full of interesting information about the Five-Foot Shelf of Books . . . plus information about how I can own this beautiful home library on convenient budget terms.

NAME.....
Please Print

ADDRESS.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

BUDGET TERMS AVAILABLE IN THE U.S. AND CANADA ONLY

C-48

OPPORTUNITY WITH COLLIER'S: The Five-Foot Shelf of Books is available only through authorized representatives. Opportunities to join our organization are open to worthy men and women interested in education and who would like to build up a substantial income. Write: Ralph G. Smith, President—640 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N. Y.

CELLULOID NUDE

By HANNIBAL COONS

In which Dear George, the irrepressible Hollywood press agent, finds himself mixed up with a stormy actress who wants to express herself at all costs—and at his expense

FEDERAL PICTURES
Hollywood, California
From RICHARD L. REED
Director of Publicity

October 6, 1952
Air Mail

Mr. George Seibert
Special Representative, Federal Pictures
Hotel Driftwood
Vero Beach, Florida

Dear George:

George, it pains me considerably to have to interrupt your vacation. After twenty years of faithful service, a full week with pay isn't one bit too much, and don't think that I consider you slothful. I don't. It's just that a little thing has come up on which I need immediate aid.

As you may know, for once somebody had a good idea around here, and we have just completed an absolutely sure-fire hit called *Nude Descending a Staircase*. Or, as I shall shortly refer to it in large, rollicking ads, "The Hilarious Story of Modern Art and Modern Artist's Models!" This one, believe me, is in the bag. It's naturally full of nice sets and beautiful girls, but somebody had sense enough to add a little good, wholesome fun for all the family, and the result is a picture so positively entertaining

"Why, George," she suddenly said, "anybody would have known that that awful painting was no good. Why, it's an insult to art." And grasping



that for once we don't have to do one thing to help sell it. This one is going to do more business than Dollar Day at Fort Knox.

Particularly since the star of it happens to be Miss Linda Lee, America's newest heat wave and general chest of charms. When her countless fans think for even one minute of Miss Linda Lee actually at work in an artist's studio, strong men are apt to get crushed in the pandemonium. We not only don't need to help this one, there is nothing even you could do to hurt it. This one is in.

And why am I pulling you out of the surf to tell you this happy bit of good news?

Because, George, since this one was very evidently a hit right from the start, I have been devoting part of our usually busy publicity time to helping to play a small dirty trick on beautiful Miss Linda Lee.

Since you spend very little of your time out here, being, as you are, sort of our national social butterfly, you undoubtedly have no idea the hell that Miss Lee has caused at this establishment. She is not only our biggest money-maker, she is in every way our biggest pain in the neck. The Lord, for some reason of His own, gave her a body that causes every man in this world to faint dead away; but then He carelessly coupled it to an almost monumental ego, and accord-

ingly, as she has become more and more famous, she has also become more and more demanding.

Lately, hardly anybody in this place has got much of anything done except to rush to light Miss Lee's cigarette, rush to sweep out Miss Lee's solid-gold dressing room and, in general, rush at all times to lick Miss Lee's queenly boots. All of which was difficult enough at best, but during the making of "Nude," things rapidly became downright impossible.

As you know, half the people in this town think they're great artists—painters, that is. Everybody in the place "paints," and, in fact, it wouldn't be going too far to say that more canvas has been ruined in Hollywood than the time the cyclone hit Ringling Brothers. But most of it does little harm; it helps keep the hired hands out of trouble, and usually the only result is a little good clean fun when they get together to show one another their efforts.

But not with Miss Lee. She, naturally, also "paints." And being Miss Linda Lee, when she started work as the star of a genuine art picture, it was almost certain that chaos would follow. By the second morning she had her dressing room full of large, cumbersome easels, stacks of innocent canvas and enough paint to redo Buckingham Palace. And from then on, every time the cameras

paused even for a second, all her slaves had to drop everything and troop along to her dressing room to applaud genius at work.

To make things worse we'd written in bit parts for a dozen or so of America's most famous modern artists and critics, including Mr. Harrison Updyke, director of New York's noted Museum of Contemporary Art; and all these poor, real artists had to paddle right in with the others, and oh and ah, and say, Miss Lee, how superb, trying as best they could not to throw up. She also bedeviled them morning, noon and night for free art lessons. Show me how to draw an ocean, she'd say, pouting. And if they didn't show her fast enough, or weren't ecstatic enough when she got through, she'd call the front office and ask how could she possibly go on with this impossible picture, *no one* was co-operating with her.

Well, in about a week she had everybody on the set in such a state of dither that the picture, good as it was, was in imminent danger of foundering. Everybody was not only nuts, but helpless. And since somebody finally had to do something, I came up with what seemed at the time a splendid idea. When I told director Billy Green about it, his face lighted up like a sun lamp in a pup tent. And Mr. Updyke and his artists, hurriedly assembled in the dark of the night, joined the cabal with happy cries.

And the next day peace, and production, came over the "Nude" company.

The idea being thusly, and to wit: Although it was difficult, we chose the worst of Miss Lee's half-finished paintings—a big, horrible daub she called Moonlight on a Shrimp Boat—and Mr. Updyke and his artists began an utter contest to tell her how wonderful it was going to be. This one was destined to be her masterpiece. From now on, every minute she wasn't actually before the cameras she must work, work, work on it. She must let no one into her dressing room. No one but her actual fellow artists should even see the picture until it was finished.

And by working in relays, they kept her hard at it—adding a few more shrimp here, a little more moonlight there, changing the clouds from white, to blue, to green—the thing gradually growing into what is without doubt the worst painting of all time. Outstanding! we all cried. And in truth, parts of it *are* outstanding, the paint on some portions being at least three quarters of an inch thick. The important thing being that, by keeping her thus occupied, we got our motion picture done in record time, everybody happy as a lark.

Which, believe me, was absolutely all of my original purpose. And if I do say it myself, I saved the day.

But then up jumped the devil. Because ever since we completed the picture, Miss Lee has had her beautiful rear parked on the corner of my desk the day long, demanding—so help me—to know why, as part of the picture's publicity, I can't arrange an exhibit somewhere for her ghastly painting! Some of the biggest artists in the country said it was a masterpiece—which they sure did—and if I now couldn't arrange even one worth-while exhibit, it was maybe time for a new publicity head around here.

And of course now that I need an idea, nobody has any. Everybody's suddenly very busy on new projects. Oh, you'll think of something, Dick, old boy, they say.

George, as you know this is a crazy business. And if I don't come up with something, and soon, I'm telling you this could end up in getting me fired. You have no idea the power this impossible Lee woman wields around this place.

So if you ever thought, think now. Help.

As ever,
Dick

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES HOLLYWOOD CALIF

ALWAYS GLAD TO ASSIST. FROM HERE, THE SOLUTION SEEMS SIMPLE. THIS DESERVING GIRL HAS WORKED HARD ON HER PAINTING, AND NOW SHE NATURALLY WANTS SOME RECOGNITION. WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THIS UPDYKE? HE TOLD HER IT WAS GOOD. LET HIM EXHIBIT

in both hands, she belted it across the back of a chair, with everyone cheering



ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

IT. AND NOW IF THERE'S NOTHING ELSE, I WILL GET BACK TO MY HAM-MOCK. LOVE.
GEORGE

GEORGE SEIBERT
HOTEL DRIFTWOOD
VERO BEACH FLA

BY GOD, GEORGE, YOU'VE COME UP WITH A TERRIFIC IDEA. AIR-MAIL LETTER FOLLOWS DETAILING WHAT YOU'RE TO DO. I CAN NEVER THANK YOU ENOUGH.
DICK

FEDERAL PICTURES
Hollywood, California
From RICHARD L. REED
Director of Publicity

October 8, 1952
Air Mail

Mr. George Seibert
Special Representative, Federal Pictures
Hotel Driftwood
Vero Beach, Florida

Dear George:

Boy, thanks. The minute I got your telegram, the whole thing fell into place like the last piece of a two-dollar jigsaw. I hadn't thought of Updyke.

Anyway, in thirty minutes I'd completed the plans, talked to Updyke by telephone and the whole thing was arranged.

Here's the deal. It turns out that Updyke's big annual fall festival opens a week from Saturday. And he has agreed to exhibit Miss Linda Lee's excellent freehand modern painting, Moonlight on a Shrimp Boat, as the feature of the show! Needless to say, Miss Lee is delighted. Mr. Updyke is immediately releasing reams of publicity on it in New York as we are here; and Miss Lee is going to fly to New York to appear personally at the opening. The painting itself will be on its way air express within the hour, addressed to you, c/o Hotel Waldorf-Astoria.

The truth being that what Updyke actually said was, quote: If you have anything in mind concerning that woman that involves murder, you may count on my every co-operation.

Which the rest of the plan certainly does. Because on Thursday afternoon you and Miss Lee are to personally deliver her precious painting to the museum, to make sure that it arrives safely and to attend a small preopening ceremony celebrating Miss Lee's hanging.

Well, George, you know that entrance to the museum? Just inside the huge plate-glass doors is a little foyer, and from there you go up the most ridiculous staircase ever devised. It consists of slabs of polished ebony, seemingly floating in the air in a great curve, being suspended from the ceiling on a spider web of wrought iron. I have looked at that staircase a dozen times, and thought what a wonderful place it was for a man to break a leg.

Now wait, don't get excited. Here's all I want you to do. At the appointed time you and Miss Lee will debouch from a cab, enter and mount those stairs—you carrying the painting. But just as you reach the top, you are going to slip on that fool polished ebony, cry oops, and over backward you will go, down the whole kaboodle, sticking at least one leg through that horrible painting at every bounce. By the time you hit the foyer, Miss Lee's painting will be but a memory, smashed beyond recall by a regrettable accident no man could have foreseen.

After the crash, there will be a moment of stunned silence. Anxious faces will appear at the head of the stairs. Miss Lee and Mr. Updyke, recovering their senses, will come clattering down,

followed by the others, horrified. Mr. Updyke will sadly remove what is left of the painting from around your neck. Miss Lee will cry, I will paint you another one! No, my child, he will say, that is impossible. It will be many years before the art world sees such work again. A truly unusual thing has been forever destroyed.

And at that Miss Lee will no doubt turn around and just kick the living hell out of you.

Did you ever hear of anything so wonderful? This rib is so beautiful that after we get through with it, it should be mounted in the Smithsonian. Mr. Updyke gets gallons of publicity for his art show; we get gallons of publicity for our picture, even if we don't need it; and when Miss Lee gets back out here, we will gradually let the rib leak out, and for a while she should be a nicer girl to work with. The beauty of the gag being that no matter how mad she gets, she can't prove a thing.

And at least that oil-painted albatross can plague me no more.

So hop to it. Get up there to New York at once, meet Mr. Updyke and get everything set.

Practice that brodie, George, as Paderewski practiced his scales. This one is for love, the good of the corps.

As ever,
Dick

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES HOLLYWOOD
CALIF

THANKS A LOT FOR INCLUDING ME IN ON THIS HILARIOUS GAG. BUT I KNOW THAT STAIRCASE, AND I ALSO

KNOW MISS LINDA LEE. AND Fortunately I'VE JUST SIGNED TO GO OVER NIAGARA FALLS IN A BARREL ON THURSDAY AFTERNOON. SO AS YOU CAN SEE, I JUST CAN'T HELP YOU.
GEORGE

GEORGE SEIBERT
HOTEL DRIFTWOOD
VERO BEACH FLA

HA HA HA. WHEN ARE YOU LEAVING?
DICK

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES HOLLYWOOD
CALIF

ALL RIGHT, I'LL DO IT ON ONE CONDITION. I'LL CARRY THE PAINTING UP THE STAIRS, IF I CAN HIRE A DOUBLE FOR THE TRIP DOWN. EVERYBODY ELSE IN THIS FOOL BUSINESS USES A DOUBLE FOR ANYTHING AT ALL HAZARDOUS. WHY CAN'T I?
GEORGE

GEORGE SEIBERT
HOTEL DRIFTWOOD
VERO BEACH FLA

BY GOD, GEORGE, YOU'RE LOSING ALL YOUR SENSE OF FUN. DON'T YOU REALIZE THAT WE'VE WORKED ON THIS GAG FOR MONTHS? DO YOU MEAN TO SAY YOU'D WANT TO RUIN IT NOW? THE MOST WONDERFUL RIB IN THE WORLD?
RICHARD L. REED

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES HOLLYWOOD
CALIF

JUST OFFHAND I CAN THINK OF AN EVEN TWO DOZEN RIBS THAT ARE

MORE WONDERFUL. MINE. ON THE OTHER HAND, I GUESS IT WOULD BE EASIER JUST TO GO UP THERE AND DO IT THAN TO TRY TO EXPLAIN TO YOU WHY NO SANE MAN WOULD CONSIDER IT. I'LL FLY UP TOMORROW. AND WHILE I'M AT IT, LET ME REMIND YOU THAT THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS A MOTION PICTURE SO GOOD IT DOESN'T NEED TO BE PUBLICIZED. MAYBE I CAN RUN INTO SOMETHING THAT WILL GIVE US A GOOD SPREAD OR TWO ON IT.
GEORGE

GEORGE SEIBERT
HOTEL DRIFTWOOD
VERO BEACH FLA

GEORGE, I BEG OF YOU, DON'T VOLUNTEER ANY EXTRA ASSISTANCE. NOT ON THIS ONE. JUST HOP UP THERE, STICK YOUR LEG THROUGH THAT PAINTING, AND THAT IS ALL, REPEAT ALL, THAT I WANT FROM YOU AT THIS TIME. NOW GET UP THERE AND CASE THAT STAIRCASE.
RICHARD L. REED

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES HOLLYWOOD
CALIF

YES SIR. IT'S AS GOOD AS DONE, SIR. I'LL WIRE YOU THURSDAY AFTERNOON THE INSTANT THE MISSION'S COMPLETED.
GEORGE

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES HOLLYWOOD
CALIF

RUN FOR THE HILLS! I MEAN LET'S BE CALM. WHATEVER THAT EXCITED UPDYKE MAY WIRE YOU DON'T GET UPSET TILL YOU GET AIR MAIL SPECIAL FROM ME. IT EXPLAINS EVERYTHING. AND DON'T WORRY, I'LL WORK IT OUT.
GEORGE

HOTEL WALDORF-ASTORIA
New York, New York

October 16, 1952
Air Mail Special

Mr. Richard L. Reed
Director of Publicity, Federal Pictures
Hollywood, California

Dear Dick:

Well, believe me, there was just no possible way for this thing to go wrong. But it did. All due to the treachery of your beautiful Miss Linda Lee.

But let me just tell you what happened.

In the first place, everything went just fine right up to the last minute. I spent hours, days, casing that staircase, planning my every move. By last night I knew that staircase as a goldfish knows his bowl. I even stayed last night after the place closed, wrapped myself in several of Mr. Updyke's old sweaters, and practiced the actual fall at least eighteen times—until I thought that the next one would crack my clavicle.

The point is that when today dawned, I was ready. Trained to a fault, lean as a greyhound—ready.

Then Miss Lee arrived in town, looking as beautiful as an innkeeper's dream—let's face it, one look at that woman and I was ready to throw away my golf clubs—and for a time I caught myself thinking that perhaps we were being unfair to her. But then she immediately started throwing her weight around, complaining loudly about her suite and demanding to see if her painting had arrived safely, and I began to see what you mean. Nothing would do but I had to unwrap the painting so that we could both admire it. My God, isn't it hideous! I finally got it wrapped up

Collier's for January 3, 1953



COLLIER'S

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

again after a fashion—whew—and we went down and had some lunch, Miss Lee blistering the waiters over every item and practically twisting her neck off making sure that sufficient people were looking at her.

Then, finally, it was mercifully near two o'clock, so we got the painting, got a cab and headed for our appointment with destiny.

And everything, I tell you, went just fine. When we got out of the cab, I told Miss Lee, no, I would carry the painting—she could trust me implicitly—and with her slightly in the lead, we started up that staircase. And just as we reached the top, I slipped, right where I'd planned to, cried out a dramatic oops, and, with no thought of self, threw up my arms and toppled over backward, bumping and crashing down that flight of stairs just *exactly* as I'd planned—a veritable maelstrom of arms and legs. At every bounce sticking *this* leg through the painting, jamming *that* leg through the painting, this arm, that arm, this head, those legs. I was utterly demolishing that painting.

But about halfway down I began to get a horrible feeling. That painting was just not giving me enough resistance. Even in my busy, bumpy condition, I began to realize that either the painting was made out of extremely light canvas—some form of gauze—or I had somehow failed to bring it along.

Which latter, I regret to say, was the case. As I crashed on down into the foyer and looked back up, Miss Lee was indeed standing at the head of the staircase calmly holding the painting, having evidently treacherously plucked it out of my arms as I'd started over backward.

It's all right, George, she called down. I saved the painting. You just lie there and get a good rest; I'll take it on in.

And before I could utter a word, she and the painting had disappeared, headed for poor Mr. Updyke and the ceremony. From my crumpled position in the foyer, there was simply nothing I could do to prevent it. I had given my all. Crawling weakly out the door, I found a kindly cabdriver and came on back here to the hotel.

You know, Dick, the more I think about it, the more I see that maybe I should have practiced the fall with a painting of some sort. Then I probably wouldn't have thrown up my arms so much as I went over, making it less easy for her to pick off the painting. Do you think that would have been better? On the other hand, where could I have got eighteen paintings to practice with? Even those frames are worth money.

No, I guess actually we did the best we could. It was just one of those things.

And don't worry; I'll work it out. Just as soon as my head stops aching and I find out if this leg is broken, I'll start right to work on figuring out some way to get poor Mr. Updyke off the hook.

Because, believe me, Dick, he just can't exhibit that painting. If you exhibited that painting in a henhouse, egg production would stop.

Well, I've got to ring off. All for now.

As ever,
George

GEORGE SEIBERT
HOTEL WALDORF-ASTORIA
NEW YORK NY

YOU BLITHERING IDIOT! ON THE CHANCE THAT YOUR LEG ISN'T BROKEN, I AM SENDING A MAN TO BREAK IT. ALSO AIR MAIL SPECIAL

Collier's for January 3, 1953

INFORMING YOU IN SOME MEASURE
OF WHAT YOU'VE DONE.

RICHARD L. REED

FEDERAL PICTURES
Hollywood, California
From RICHARD L. REED
Director of Publicity

October 16, 1952
Air Mail Special

Mr. George Seibert
Special Representative, Federal Pictures
Hotel Waldorf-Astoria
New York, New York

George, you fool, you:

Well, boy, you've really done it this time. I didn't think that it was possible for you to set any new records in causing me trouble, but it seems that you have.

I have been on the phone most of the afternoon, talking to Mr. Updyke. Or rather listening to Mr. Updyke splutter. He is an angry man. I haven't yet received your side of what happened—your side, hah!—but whatever happened, Updyke is convinced that I planned the whole thing this way, ruining his whole Christmas festival just to make a bigger publicity stunt for our picture. It was *lousy* of you! he yelled into the phone, dignity totally gone, his pince-nez no doubt askew.

You see, since with your great assistance Miss Lee managed to get the painting to him undamaged, and in front of all those people, there's little else he can now do but go ahead and exhibit it. Feigning a stroke—he didn't have to feign much—he at least canceled the hanging ceremony, so nobody's actually seen the thing yet; but come Saturday he will have to expose it to public view. And yet, as he cleverly put it, he will personally cut his throat rather than exhibit it. Putting him on the horns of a pretty nasty dilemma.

He shouted, in closing, that I had ruined his show, and now he was going to ruin my show, if it was the last thing he ever did, so help him Salvador Dali.

And you know what, George—he can do it. The people on the board of that museum of his include half the prominent men in this country—newspaper publishers, bankers, critics, owners of theater chains, the heads of every art group in this country. And what is worse, their wives. George, he can murder us. In one outraged day on the phone, he can slam enough doors on us to cut the receipts of our sure-fire picture down to the point where we'll be lucky to break even.

And the horrible thing is that, just as there was no way Miss Lee could have proved our guilt, so there is now no way to prove to Mr. Updyke our innocence. I am, in a word, cooked.

Because you see, George, when I first started this gag, having been around this town for a while, I first cleared myself with the boss. I told Mr. Lou Bentley, our beloved employer, about the dandy little joke we were going to play on Miss Linda Lee.

Swell, he said, chuckling—she has driven him nuts, too. Swell, he said, go ahead. Of course, Dick, he added, don't do anything that might hurt the receipts of the picture.

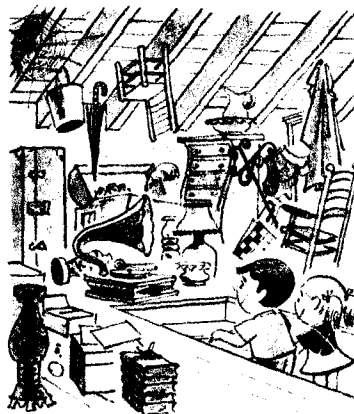
So, having given me that definite warning, if this scheme really goes to smash I will probably not only be fired at this studio, I will be black-listed at every other studio and become a dirty word around this town forever.

Which might make me upset at you.

So how about cranking your brain

Attic Safari

By STANLEY and JANICE BERENSTAIN



DARKEST AFRICA



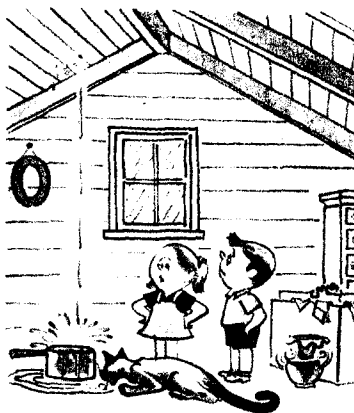
STRANGE
NATIVE COSTUMES



PRIMITIVE JUNGLE MUSIC



TRADING POST



WATER HOLE



BIG GAME



HOSTILE NATIVES



BACK TO CIVILIZATION

just like sixty, and somehow getting us out of this unfortunate situation?

Because otherwise I intend to beat you to death with a hoe handle, drag you up to Canada and turn you in for the wolf bounty. That way I'll at least have fifty dollars to start fresh on.

By no means as ever,
Richard L. Reed

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES HOLLYWOOD
CALIF

HAVE HAD A WONDERFUL INSPIRATION. EVERYTHING GOOD AS SOLVED. AND BY THE WAY, MY LEG WASN'T BROKEN AT ALL. JUST BADLY BRUISED. I CAN NOW GET AROUND PERFECTLY, AND, AS YOU KNOW, THAT MEANS THAT EVERYTHING HERE IS JUST ABOUT UNDER CONTROL. YES SIR. I'LL WRITE YOU TONIGHT WITH THE GOOD NEWS.

GEORGE

HOTEL WALDORF-ASTORIA
New York, New York

October 17, 1952
Air Mail Special

Mr. Richard L. Reed
Director of Publicity, Federal Pictures
Hollywood, California

Dear Dick:

Well, everything's going just fine. I hope.

But maybe I'd better tell you, step by step, how I've gone about saving the situation.

The fact is, I woke up about four o'clock this morning with what seemed to be the solution to the whole problem.

I suddenly saw that our only possible out was simply to induce Miss Lee to withdraw her painting from the show. That would solve everything. But she must of course do it without rancor, in order to avoid any possible bad publicity for the picture. So, arising and walking rapidly about the room, I sketched out a plan.

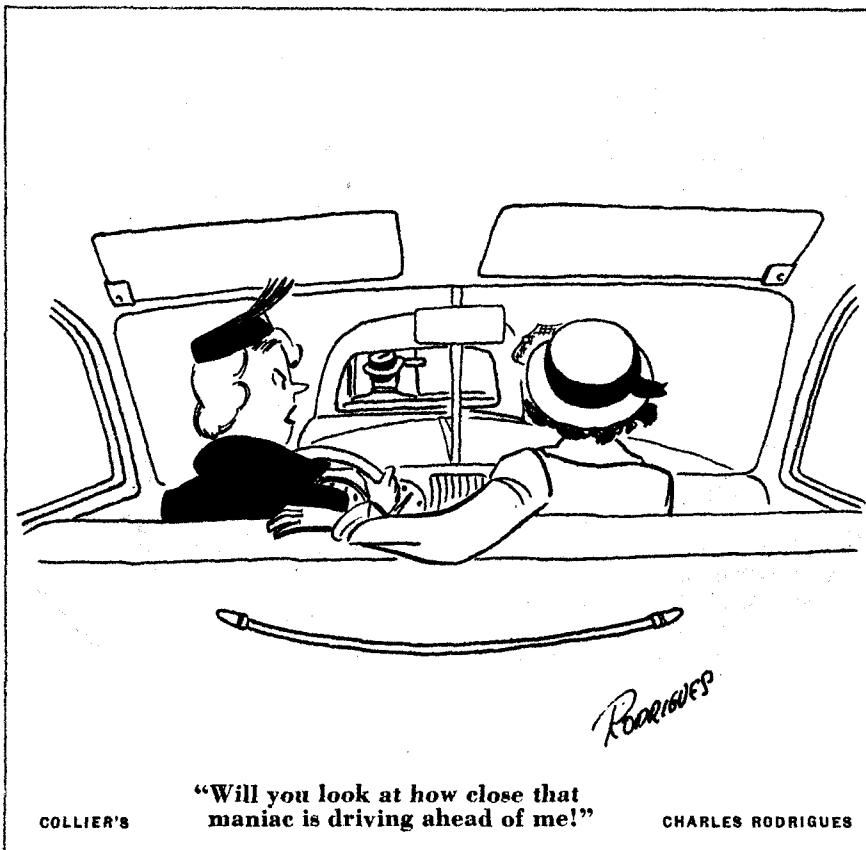
And shortly after dawn I was off to Greenwich Village. There weren't many people in the Village up as yet—it was a little before six—but I did manage to make certain inquiries of several people who were on their way home. And by noon, by which time I figured Miss Lee would be up, blinking her lovely eyes, I was back at the hotel, the job done.

Here was the plan—and I think you can only agree that it was masterful. As you know, movie actresses are mercurial. Their deepest convictions of this morning are not necessarily their vaguest notions of this afternoon; they tend to vibrate.

At lunch, therefore, I launched into a terrific sales talk to Miss Lee. I told her that right in her hands was a providential chance to really develop her great art talent; the thing for her to do, I said, was to speed to Greenwich Village with all haste, find a group of real working artists and, for a precious day or two, steep herself in art. Get the true atmosphere, I said. Why, with her natural talent, even a day or two in Greenwich Village could well make her one of the truly great painters of all time.

Yes, she said, I do believe that it would. She is a truly modest girl.

Anyway, by one thirty we were off to the Village, my idea being that I would introduce her into the lowliest and scrubbiest group of artists I could find. And I had found them—the Perry Street Picassos. None of them, as far as could be ascertained from the neighbors, had taken an all-over bath or made five cents in the last year, and I



COLLIER'S

"Will you look at how close that maniac is driving ahead of me!"

CHARLES RODRIGUES

figured that a few hours with this group might well sicken Miss Lee on the whole subject of art. Then, getting her out into the hall, I would throw the clincher.

Miss Lee, I would say, we see here real working artists in all their wretched misery, striving, striving... And, Miss Lee, I have completely changed my mind about your art career. You have so much. You have your loveliness of face and figure, your great dramatic talent, and now your great art talent. Miss Lee, withdraw your painting from the show! It isn't right that you should conquer their world, too.

And what could she possibly do? Burst into tears, fall on my neck, and mutter brokenly, oh, George, how right you are. Let us go up to the museum instantly, see Mr. Updyke and remove my unfair painting from the competition.

But that is not quite the way it turned out. We spent the afternoon with the Perry Street Picassos, all right, and they

were pitiable in their hero worship of Miss Linda Lee. The only trouble was that Miss Lee didn't play her role quite as I had had it sketched out. As foul luck would have it, she was born on Perry Street! In a basement. She took deep draughts of that Perry Street air as though we were in the Adirondacks. Oh, it's good to be home, she said, with a chance to help these talented people.

And when I finally maneuvered her out into the hall and began my prepared speech, I could see immediately that it was falling woefully short. So I played my final trump—perhaps I could still bring her to her senses. You just can't compete with these people, I ended, desperately. Why, they are so poverty-stricken that they can't even hire models. They take turns at the nude posing.

Oh, she said, how terribly democratic. And started back into the room, taking off her coat.

And the fact is that her first posing session is set for tomorrow afternoon

at three. For once, she said, these fellow artists will have a model worthy of their talents. And afterward, she added brightly, I shall give them a short lecture on the use of the camel's-hair brush. You know, come to think of it, why don't I give some lectures up at the museum while my painting is on exhibit there—the proper use of color, the importance of a north light—a few simple things like that?

Dick, there is no use delaying the really awful part any longer. A few minutes ago one of the leaders of the Perry Street Picassos called and happily said that in their gratitude for Miss Lee's co-operation, they were doing everything possible to help us publicize her new movie. So they had called all the newspapers and picture magazines to tell them she was going to pose for them, and at what time. And you know what? he said. They all seemed real pleased to know about it and said they were sure they could send some reporters and photographers down. I guess you just didn't think of that, uh, Mr. Seibert? he said.

In other words, we are ruined. Round-table nude posing being just fine for real artists, and, I must say, certainly democratic. But if Miss Linda Lee tries it, she will of course find out that most of her fans are really Republicans, and the national dudgeon that would be aroused is horrible to contemplate. In a matter of days both she and your sure-fire picture would be deadlier than a week-old mackerel.

But don't worry, I'll work it out. After all, I've got till three o'clock tomorrow. Mr. Updyke's festival doesn't open till noon, and her posing appointment in the Village isn't till three. Which gives me all kinds of time. But I really must get to figuring out just how I'm going to handle it.

Hasty regards,
George

BELLEVUE HOSPITAL
NEW YORK NY

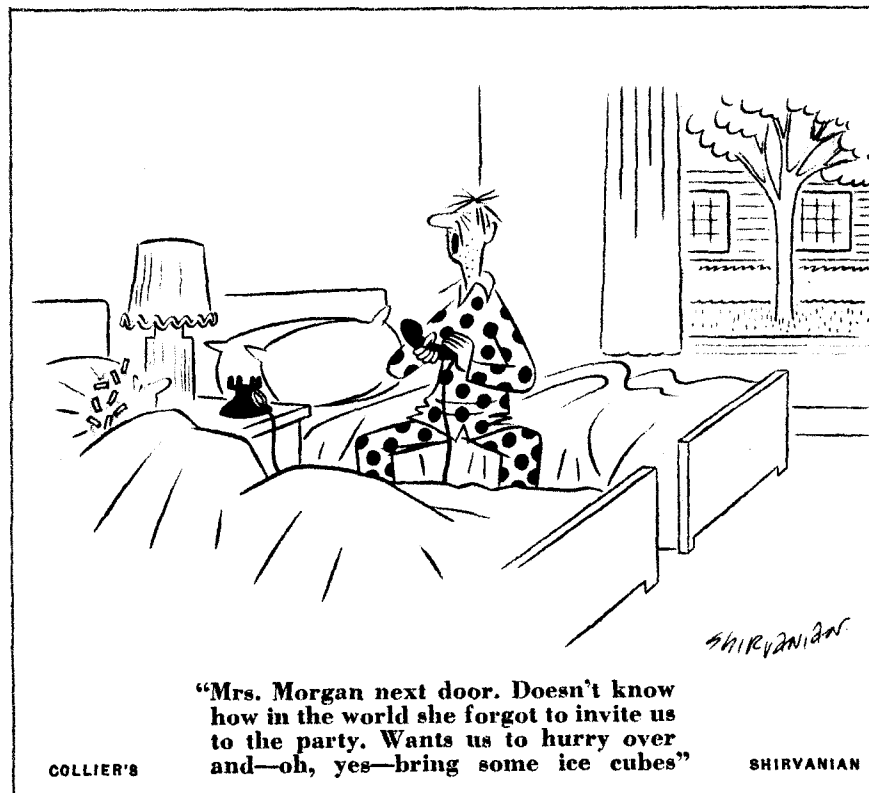
PLEASE TREAT FOLLOWING AS CONFIDENTIAL. FILM STAR LINDA LEE HAS SUFFERED COMPLETE NERVOUS BREAKDOWN. SHE IS IN GREENWICH VILLAGE YOUR CITY UNDER ILLUSION SHE IS YOUNG STRUGGLING PAINTER. PATHETIC CASE OF DOUBLE SCHIZOPHRENIA. SHE HAS AGREED TO POSE IN THE NUDE FOR GROUP OF ARTISTS ON PERRY STREET AT THREE THIS AFTERNOON. AT OUR EXPENSE DISPATCH ADEQUATE FORCE TO LOCATE MEETING PLACE, THROW A CLOAK ABOUT HER POOR, CONFUSED SHOULDERS AND PLACE HER UNDER PROPER CUSTODY UNTIL I CAN GET THERE. OH, ONE OTHER THING. TAKE ALONG A SIZE 42 STRAIT JACKET, IN CASE YOU SHOULD HAVE ANY TROUBLE WITH MAN CALLING HIMSELF GEORGE SEIBERT. THIS MAN IS A COMPLETE LUNATIC, AND IT IS HIGH TIME THAT HE WAS PUT AWAY. I WILL SIGN THE COMPLAINT.

RICHARD L. REED
DIRECTOR OF PUBLICITY
FEDERAL PICTURES

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES HOLLYWOOD
CALIF

HEY, SURPRISE. GOOD NEWS. FESTIVAL OPENED THIS NOON ON SCHEDULE, AND LINDA'S PAINTING TREMENDOUS HIT. WELL, NOT EXACTLY. ANYWAY, EVERYTHING HERE JUST FINE, AND MR. UPDYKE LOVES US. AIR MAIL FOLLOWS WITH THRILLING DETAILS. GEORGE

Collier's for January 3, 1953



COLLIER'S

"Mrs. Morgan next door. Doesn't know how in the world she forgot to invite us to the party. Wants us to hurry over and—oh, yes—bring some ice cubes"

SHIRVANIAN

HOTEL WALDORF-ASTORIA
New York, New York
October 18, 1952
Air Mail

Mr. Richard L. Reed
Director of Publicity, Federal Pictures
Hollywood, California

Dear Dick:

Well, it's been a busy day. Whew!
After my terrible experience with Miss Lee in the Village yesterday, I saw this morning that the time had come for firm action. I therefore ate a hasty but substantial breakfast, and was shortly off about town at flank speed. And by a little before twelve, when I picked up Miss Lee to escort her to the festival opening, it was with a greatly relieved mind.

Arriving at the museum, we negotiated the staircase without mishap and began making our way through the admiring throng of art lovers, Miss Lee bowing and smiling most graciously. With some effort I maneuvered her

artist, living or dead, would hold still for such a ridiculous switch? And here he was a hit! Which I suppose made me an art patron. Imagine that.

My reverie was suddenly interrupted by my being bitten on the arm. It was Miss Lee, grasping me. You unspeakable cad, she whispered hoarsely—that's roughly what she whispered—what have you done!

Well, it was now or never. I turned and looked straight into her beautiful, blue eyes. Shut up, I said, just keep bowing, and follow me.

And possibly in sheer surprise, she did. In a matter of minutes we were safely out of the place and in a cab, speeding not to Greenwich Village, but back to the hotel, Miss Lee sitting bolt upright, eyes blazing, bosom heaving. Just wait till I get to a phone and call the studio, she was muttering between clenched teeth; I'll fry you like an egg.

Save it, I said; we have a big afternoon ahead.

At the hotel the manager seemed dis-

sible. It seems to have been painted by an idiot.

Miss Lee blanched. My goodness, I said; then you mean to say that whoever painted this is not much of a painter?

Whoever painted this, said the man, cannot draw flies. Why didn't you ask somebody? Miss Lee is an artist; why didn't you ask her what she thought of it before you bought it?

I rather thought you might ask that, I said. And turning to Linda, I said, What do you think of it, Miss Lee?

Thus putting her in something of a box. Because by now the chortling group awaiting her reply had been augmented by the reporters and photographers who had followed the scent up from Perry Street without difficulty; and also by quite a few of the critics and art patrons from the museum, who had accepted my kind invitation to drop by for a drink. For Miss Linda Lee, looking around at all the assembled, expectant faces, there was suddenly absolutely nowhere to go.

Except in one direction. And not being a complete fool, she took it, with characteristic vigor. Why, George, she suddenly said, *anybody* should have known that that awful painting was no good. Why, it's an *insult* to art.

And grasping Moonlight on a Shrimp Boat in both hands, she just belted the hell out of it across the back of a chair, with everyone cheering and the flashlight cameras going off in salvos.

I laughingly pretended to pick up some of the pieces. Tell them you can't pose, I whispered. Called back to Hollywood. New film.

Right, she said, resistance gone.

And now, friends, she said, smiling grandly on one and all, I regret to have to tell all you wonderful Village artists present that I will be unable to pose for you, as I have been called back to Hollywood for a new film. But since I can't stay to pose for you personally, I want to leave you a little check—she paused dramatically to scribble it out—for a thousand dollars, for your model fund. And, as I leave, from a simple fellow artist, God bless you all.

And amid happy shouts, applause, and a dwindling cannonading of the flashlight cameras, everyone gradually trooped out.

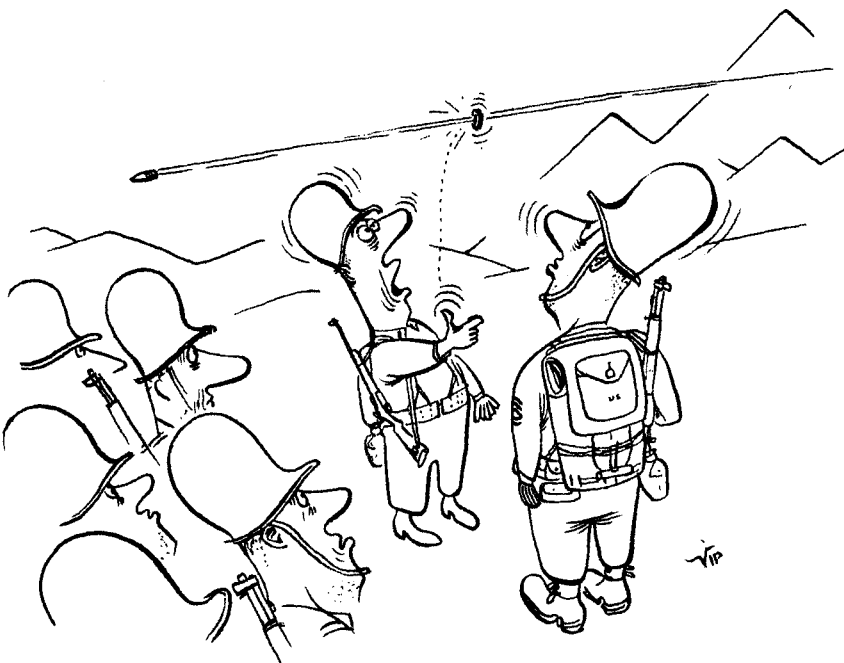
Which about cleans things up here. I talked to Mr. Updyke by phone just a few minutes ago, and he was ecstatic. George, he said, I just can't thank you enough. He is going to do everything in his power to aid us in publicizing our fine motion picture. Because now that we have shown him the way, he is going to get all his other excellent paintings out of the attic, exhibit them throughout the land under his own name and, without a doubt, make a fortune.

And Miss Lee herself is at the moment safely on a plane on her way back to Hollywood, more beautiful than ever, but a splendidly changed girl. Just before boarding the plane she said, in that strange Hollywood patois you use out there: Well, let's face it; I've been a real zutz. But from now on I'm going to try to be a good guy. George, I just can't thank you enough.

Which leaves only one thing. On my expense account for this busy week you will find a small item of \$84.70 for art supplies. Because as soon as I mail this I'm going back down to the good old Driftwood for the three days I've still got coming in that hammock, and everybody here says there's just nothing as relaxing as a little painting.

As ever,
George

VIP'S WAR



COLLIER'S

"Okay. Heads we dig in
right here. Tails we..."

VIRGIL PARTCH

along toward the special room where, at twelve fifteen, Mr. Updyke was to unveil her widely heralded painting, Moonlight on a Shrimp Boat. And at twelve fifteen Mr. Updyke advanced, tight-lipped, and did unveil it. In an attitude almost of prayer, he paused a moment, then yanked the curtains.

There was a nervous scatter of hand clapping, then a growing tumult of applause. The painting was an instantaneous hit! For the first time in some days, Mr. Updyke smiled. And not because Miss Lee's painting had turned out to be a hit. Because it hadn't. The painting, of course, wasn't hers at all, but a former unknown work of Mr. Updyke's own, originally titled Nude Waiting for a Bus, which he and I had secured earlier that morning out of his attic.

Mr. Updyke had just never had nerve enough to exhibit anything of his own, as he'd shamefacedly confessed to me while I was staying late practicing my historic fall. This morning I had therefore simply convinced him that he had to substitute one of his own well-hidden paintings, as there was just no other artist we could appeal to. What other

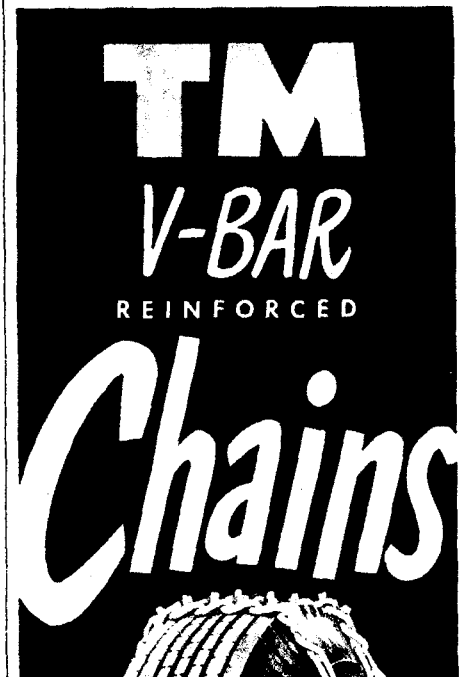
traught. You were quite right, he said; we certainly couldn't have them in the halls, so on your prior instructions, I have let them into Miss Lee's suite. I trust that everything will be all right.

So do I, I said, fervently. And we sped up to Miss Lee's plush quarters, to find them teeming with quite an assortment of odd-looking citizens—the Perry Street Picassos. Knowing that you would undoubtedly have laid a trap of some sort in their native runways, I had had them come up to the Waldorf. They must have made a stirring picture coming through the lobby.

But at the moment they were grouped in great merriment about Miss Lee's own painting, which was standing on an easel. As she started forward, I gripped her arm. Steady, I said, steady.

And at that, one of their leaders turned, parted his hair enough to see and came up to greet us. You say, Mr. Seibert, he said, that you bought this painting at a rummage sale for three dollars? Well, you have been badly stung. Even including the frame it is a swindle. The colors are wrong; the massing is awful; the lighting is impos-

PLAY IT SAFE with—
REVOLUTIONARY NEW



Easy to put on

Play it safe—
TM V-Bars are a
cinch to apply!

Quick-On appliers do the job in minutes.
Patented End Lock can't clog shut.

Twice
the traction

TMV-Bar Chains
bite the ice at 288 traction points, assure
constant traction for safe stops, easy starts!

Longer life

TM strength & V-Bar
design double your
chain mileage. Play it
safe! Buy yours today!

S. G. TAYLOR CHAIN COMPANY, HAMMOND, INDIANA

TAYLOR MADE
A GREAT NAME IN
Chain SINCE 1873

FAVORITE SON

That kid brother of mine, he really hacked me. And what he did to my dog—

WE'D been laying there in our back yard since I got home from school and heard the bad news, me and Eddie and our dog Gilmore, just waiting—and worrying, only I was doing all the worrying in that crowd. Gilmore was asleep, and Eddie the Pet was studying cloud formations, or something. It irked me. Even if he was only five years old, he could of helped a little with the worrying, couldn't he? That Eddie, he got away with murder. I knew who won the popularity contests around our house, all right. Not me, boy.

"What gripes me," I said again, "is you letting him get out."

"I never let him, he jist *got* out," Eddie alibied.

"He never opened that cotton-picking gate all by hisself, boy."

Eddie shrugged. Then he said, "Hey, I know an idea. I bet the gas-meter man left the gate open, Cliff. I bet he done it."

"Yeah, yeah," I said sarcastically. It could of

been the gas-meter man. He has to come in the back yard, which is fenced off from the little piece of lawn out in front of the house. But I didn't have him down as no suspect. Don't kid me, it was Eddie the Spoiled Brat that left the gate open. Listen, nobody ever spoiled *me* none. Not even before Eddie was born, they never spoiled old Cliff, boy.

It was the kind of November day when I ought to been somewheres playing touch football with guys my own age. But since they built that cotton-picking four-lane highway right across the vacant lot next door, why Mom wouldn't hardly let us out of our dinky back yard any more. Anyhow, even if she would of let me go, I had to stay there and see what happened when the Grouch came home from work.

"Hey, Cliff, what time is it?" Eddie asked me, and I said, "Whatta you care, you ain't going nowhere."

"Well, but maybe it's time for Bullwhip Bal-

langer, see." He was worrying, all right, but not about Gilmore. He was worried he'd miss Bullwhip Ballanger, Scourge of the Lawless, on the radio.

I give a sneer and said, "For horse sakes, who cares, you pinhead?"

He scowled at me, the way he does. Ferocious, boy. He was pale and his ears stuck out and he needed a haircut. They worried about him being so pale. Only I guess Pop worried more about being overweight hisself. One thing, nobody worried about Cliff.

Eddie got up and limped over to the kitchen window, and dug his nose in the screen, scowling in at the wall clock. "The big hand is stickin' straight up, but not *real* straight up," he said. He held up his right hand. "That way a little from straight up, Cliff."

"It's a little after five, stupid," I told him.

But he wasn't listening, he was already limping into the house. Even a five-year-old kid that had

"I'm thirsty," Eddie said. He looked so kind of beat and pitiful, I had to swallow a couple times

ILLUSTRATED BY DAVID BERGER



By WILLIAM R. SCOTT

it shouldn't have happened to our pop

polio ought to be able to tell time. They could of taught him *something* while he was in the hospital. But all he learned in there was how to influence parents. Boy, he learned *that*, all right.

Gilmore rolled over and got up. Even in his sleep, he knew Eddie went in the house. That dog. I bet there wasn't another dog like him in the whole world. Big and clumsy with a kind of puzzled grin, like he figured he just missed a joke by inches. He was a kind of brindle brown and white. He stood there looking at me with his forehead wrinkled up and his stub of a tail moving back and forth. Then he sighed and laid down again, like he was before. He wasn't having no trouble with his conscience. He could sleep, all right.

A truck went thundering past, shaking the world, and when the noise died down, another noise took its place—the radio in the room I had to share with Eddie. He had it loud enough to bust an eardrum. "Wham, crash! Help, they're robbin' the bank! Blap, blap! Ping, poinng! They're gittin' away with



six million dollars in gold bullion! Go git Bullwhip Ballanger, U.S. marshal, nemesis of the owl-hooters. Hudalup, hudalup!"

Go ahead, take the cotton-picking bullion, I thought. Who cares about bullion when the Grouch will be home any minute, any second—?

"Turn that radio down in there, Cliff!"

The Grouch was home. It was always Cliff he yelled at. Okay, I had worse things to think about; I could think about that any time. I had a bad feeling that the Grouch was going to be plenty tough this time. Ever since he went on a diet he wasn't fit to live with any more. No telling what he'd do.

I SNEAKED to the kitchen window where I could hear, looking back at Gilmore. He hadn't moved a muscle. A three-time loser, but he couldn't be bothered about it. I guess you got to be pretty dumb to even be a dog, but not that dumb, boy.

Pop said, "Anybody come look at the house today?"

"Not a soul," Mom said. "Here's your nice kraut juice, dear."

"What's nice about it?" he yelled. "Take it away."

"I'll drink it," Mom said. "I have learned to like kraut juice."

"Well, while you're at it, you may as well learn to like living jammed up against a superhighway, too," Pop said. "Hell, I doubt if we could even rent this house now, let alone sell it. We're stuck with it."

"I hope not," Mom said. "The way those trucks whiz past all the time I worry constantly about the boys."

Boys, I thought. You worry about Eddie the Pet. Anyway, stop beating around the bushes. Go on, be a stool pigeon.

"Hugh," Mom said, "Gilmore's done it again, he—" I didn't hear the rest of it on account of a couple semitrailer jobs going past. But I didn't need to hear the rest. I went over to where Gilmore was dreaming about chasing cats, groaning and yapping, and I heard Pop swearing, and pretty soon he was standing there in the kitchen door, scowling through the screen at Gilmore.

"Hi, Pop," I said. "Hey, we better get old Gilmore a chain, huh?"

"No," he said. He looked angry, and hungry too, maybe.

"A muzzle," I said. "A muzzle would fix his little red wagon, Pop."

"No," he said, still scowling.

"It's Eddie's fault," I said. "He—"

"Put him in the car," Pop said.

"Pop!" I said. "You ain't gonna take him to the pound! They'll kill him!"

"Put him in the car, Cliff!"

I felt like I swallowed a gunny sack full of wet sawdust. I looked at Gilmore, and my eyes burned and stung. He was awake and he was wiggling his stub of a tail at me. I guess he heard me use his name in vain. He had his head cocked on one side, kind of grinning. You know how he looked? Stupid, that's how. And there wasn't a thing I could do for him. Pop had all the authority around our house—him and Eddie.

I opened the gate, and me and Gilmore went around the house. We got in the back seat of the car, and I set there with my arm around him, shivering and feeling all cold, and he kept wiggling and licking at my face, and all of a sudden I felt sore, and scared, too.

"It's your own fault, you jerk!" I told him. "You got nobody to blame but yourself. You and your big fat teeth!"

And then I thought of Eddie. It was Eddie that opened the gate. Gilmore couldn't open no gate.

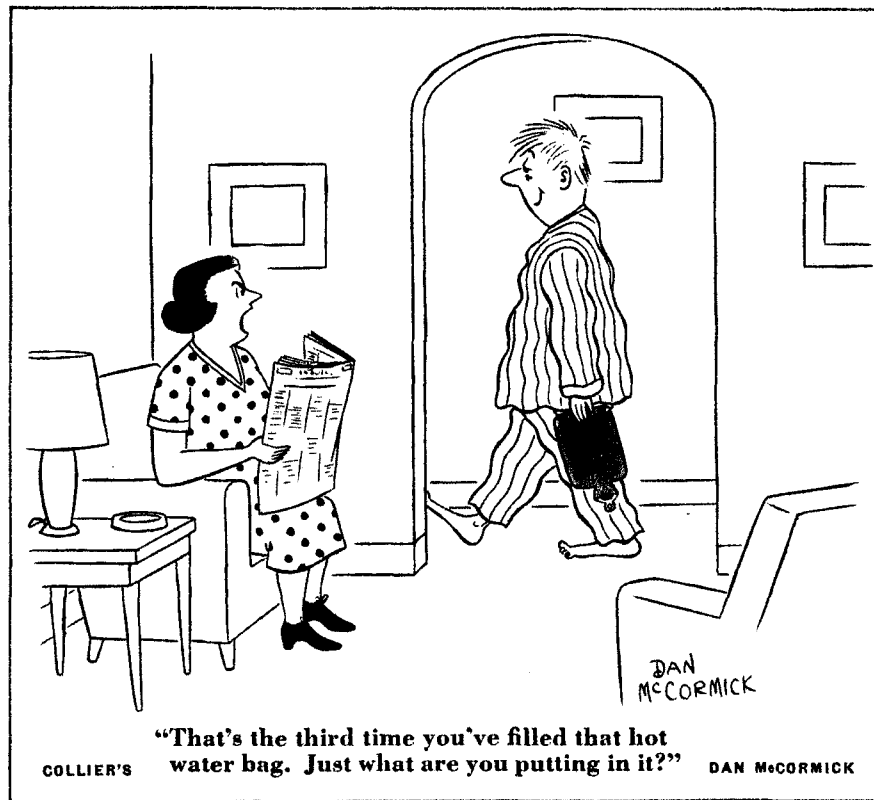
"Where do you think you're going, Cliff?" Pop asked me when he came out to the car, and I looked at his right ear and said, "I don't know, but I'm going." I thought he was fixing to flip his lid about me talking smart like that, but I guess he knew I had a right to go with Gilmore on his last car ride. Gilmore was nuts about riding in a car. Pop just shrugged and got in under the wheel, and that's when Eddie got in the act. I don't know if Bullwhip found the bullion or not, but here come Eddie busting out of the house, hobbling like he does when he gets in a hurry.

"Hey wait, hey wait!" he yelled. He yanked the car door open and climbed in beside Pop. "Where we goin', Daddy?" he asked.

"You're not going anywhere, son," Pop said. "Hop out."

he'd lived with us, and how he took up with us in the first place.

He just strayed into the neighborhood, I guess, and started using our garage to sleep in, when he was only about half grown. Me and Eddie, we sneaked food out there to him. Pop asked around among our neighbors, and none of them had any information about the dog. Pop even run an ad in the lost-and-found. But finally he said, well, it looked like if the dog belonged to anybody, they weren't anxious to have it known. Me and Eddie, we'd been nagging the folks to let us keep the dog, and Eddie done some good, distinguished, high-class crying about it, and finally they let us. Pop bought a license and named the dog Gilmore after his boss, and had him vaccinated for rabies. That was last April, and you get kind of attached to a dog after you been around him that long, even if he is stupid. Even Pop used to be friendly



"No," Eddie said, pushing his lower lip out and beginning to blink his eyes, the way he knew how to do it. "I wanna go." Pop sighed and rubbed his face. Ever since Eddie had the polio, they just couldn't stand it to see him cry about anything. Pop give in. Heck, I knew all the time he'd give in. That Eddie, he had a racket.

POP started the car and backed out of the driveway and turned east, but then he drove on across the new highway. He should of turned south on it, to get to the city dog pound. Instead, he kept going on east. When we passed the last house, and Pop turned north toward the blacktop state highway, I couldn't figure it out. What's he going out here for? I kept asking myself, but I didn't get no answers. And then I thought: He can't go through with it, not with Eddie along! Maybe he'll give Gilmore another chance. Boy, he won't do nothing with Eddie the Pet along, that's for sure.

"Zowie!" Eddie said. "We goin' for a ride in the country, Daddy?"

"That's about the size of it," Pop said.

I was still worried. You never knew about the Grouch any more. So I started worrying about what he might have up his sleeve, and then I got to thinking about Gilmore, remembering how long

toward him, but, of course, that was before Gilmore bit the grocery delivery man the first time.

That was in September, I guess, and the guy was new on the job, and the first time Gilmore laid eyes on him, he just got his hackles up and went for the guy and bit him in the calf of the leg. Boy, was that guy livid! I had to hold Gilmore until he left, and afterwards I was staked out in the living room when Pop got home from work. But you got to remember that was back there before Pop went on his diet and got so hard to live with. He was a pretty good guy in them days, even if he was nervous and worried all the time about selling the house and moving away from the new superhighway.

"Hello, dear, you look tired," Mom said when he come in.

"Naturally," he said. "Any prospects today?"

"A young couple came this morning, but were unfavorably impressed by our proximity to the truck route. As who isn't?"

Eddie had the radio in our room blaring, as usual, and Pop yelled turn that damn' thing down in there. "I would give a great deal for a small amount of quiet around this ranch," he said. "And it isn't just the highway," Pop grouched. "This house is like a boiler factory when I come home after

a difficult day at the office." A truck went by, backfiring, and he quivered. "I think I am developing an ulcer. I'm becoming a nervous wreck."

"Me, too," I said. "What a crummy place to live!"

"Ah, there, Clifford," he said. "Go outdoors and do something. You look like you need fresh air."

"You call them exhaust fumes fresh air?" I asked him. "Boy, you got to strain that stuff through your teeth before you can inhale it."

"That's my cue," Mom said. "Speaking of teeth, Hugh, today Gilmore used his on the new grocery delivery man, Mr. Holland."

Pop took off his shoes and necktie and said, "Well, what with the cost of groceries, I can't say I blame the dog much. In fact, I wish I had thought of it first. Did he draw blood?"

"No," Mom said, "and I don't think it's funny. Unless your idea of a joke is to be sued for damages. A biting dog is a liability, Hugh."

"So is a house beside the road, if the road is a truck route," Pop said, loosening his belt. "Was the injured party very perturbed?"

"Merely furious," Mom said. "Only in a dudgeon, that's all."

"Uh-huh," Pop said, like he was losing interest. "Well, let us keep Gilmore and this succulent tradesman apart. When you order groceries, ascertain that the raging beast is penned up in the back yard." He gave me a scowl. "It better not happen again, Cliff. Understand?"

"Don't jump on me," I said. "Gilmore bit him, not me."

"Pass the word to Gilmore," Pop said.

I WENT out in the yard and told Gilmore he better not bite the grocery creep any more, but it didn't do no good. It wasn't two weeks before he got out and was in the garage when the grocery guy came in one day, and Gilmore bit him again, only that time he never broke the skin, and Pop said he'd give him just one more chance. Now Gilmore had used up that last chance, and we were going out in the country, and I couldn't figure out why.

Pop turned off the blacktop onto a narrow, gravel road that went along through oak trees that were all brown. Dead leaves were drifted across the road, and I saw a squirrel run up a hickory, and it got me to thinking about hunting. You take Gilmore, I thought. Why, he'd make a good squirrel dog. If Pop simmered down and let us keep him, me and him would hunt rabbits, too, when it snowed.

I was a real nut about hunting, but Pop wouldn't let me have a gun in town. A couple times last year on Saturdays, though, way back when he wasn't so hard to live with, Pop took me hunting with him. But he did the hunting and I just caddied. To really get a kick out of it, a guy had to do his own hunting. I was thinking about it when Pop stopped the car in the road and cleared his throat.

"Open the door, Cliff," he said.

"Okay," I said. I still didn't get it, see. I opened the door and old Gilmore jumped out and stretched and started smelling weeds in the ditch, looking for spoor. Nothing unusual about letting a dog out of a car. Maybe he had to powder his nose.

"Shut the door, Cliff."

"Aw no!" I said. I got it now, all right. "Aw, Pop!" I said.

"Shut the door, Cliff!"

I shut the door and he drove away,

Collier's for January 3, 1953

and through the back window I saw the look on Gilmore's face. Astonishment. He started after us, and he looked kind of bewildered and scared.

"Hey, zowie, you forgot Gilmore!" Eddie yelled. "Stop the car!"

POP speeded up. "Eddie, listen to me now. We're going to leave him here, son. He'll find a good home on a farm, where he can chase rabbits every day and bark at the moon all night, and nobody will care. He'll be happy out here, Eddie. He'll be *safe* out here."

"Stop the car!" Eddie shrieked.

I could just barely see Gilmore in the dust, running with his ears laid back and with a kind of horrified and desperate look on his face. He couldn't believe it, but he couldn't run fast enough.

"Eddie, we couldn't keep him in town any longer," Pop said. "The man he bit will tell the police, and they'd take Gilmore away and kill him. They'd say he was a vicious, unsafe dog."

Eddie wasn't yelling now, he was begging. "Stop the car, Daddy."

"Damn it," Pop said. "I'm trying to do the decent thing, Eddie."

Decent, he said. What's decent about sluffing off Gilmore ten or eleven miles from town like that? And he was breaking Gilmore's heart, and Eddie's heart, too. It would break anybody's heart, seeing that crazy nut of a Gilmore back there in the choking dust, running and running, trying to catch us.

"Don't look back, men," Pop said gruffly.

Men! Don't give me that cotton-picking stuff. If I'd been a man, you think I'd let him pull a trick like that?

We went down a long hill and into a pretty valley, and then we went past a white farmhouse with a lot of trees, and across a wooden bridge over a clear, little creek that looked like it had fish in it, and past a grove of tall pecan trees that was probably lousy with squirrels. Even being all tore up inside like I was, crying a little, I noticed that creek and stuff and wondered if it was deep enough to swim in. We passed another farm, and two guys about my age were throwing a football, and I envied them, living so close to that creek, and I envied them their father, whoever he was. Some guys are lucky, I thought.

"Daddy, please, Daddy," Eddie was sobbing, and this time it was for real, not acting, but he was wasting it.

We went up another hill, and when we got to the top I could still see Gilmore way back there, a brown-and-white speck coming down that other hill, running and running and running, still trying to catch us. We went over the top of the hill and I couldn't see him any more, but I knew he was still there, still trying to go where me and Eddie went. He wouldn't ever find us again. He was just a dog; he couldn't ask anybody which way we went. He wasn't even a smart dog. He probably didn't even know the name of our town.

After about one more mile, Pop stopped going away from town to fool Gilmore, and swung west a couple miles and then back south again. I laid on the back seat wishing I was dead. Eddie was crying so it made even me feel sorry for him, but polio or no polio, he wasn't doing any good with Pop. I felt like I hated my father. All the way to town I kept my eyes tight shut, trying to pretend it was just a dream and not real, but I kept seeing Gilmore and the way he looked, the way anybody would look if his friends were deserting him.

At home, Eddie went hobbling into the house and into our room, and I followed him. I didn't want nothing to do

with Mom, even. In the room, Eddie got undressed, still sobbing. He got in bed and pulled the covers over his head. "Cliff," he said, kind of muffled. I said what, and he said, "I lied. It was me let him out of the yard, Cliff." Then he went on sobbing, not very loud, and I thought: Maybe he feels so bad because he figures it's all his fault.

I set in a chair by the window, looking but not seeing, and I thought: It was his fault. But I didn't feel sore at Eddie. I felt sore at Pop. He was the one they ought to shoot—the Grouch.

Mom opened the door. "Supper, anyone?"

"I'm not hungry," I said.

And through the bedclothes Eddie said, "I ain't gonna never eat again, then you'll see!"

Mom kind of gasped, and in a second she went out and shut the door, and I heard Pop say, "I don't intend to put up with this nonsense. I'll damn' well get them out of that room!"

"You broke their hearts!" Mom said. "Isn't that enough for one day, Hugh? Haven't you punished them enough for something they didn't do?" Then she said, "Do you realize how much you've changed?"

AT BREAKFAST neither one of us would have anything to do with Pop. He was on my list, boy. Funny thing, though, Eddie, why he wasn't on my list any more, not that day, anyhow. Pop got kind of sore at us.

"Stop your sulking," he said. "I've had enough of it."

"Leave them alone, Hugh," Mom said. "Don't nag at them. If you want my candid opinion, I thought you acted hastily and more in anger than good sense."

"I see," he said. "I hauled the dog off to torture my kids. I did it because I'm a cruel, sadistic monster, is that it?"

"I think maybe you did it because you were hungry," Mom said, "and because we can't sell our house, and because you're very unhappy, Hugh."

He was getting red in the face. "What should I have done, then?"

"Invested a dollar in a good stout chain."

Pop shook his head. "No, Martha, you are sorry for that dog when you should envy him, because he's free! He isn't chained to a white-elephant house, a screaming highway, a nerve-straining desk job. He's *free*!"

"You left out *us*," Mom said, real quiet. "The boys and I."

I didn't get it. They just set there looking at each other, kind of shocked, and then the telephone rang, and Mom got up and answered it. She said it was Mr. Summers, the lawyer, calling Pop, but Pop shoved his chair back and said he wasn't home, he just left. So Mom told Mr. Summers and hung up the telephone and sat down with her hands in her lap, staring at her plate. Pop kept looking at her, kind of white.

"I can add two and two," he said. "The guy has hired a lawyer, he's going to sue us."

"Mr. Summers said nothing about what he wanted with you," Mom said, looking down at her plate.

"My God, does he have to?" Pop yelled. "What else would it be?" He got his hat and coat and turned around at the door. "Martha, I refuse to be elected villain around here, understand? I am now going to my office, where I will put in a soft, lazy, pleasant day earning food and clothes for you people. And when I come home tonight, I suppose I'll start taking the guff again. Maybe I won't come home."

When Pop slammed the door behind him, Mom put her hands up to her face and started crying. Eddie started crying, too, but it didn't interfere with his eating. I didn't know what it was all about any more, but if I didn't have to go to school I guess I would of stayed there and got in the act myself, the way I felt. That stuff is contagious.

It was around eleven o'clock when the woman from the principal's office came in the sixth-grade room and said

I was wanted on the telephone. Following her to the office, I felt all cold and stiff, because if it ain't an emergency they ain't apt to call a guy right out of class like that. It was Mom, and it was an emergency.

"Cliff," she said, "Eddie has disappeared. I thought he was in the back yard, but he's gone. Did he—did he say anything about, well, running away, Clifford?"

"Gosh, no," I said.

"You better come home," she said. "I need you, Cliff. His tricycle is gone, too. Cliff, honey, come on home, please. I need you."

SHE needed me—Cliff, the third thumb. I hung up the telephone and walked out of there. You think I asked the principal if I could? If he didn't like it, let him write a letter to the President or something. Mom needed me at home on an emergency case. Don't nobody try to stop me, boy.

I ran all the way home, and before I got there I had an idea about Eddie, it just struck me. A couple neighbor women were in the front yard with Mom when I got there, and I said hello and got my bicycle out of the garage. "Mom," I said, "I'll ride around and look for him. I'll find the little dickens, Mom, don't worry. He's okay, Mom."

"Be careful," she said. "Be careful, darling."

"You know me," I said. "Careful Clifford McCarran, Mom." Listen, it ain't a bad feeling, being needed and being worried about all at the same time. If nobody worries about a guy, he's *really* lost, boy. I crossed the new highway, and then I stood up on them pedals and gave her the gas. Maybe I'm wrong, I thought, but I wasn't wrong.

Listen, how would you like to pedal a tricycle almost two miles? That Eddie, that pinhead, he'd got at least a mile out of town, almost two miles from home, when I found him sitting at the edge of the road, resting. He was wearing his cap pistol and his ray gun and his space helmet, and he had a sackful of marbles tied onto the handle bars with about ten feet of copper wire.

"Don't mess with me, boy," he said. He looked pale and peaked, like when he was so sick, and it kind of hit me.

"You crazy little nut," I said, feeling kind of choked up.

"Don't fool with me, that's all," he said, looking stubborn.

"How far do you think you'll get on that cotton-picking tricycle, with them little dinky wheels?" I asked him. "You'll wear yourself to a nub, pedaling that thing. You'll never make it."

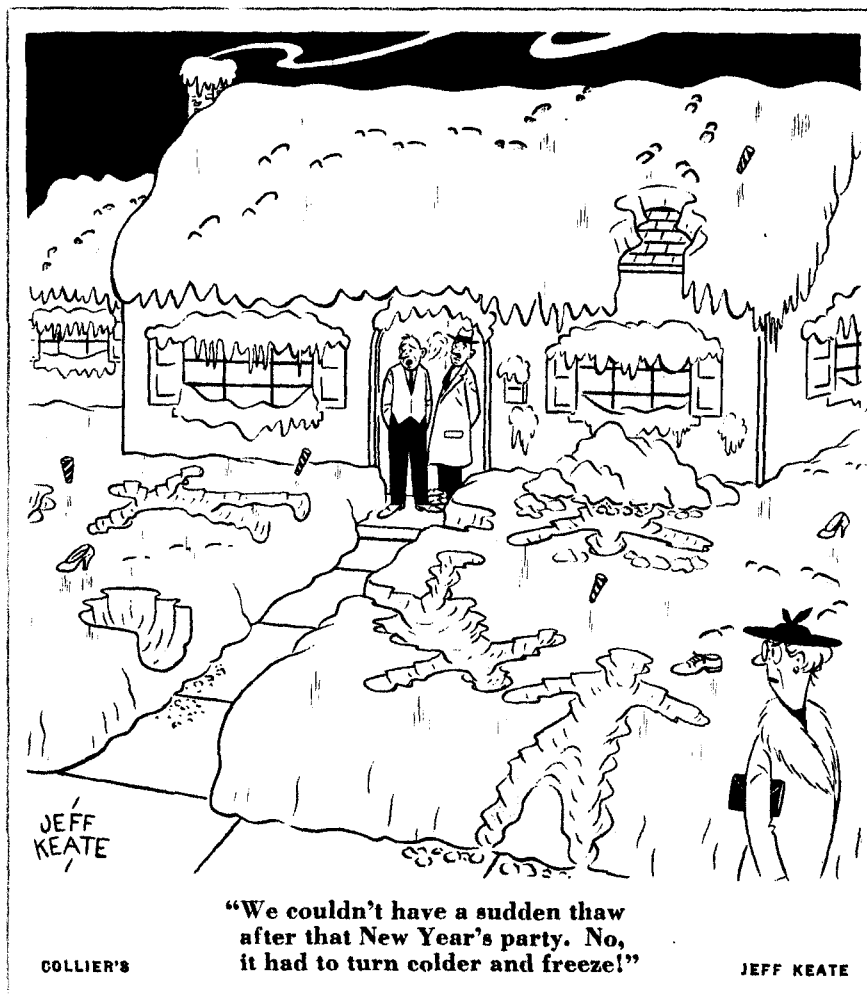
A couple of big old tears rolled down his cheeks, but he kept on scowling. "Cliff, I'm thirsty," he said. "An' I'm hungry, too." He looked so little, so kind of beat and pitiful, I had to swallow a couple times there. It's Pop's fault, I thought. The Grouch, he done this to Eddie, causing a little kid with a bum leg to go riding a trike way out in the country. "Cliff," Eddie said, "I'm tired."

"Sure," I said. "Sure, man. You wanna go home now?"

He shook his head. "I ain't never goin' home no more."

"All right, man," I said. There was a culvert about fifty feet along the road. I took the stuff off his handle bars and tied it on my bike, and I put the tricycle under the culvert. "Get on my handle bars, killer," I said.

I turned north at the next corner and hit the blacktop highway, and then I turned away from town. Maybe I wanted to scare Pop, give him a bad



time. Or maybe I just wanted to try to find Gilmore, and make sure he found a good home and was eating regular and stuff. I don't know. There was a country store out there, and I spent my lunch money buying pop and candy for me and Eddie, and we were sitting on the bench out there when the car stopped with its tires squealing on the blacktop. Yeah, the Grouch. He'd figure it out.

H HE GOT out of the car and came marching over like he was going to eat us up. Diet or no diet, he was mad enough to eat nails. I looked past him and saw Mom sitting in the car, watching. She gave me a kind of encouraging smile. And about then old Eddie slid over against me, that little son of a gun. I put my arm around him.

Pop was shaking, he was so mad. "Get in the car," he said.

I could feel Eddie shaking his head against my shoulder, and he said in a scared, little voice, "I ain't goin' home."

"Oh, you're not?" Pop said. "Just where in hell are you going, then?"

"Me an' Cliff," Eddie squeaked, "we're gonna find ole Gilmore."

The storekeeper had come to the door and was watching. Pop seen him and scowled. "Eddie, get in the car. Move!" he yelled.

Eddie just tried to get closer to me, and the storekeeper came on out onto the gravel and picked up an empty pop bottle. "Say," he said, "you any kin to these youngsters, brother?"

"I happen to be their father," Pop said.

"That case," the man said, putting the bottle down, "I can't buy in, but I can shorely sympathize with the little dudes if you're the best they could do in the big raffle. No wonder they run off."

"Mind your own business!" Pop yelled, and Eddie started blubbering, and here come Mom, and Eddie went limping toward her, so it'd break your heart to see it, and she picked him up in her arms. She started back to the car with him, talking baby talk. Okay, I didn't mind, not any more.

Pop stopped watching and turned to me. "We'll put your bike on the rear bumper, Cliff." I nodded and wheeled the bike out to the car, and I got in the back seat and he got in the front and started the engine. I was tired. It ain't no cinch pedaling even a little mutt like Eddie as far as I done it. I just set there for a while, and it took me a couple minutes to realize Pop was still going east. Mom noticed it, too, and looked at him.

"We're going," he said, kind of through his teeth, "to find that damned mongrel. But don't blame me if the cops are waiting to kill him when we get home."

"Why don't you relax?" Mom said. "And lower your voice. Can't you see this poor, worn-out baby is asleep?"

Sure enough, old Eddie was sound asleep on her lap. I watched the scenery, and when we were about ten miles from town, Pop turned off and it was the road where we dumped Gilmore. I recognized the very spot where we dumped him, and then pretty soon we were going down the long hill, and Pop stopped at the pretty, white farmhouse. He got out and talked to an old man on the front porch. It seemed like he talked a long time, just to ask anybody if they seen a dog running north. Anyway, I knew Gilmore went quite a ways farther than that house.

We stopped at the next house, where I'd seen the guys about my age throwing a football, and Pop talked for a couple seconds with a woman and came back.



Him and Mom still weren't doing any talking. He kept driving along the road and stopping and asking and getting in again and driving north again on that cotton-picking road, but it wasn't no use. And finally he turned around and drove home. I told him where we left Eddie's tricycle, and he drove around that way and got it and put it in the back seat. When we got home, I felt pretty lousy. I don't know, in a way I felt lousier than yesterday even. I guess now I knew that Gilmore was really gone, long gone.

MOM had took Eddie in the house and laid him on his bed. He went on sleeping, and Mom fixed me a sandwich. She asked if Pop wanted one, but he said no. He said, "I'm going to see that lawyer, Summers, and maybe we can settle out of court with that guy. No use stalling."

"All right," Mom said, and that was that. Pop left, and I laid down on the divan and rested, and the first thing I knew I went to sleep. What woke me up was Pop coming home again. He looked mighty low.

"Well?" Mom said, anxious, and he stared at her and shook his head.

"I hate to tell you," he said. Then he started grinning. "You still mad at me?"

Mom looked surprised, then suspicious. "Maybe I am and maybe I'm not," Mom said. "Hugh McCarran, what does that sly grin mean?"

"Oh, nothing, nothing much," he said. "I just sold the house, that's all. Summers was representing an oil company that wants this corner, including our lot, for a service station, and who am I to stand in the way of progress? So, I gave in, I sold the house."

"It wasn't about the dog at all!" Mom said.

Pop laughed. Gee, I don't know when I'd heard him laugh the last time.

"And we can move!" Mom said, like it just hit her. "Oh, Hugh, we can get away from this awful highway and the trucks!"

"Check!" Pop said. "And, incidentally, we did discuss the dog situation, and a funny thing, Summers recently represented some people who took that guy Holland, the delivery man, to court. He tried to kill their family dog with a hoe. We agreed, Summers and I did, that the guy probably smelled afraid, or something, which would account for Gilmore's antipathy. I mean, everybody knows that dogs recognize dog haters and dog fearers, and naturally go for them."

"Oh, sure," Mom said, "but who cares, now? My goodness, I can't believe that we're actually going to move. Did you get a nice price?"

"A nice price," Pop said. "Listen, babe, are you repelled by fat men? Be frank with me, is avoirdupois repellent to you?"

"Of course not," Mom said, grinning. "I think fat men are cute."

"In that case, the hell with the diet," Pop said. "I'm starving for some roast pork and brown gravy. Let's celebrate our liberation."

"You bet," Mom said. "Roast pork, gravy, mashed potatoes—"

Pop held up a hand. "Stop, woman! I can't stand it!"

Say, wasn't it jolly around that house all of a sudden! I guess nobody remembered Gilmore, nobody but Cliff—the heck with Cliff.

"Look, honey," Pop said. "That farm, the first place I inquired about the dog. It's for sale. Sixty acres, modern six-room house. A little run-down, but priced reasonably—we could buy it and have enough left over to remodel and make other improvements. Do you

think you could stand living out away from town, honey?"

"I'll bet a nickel I could, I'm so sick of living in town," Mom said. She looked, I don't know, she looked at him like she sometimes looked at Eddie. "You've always dreamed of going back to a farm someday, haven't you, Hugh?"

"Hey, hold on a minute, now," Pop said. "I want to go on being an office worker, commuting to and from town, but with just enough work around the farm to help me regain my sylphlike figure—and my sense of values." He started walking around the room while he talked, like the principal addressing assembly. "Honey, for some time I've had a growing awareness that I was becoming an ill-tempered, antisocial grouch, a despot, in fact. But living in the country, the boys and I would do things together, as a team. You know, garden and cut wood, fish and hunt, stuff like that. It'll draw us all closer as a family, don't you think?"

"Oh, yes, Hugh," Mom said. Pop looked at me, grinning. "What about it, Cliff? Suit you?"

BUT I had a hard time not grinning back. I had to keep thinking about yesterday, instead of tomorrow. Gilmore, I thought. What about him? "It's okay," I said. "I better go put my bike where it belongs. Somebody might steal it." I started for the door.

"Check that chip you're wearing on your shoulder, while you're at it, Cliff," Pop said. "You're getting stoop-shouldered, carrying it."

I just shrugged and went on out. I got my bicycle and wheeled it up the driveway and into the garage. And then I let out a yell. I kept yelling until Mom and Pop came out to see if I broke a leg, or what, and I told them to look in the garage. "There's a ghost in there," I said. "I seen a ghost in the garage." I was joshing.

They looked. He was in the back corner, on the coiled garden hose where he always slept—old Gilmore, laying there watching us with one eye and still sleeping with the other one. Man, I felt almost human again.

"That mutt must have a built-in road map," Pop said.

"He's just smart," I said. "That's a smart dog, Pop."

Eddie come out of the house, rubbing his eyes. "Say, who's doin' all that yellin' out here?" he asked. "It woked me up."

"Come look in the garage, son," Pop said, not grinning.

Man, I was thinking. That creek out there, it oughta be full of big sun perch and catfish. I thought about those guys my age next door, practically. Me and Gilmore and them guys—and Eddie...

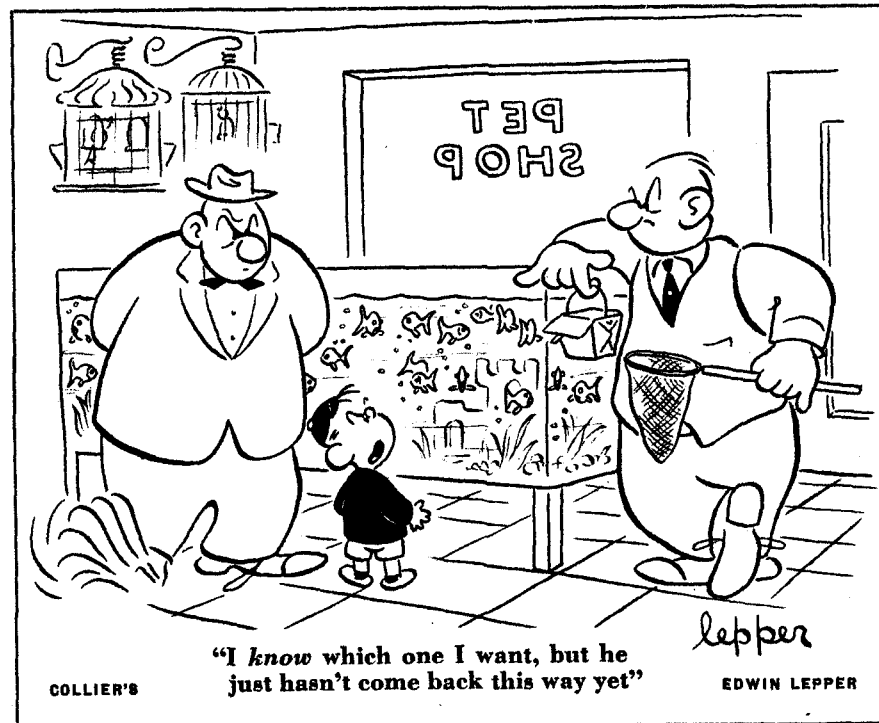
Eddie limped over to the garage door and looked in, and all of us watched him with big grins all over our faces. I thought he would fall over with astonishment and excitement. That kid, that Eddie!

"Where?" he said. "What is it, Mom? What's the matter?"

"There, honey. In the corner."

Eddie stood there looking for a couple seconds with his eyes sticking out of his head, and I could see that little, stingy grin of his he uses when he's tickled to pieces only he don't want it to get around. "Uh-huh," he said. "Zowie, it's ole Gilmore." Then he turned around. "Hey, Mom, I'm hungry," he said. "I'm starvin' to death, Mom."

That faker, that Eddie. I don't know. I kind of like that lamebrain kid. He's a bit nuts, but he's my boy.



COLLIER'S

EDWIN LEPPER



“My eyes are my trademark!”

When you see Eddie Cantor's famous banjo eyes, you look for comedy, humor, a touch of pathos—a real virtuoso performance.

And when you see a familiar brand name as you shop, you expect an equally outstanding performance—or you don't buy the product again.

That's one big advantage about living in a land where you enjoy free choice among

many fine products, each identified by its own brand name.

Leading manufacturers, seeking to win your favor for their brands, take infinite pains and a great deal of pride in bringing you wonderful products, continuously improved, representing unusual value for your money.

As you leaf through the pages of this

magazine, note how many of the products advertised here already have satisfied you. And always remember that when you name your brand, you better your brand of living!

BRAND NAMES FOUNDATION

INCORPORATED

A Non-Profit Educational Foundation
37 West 57 Street, New York 19, N. Y.



Water in the Wilderness

By PAUL HORGAN

Laura was terrified of this wild and hostile country. She hated having her baby threatened by its dangers. And no one at Fort Delivery—not even her husband—seemed to understand her fears

THE two horsemen seemed to be racing the moon. It was early night in April, 1887, in the southern Arizona desert. As the full moon rose over a low mesa, it cast a long shadow.

If we gain that shadow, thought Second Lieutenant Matthew Carlton Hazard, they may never find us. He spurred his horse to keep up with his companion, Joe Dummy, the Apache scout in the service of the United States Army. Joe was bent over his horse's laboring neck. Ahead, the moonlight lay like a sea. Behind, the young officer and his scout knew there was pursuit, though they could hear nothing over the sound of their own galloping blood.

Sent out three days earlier from Fort Delivery to observe reported movements by the Chiricahua Apaches, Matthew had orders to estimate the numbers, the direction and the temper of the Indians; to avoid a fight; and to return to the fort within five days in any case.

He was now ready, flying over the desert for cover, to report. With Joe, he had seen the Indian band coming from Mexico just before sundown. They made a towering cloud of dust, so their numbers were great. They were heading north, where they had no business but outrage. As for their temper, one of them had sighted the two cavalymen at an incredible distance, and pursuit began at once. A dozen Chiricahuas had left their train, and were still giving chase, after sundown and nightfall. The Army's horses were sounder, and only once the pursuers drew near enough for shots to be exchanged. Matthew had heard both the sound of bullets and the sound of arrows.

"All right, fire!" he had cried out to Joe.

In view of his orders, Matthew regretted giving battle. He might have to face an official inquiry board over it, assuming always that he would manage to return to Fort Delivery. As the sunset died into darkness, the chances for marksmanship disappeared. The two cavalymen bent forward into the dark, running for the mesa.

Soon the ground lifted under them in a long slope covered with tall, dry grass. Suddenly they were at the edge of the shadow; they plunged into it. Matthew heard Joe dismount and he dismounted also. Leading their horses, they walked along the base of the mesa.

"What is he looking for?" Matthew said to himself, but with no doubts of Joe. The scout knew this whole land, not only its sweep, but its detail. They could now see dimly in the shadow where the pouring moon did not reach. Matt saw Joe crouch, then rise and beckon, then disappear. An instant later, Matt himself came to the edge of a wide earth bunker at the foot of the mesa and went down over its edge. It was like being in an earthwork. Behind them rose the sheer bluff; ahead lay a silvery stand of grass and then the desert.

"Joe!" called Matt. "We'll set our horses over there in the grass; this looks like a camping site."

Joe Dummy opened the door before Matthew could stop him, and, holding up his magic twig, came upon Laura, who was walking the baby. "Get out of here!" she said with fury

Joe held up some charred mesquite roots left by earlier visitors.

"You knew just where to come," Matt said.

The Indian scout muttered that this was so. He almost never spoke but, to make himself understood, relied on gesture and the intensity of his desire to communicate. He now turned away from Matt and made an odd sound—a blast of breath through clenched teeth with lips skinned back like an animal in fury or pain.

"Joe, what's that?" asked Matt.

Joe Dummy bent forward in a kind of convulsion. Matt went to him and turned him around. He saw, in silhouette, how the Indian held up an arrow. Joe sniffed of the arrow point, then threw the arrow as far from him as he could. He then sank down to his knees and into darkness and refused to speak, though Matt asked him many questions.

"What is the matter? Where did you get the arrow? Did it strike you?" Matt was suddenly shocked by his own words. "Did it hit you, back there, where we fought them? Joe, are you hurt? Answer me!"

In the starlight, Joe finally answered. He took Matt's hand and showed, on Matt's own shoulder, where the arrow had struck, how it had quivered and stayed, how deeply it had bitten, how he had ridden miles with it in his flesh, and how only now—in safety, with duty done—he had pulled it out. He had smelled of the arrow's head. Did the lieutenant know what this meant? It meant death.

YES, Matthew knew. The arrow was poisoned. The Chiricahuas made baskets of spring willow canes. Into these they put captive rattlesnakes, whom they teased with arrows thrust through the woven willows, so that the snakes struck again and again at the iron points, leaving on them the caked venom, which when dry gave no odor, but when wet, as with a man's blood, smelled to make the mouth go dry and the tongue come up in the throat. Such an arrow smelled of death. Joe Dummy was now getting ready to die.

"Like hell!" said Matt. "We'll do something." He pushed Joe about to face him and tore down his shirt at the right shoulder. Lighting a phosphorus match, Matt looked at the wound. It was raw and already puffy. He leaned and sniffed it; there was a faint stench. Suddenly the match went out. Joe had put his fist about it. He indicated the open desert. A little light would show for miles and call for anyone to come near, enemies first of all. Joe took Matt's hand and waved it as if to dissuade him from foolish hopes confronting death.

You go and leave me, said Joe in his gestures and his few syllables. *Maybe I will be all right after all. But don't wait for me.*

"No, if it's true and that is snake poison, you'll die unless we do something. I'll do something." *Yes, I will die. But I will die anyway. You go. Now. Before they come. You know the way to the fort from here.*

Matthew thought over what he knew of Army field medicine. Haste was all he could think of for cases like the present one, haste and something red-hot. Feeling about the bunker, he gathered up mesquite roots and branches and twigs and laid a

fire. Joe moaned with protest. He indicated how a fire would call all desert life.

"I know," said Matt. "If I have to, I can hold them off with my firearms. I need the fire to fix you up."

He lighted it. Joe stared at the wild light. He stared at his commander. He could not believe that he was not to be abandoned. He saw Matt remove a spur and thrust one long blunt point into the heart of the coals. Matt blew and fanned; he nursed every scrap that would burn. Presently he was astonished to see Joe slide forward toward the fire. From a pouch at his waist Joe took with the fingertips of one hand a fine yellow dust. Uttering sacred words deep in his throat, he released a pinch in all six sacred directions: north, south, east, west, up and down. He then made a puff of the powder over Matt's head and then another over his own. Then, in signs, he explained.

In his own time and among his own people, years before he had come to the Army, he had been a doctor, with powers. The yellow dust was pollen of tule, or cattail. It was called *hoddentin* and was used this way in an act of prayer.

"Ek!" concluded Joe, in a sudden, constricted, explosive sound, like a sharp breaking of a dried branch. It was a sound meant to startle supernatural powers into paying attention and hearing a prayer.

"Very good. Let us use every means, including this one," said Matthew as he took the spur, red-hot, out of the knotty fire. He slapped Joe on the belly. "Lie down and hold on to me." He plunged the spur deep into the poisoned arrow wound and, sweating with sympathy, made it grind out a burned crater deeper than he guessed the poisoned area to be. Joe lay inert and silent as a sleeper, with his eyes open, staring at Matthew in amazement and subjection. He believed that his young commander was giving him life. Fire and smoke ascended against the dark face of the mesa. Matthew sat back on his heels.

"Well, I hope that'll do it," he said. He went to the fire and kicked it apart, leaving a few veiled coals. He then took his canteen and gave Joe Dummy a drink of water. In response, Joe took from his waistband another sacred accessory. It was a twig from a tree that had been split by lightning. With this he made a wide looping gesture over Matthew, in thanks and blessing.

Matthew said, "Yes, fine. Now rest a little, and I'll watch, and then we'll try to move out for home."

The two soldiers said of each other in their thoughts that that was how a man should be: on the one hand quiet about pain and death, on the other loyal to life.

MATTHEW faced out, on guard, over the immense night. He shivered. He wanted to build up the fire again. There was no enemy to be seen in the moonlight, but he decided to take no risks. He began to invite his thoughts, which warmed him like desire. He had much to think about. But the night quiet was broken by a soft, plaintive, smothered cry that came from far out in the moonlight.

Matthew tightened everywhere in him. He

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN DAWES

leaned to peer. The cry came again—a rolled, sorrowful inquiry of the wilderness—and ended with a little throaty yelp. He sat back on his haunches and laughed out loud. The fire had attracted attention, after all, but it was only the attention of a coyote.

It spoke again now, nearer, with a wheedling cajolery that was almost human. And then Matthew jumped in astonishment, for immediately behind him in the earthwork there spoke another coyote, exactly mimicking the heart-hungry voice of the animal out on the desert. Matthew turned.

There was Joe Dummy, with his nose raised like a snout, his mouth closed around a little "o," his cheeks drawn in, delicately managing the tone; and in his throat the soft, trilled phrases of treachery replied to those of the desert. In another instant Joe was at the fire. He took up a last glowing coal with tongs made of sticks, blew on it and, before Matt could speak, threw it in an arc out into the dry, tall grass. The grass took fire and, the wind being right, roared down the slope away from the bunker. In its savage light Matthew saw the naked figures of his enemies leap to their feet from hiding and run away. One or two turned and fired rifles as they ran. They had crept forward so slowly that any movement of the grass might have seemed to be caused by a breeze; and in case any had been noticed, they had taken the voice of the coyote to explain it.

Matthew raised his carbine and fired. He fired as long as he could see running shapes. He thought he saw some fall, through fire-waver and smoke. The grass stretched for a few miles. It would burn the Indians back to their train. Meanwhile the spectacle was remarkable: a grass fire running through darkness over flat land.

ONCE rid of the attackers, Matthew felt excitement really rising in him now that, thanks to Joe Dummy's acute understanding of the wilderness and all its creatures, the threat was over. With a stern obligation to be matter-of-fact at moments like these, Matthew went to his saddlebag. Of the usual rations only one item seemed appetizing. He came back with a can of peaches, opened it, and gave Joe first chance. They ate together in silence. The sticky fruit tasted fine. There was a future for both men now, and time to consider it.

Matthew thought of Laura his wife, at the fort, and of what this cold, bright night might have brought to her and to him. Tomorrow would be the fourth day since he'd left her. The commanding officer, Major Prescott, and the post surgeon, Captain Gray, not to mention their wives and all the soldiers' wives at the post, would all do their best. But Matthew still hoped he would be back at the fort in time to know it the instant he became a father. He said to himself that Laura needed him near her. She had cried more than once at the prospect of bearing her first child in the desert, so far away from home—which meant the Army circles, the settled old garrisons and staff quarters of the Atlantic seaboard.

He had more than once held her close to remind her that what mattered was their being together, nothing else. If they were together in the desert, then their child would never feel alien there. His breast filled with tender pain at the thought of how nearly this night he might have left them, his wife and coming child, forever. Far away by now a fiery ruffle showed the retreating grass's progress against the dark. Would Laura

give him a son? If she gave him a son, Matthew would give him one day to the Army, that had given him miserable pay, danger and impersonal treatment—the Army that he loved.

THEY stayed till daybreak in the bunker. Dawn brought its surprises. Joe's right arm was helpless, but otherwise he was no worse. One of their horses was dead, shot during the firelit exchange. The desert was black as far as they could see it, and no grass smoldered. It could be ridden over. Matthew gave orders that they would both mount his horse. He took up Joe's rifle. To carry its extra weight, now that Joe could not use it, was not justified. Matthew swung the rifle and bent its barrel over a rock and threw it down, useless to soldier or enemy alike.

They mounted and at a rapid walk crossed into the burned-out grass. They came upon two dead and blackened

They rode on. Presently they heard dogs barking, and they saw to whom the dogs belonged. They were all old men and women, motionless on the ground. They were motionless because they were tied to mesquite bushes and left to die along with their dogs, who also were tied. Matthew stared frowning, aghast at the spectacle, while Joe explained that when the Apache had to retreat in a hurry, he abandoned his old people this way; for otherwise, traveling on foot, like all but the warriors, they would have slowed down the march. Matt looked at the sun and the distance and the motley collection of old people, who gazed back at him out of their filthy wrinkles. He dismounted and cut their bonds. He pointed south and urged them to travel after their sons and daughters. He released their dogs, who ran to their owners.

The old creatures lost no time. In their various racking gaits they set out

Major Hiram Hyde Prescott was abroad. As he often did, Hiram Hyde answered the unspoken. "I just rode out for a little air."

Now they both knew that a disguised concern for his command had brought him out to meet the young lieutenant and the Apache scout. Matt knew also that Hiram Hyde never got to the really personal issues easily, and he asked, "How is Laura? Any news yet?"

"Any minute now. Captain and Mrs. Gray are with her, and so is Jessica."

"You mean it began tonight?"

"Just before supper."

"Is she all right?"

"Last I heard. Brave as a Mohawk."

"Is it—is it difficult?"

"My female informants assure me that it is never easy. What's wrong with that Joe, there, behind you?"

As they neared, Matthew therefore gave his report to Major Prescott, who remarked at the end of it, "Too bad your orders read not to get in a fight. I'll have to report that you did. It'll be looked into, even though by doing so you diverted the enemy and finally made him retreat. Yes, I shouldn't be surprised if some rancher filed a claim against the government for getting his pasture burned out."

HIRAM HYDE'S voice grew comically bitter. He aped the Washington construction that could so easily be placed upon perilous acts of frontier duty. "Picking fights with innocent Indians," he mocked, "and running around setting fire to valuable grazing lands, and consigning destitute old men and women to cross the desert without providing for their nourishment and care, and—" With ingenious profanity he developed his field soldier's parody and concluded, "Well, Matt, I'll testify for you. Both of you did a job."

They answered the sentry's challenge and rode into the fort. Lights burned in the commanding officer's quarters, and in the house next to it, where the post surgeon, Captain Gray, and his wife lived. Hiram Hyde conducted Matthew to that house.

"You come along," said Matt to Joe Dummy, unaware that henceforth it would take a direct order to keep Joe from his side. "I want the doctor to see you. Where is Laura?" he asked the major. "Is she at the Grays?"

"Yes," said Major Prescott. "Gray got his orders to leave us for Fort Union. Jessica arranged with them to move Laura into their big front room. Better than your house."

Matthew said, "Mm," for he and Laura occupied the last adobe shack in officers' row. He was all of a sudden taken by a terrible fear. They tapped at the door of Captain Gray's front room. Mrs. Prescott came, sh-shing, to meet them. Beyond her Matthew saw a pool of lamplight and high wings of shadow on the whitewashed wall, and Captain Gray bending close to the bed, and the delicate white-haired Mrs. Gray opposite him—and between them a lost face, older, younger, than the beautiful face he knew, turning from side to side on a pillow, saying silently and repeatedly what nobody could even understand, in some fierce preoccupation that excluded all but the tremendous task of giving life. She looked so frail, and her commitment was so shaking that Matthew said to himself, "She will die," and with a look of mortal terror he implored Jessica Prescott to save Laura.

Jessica said with the abrupt kindness he knew in her. "Don't come in; she wouldn't know you. It can't be long. Just wait. We're so glad you are home."



"Certainly that's a low number—
eighty minus seventy-nine is one!"

bodies, at which they hardly paused, but rode on for the place where they had last seen the Chiricahua train; for Joe was sure that, having been observed and defeated, the migrant Indians would return to Mexico rather than pursue their rampage, to which the Army was alerted. But it was in any case important to verify this idea.

They rode without hurry and by mid-morning were across the black grass and into the bare, pink desert. There, from afar, they saw what seemed to be a camp. They halted to look long and earnestly. Bright scraps of cloth, there, against dark clumps of mesquite—yes, those were people, many people. But why did they not move? No one walked about in that camp under the sun. Suddenly Joe struck his breast with his left fist, to signify his understanding, and then motioned southward to indicate many Chiricahua people already returning to Mexico.

"Then who are these, over there?" asked Matt.

Joe replied with gestures, *Indians*, and motioned, *Forward*.

"Forward?" said Matt. "Are you crazy? It looks like a lot of people, and we're in no shape for a fight."

Yes, insisted Joe, yes, it was safe, he would see. *Forward!*

for Mexico and the only life known to them. Matthew could do no more for them than turn them free. Joe Dummy pointed to the ground ahead. There were plenty of signs that the warrior band was retreating toward Mexico.

It was time, and it was safe, to turn toward Fort Delivery with this news.

TWO nights afterward at about ten o'clock they saw what surely was a light at Fort Delivery. An hour later they were close enough to see more lights. Matthew, with a pounding in his breast, wondered what they could mean, so many, and so late, and said "Laura" to her silently in his mind, in case she were suffering or in danger. Behind him, on the horse's rump, Joe made a tense little motion, pointing. Off in the moon-washed night was a figure on a horse, riding cautiously toward them. Matt halted and took his revolver in hand, and waited. The horse ambled forward at a peaceful jog, and its rider presently said in a mild voice, "Matt?"

"Yes, sir!" replied Matthew.

"Well, come on then," said the other, wheeling and walking his horse rapidly toward the main gate where a young sentry watched for the commanding officer to return from his midnight ride. Matthew wondered anxiously why

She then retired and shut the door, leaving her husband and Matthew in the dark, little hall that showed at both ends the open air. Joe Dummy sat on the front stoop waiting for the surgeon. His black shape against the paler night made Matthew think of responsibility, and that made him recognize his own helplessness now.

He felt a disagreeable turn of temper. It was despair, the other side of his hope for the future, which now depended upon whether life remained or departed in the closed front room at Captain Gray's. What could he do to make up to her for this? She hated the desert, where her child was now struggling to be born. How could he carpet it with green lawns and visit it with cooling rains and sweeten it with kindly, living creatures? It was hard and gritty and gave off hot winds that blinded the eye and the soul. Why did young people getting married pretend that life was beautiful and always would be? Someone should tell them it was not.

HIS troubled waverings of mind were suddenly interrupted. A thin gasping cry came from beyond the door, then stopped, then tried again, then gained in its tiny power, and established a hasty, regulated rate.

"Well," said Hiram Hyde, "it's all over. That's your baby, inside there."

A wild gratitude swept through Matthew. It was like some unimaginable sweetness of the senses. The door opened; Jessica beckoned. He went in. Laura was heavily drowsy. She saw him, smiled as she shaped his name with her white lips, and fell asleep. Captain Gray nodded, indicating the baby whom Mrs. Gray was holding.

"A little boy," he pronounced silently and, looking wise behind his iron-rimmed glasses and above his dog-gish whiskers, gestured with his head that Matt should leave now.

"Yes," whispered Matt, "but as soon as you can, please examine my scout. He's waiting outside."

Jessica took him to the door. "Go on over to our place with Hiram," she said. "I'll be along when everything is quiet here. Who is that, back there?" she asked in the hall, looking toward the back door. There was a tangled silhouette of heads. She knew at once and went to them. They were the women from Soapsuds Row, the soldiers' wives who did the post laundry. They came for news of new life in the desert, that was like water in the wilderness, and the commander's lady gave them word in vivid, if brisk, detail. . . .

"The Army," said Major Prescott, pouring still another drink of whisky for himself and Matthew in his headquarters office later in the night, "the Army has a peculiar nervous system. It always reacts to stimulus, but you never know how long it's going to take to do it, and you *never* can predict which way it's going to react. Just one thing you remember, young man. However it reacts, it always means something."

Hiram Hyde had expected this to sound somehow more profound and lucid. He hung his head toward Matthew to see if Matthew was drunk enough to comprehend any remarkable statement. It was his determination to see that Matthew got drunk tonight, under his rules. No officer of Troop F, Sixth United States Cavalry, commanded by Hiram Hyde Prescott, Brevet Major, U.S.A., was ever going to turn down a drink—or ever show any outward effect of it.

"Take this Gray affair, for example,"

he went on, wondering why Matthew was moving his mouth in silent speech. "Transfer to Fort Union, New Mexico, via Santa Fe. H'm? Mean anything to you?"

"They need a post surgeon, I suppose, sir."

"Too easy. The nerve system of the Army again. Touch the center, and a long time later a shudder reaches the farthest nerve. That's us. What?" he broke off, scowling.

"Nothing, sir. I was just trying over something."

"Would be very grateful 'f you'd listen to me."

"Yes, sir."

"All right, what's behind it, pulling medical officers back from the frontier? One of two things. The Indian campaigns are about to be abandoned. Or," said Hiram Hyde with a rub of his bald head to indicate wisdom and its temple,

state of affairs, and ignoring Hiram Hyde, said to Matthew with deadly pleasantness, "I see my husband, who has never had too much to drink in his life, has set out to get you drunk."

"Jess," declared the major, "how's that new baby boy of mine?"

"Yours?" she asked.

"Ours, damn it! His name is Prescott Hazard."

Mrs. Prescott was made breathless with pleasure. "Oh, Matt. How sweet of you. They're fine. Both asleep. I think we all need sleep, actually."

"Oh, no, you don't, said Hiram Hyde. "You mean that for me. You let him alone,"—waving at Matt. "All right, I'll go. Good night, my boy. Think you can make it to your quarters?"

"Don't know, sir," said Matthew loyally, and Jessica nodded at him for his sober tact. As he left, she gave him a deep, searching look, thinking of the

never left the baby before. He's sleeping. I was lonesome. I can only stay a minute."

"He'll manage all right," remarked Jessica, somehow suggesting that even infants must learn to dominate experience. "How's your life these days?" she asked, as though they did not meet daily. She was a great believer in giving to an Army post, with its forced associations, an air of a wide and complicated society. So she protected and educated her officers' wives.

"Wonderful, with the baby and Matthew," replied Laura, and then scowled quickly. "But oh, that Joe Dummy!"

"Yes," Jessica said; "if you're downwind from him, it is trying."

JESSICA could not help smiling as she thought of Joe Dummy. He was of middle height, looking twice as old as he really was, and he moved on his moccasin pads like a wary bobcat. The resemblance was helped by tufts of whisker-fur that grew out from the corners of his mouth. Around his head was the distinctive red band of the Cavalry's Apache scouts; it was rich with human grease. His hands and face were cured with dirt into another substance than flesh. He wore a cotton shirt, a vest and striped trousers, stolen long ago from a Tucson gents' emporium, and these garments were so heavy and soft with dirt that they glided over his joints and muscle like accommodating membranes.

"Do you know, Laura?" Jessica said. "Joe Dummy, all the same, is *somebody*."

"Then I wish he'd go somewhere else and be somebody. He is always underfoot. He dogs Matthew. I can hardly ever see Matthew alone any more. Joe is so dirty I can't bear him near the house on account of the baby. When I scold about it, Matt just says no women could understand, men don't mind the things that bother women, especially if the men have fought through danger together. Matt said he saved Joe's life, and Joe thinks he belongs to Matt for it. I can't stand it. I don't see why my life has to be ruined by it. Living here is hard enough without that dreadful creature squatting on our doorstep."

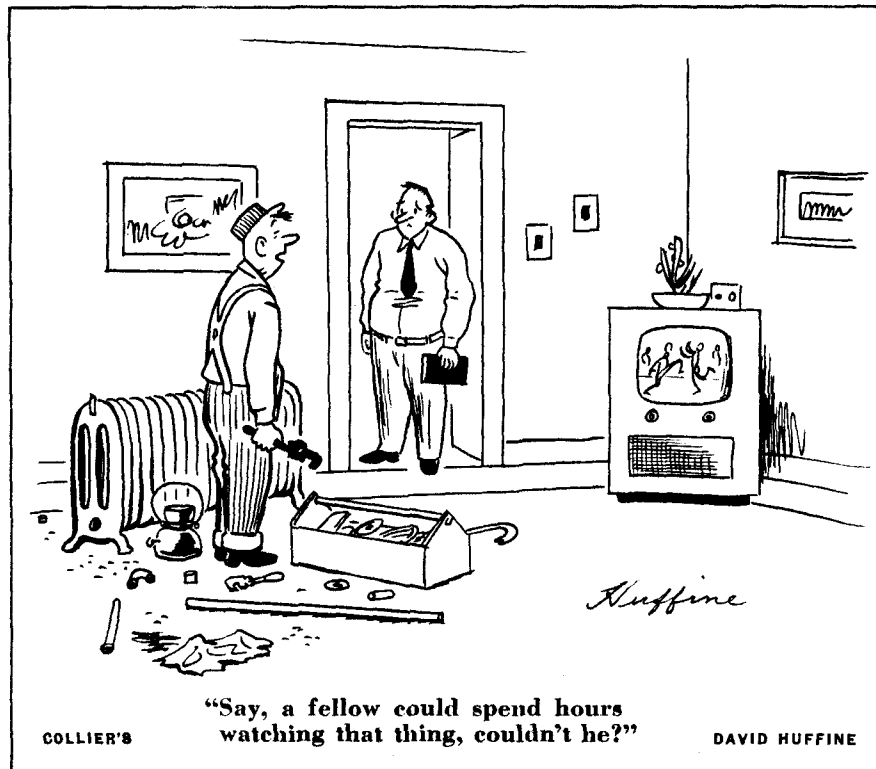
"Well, my dear, perhaps you are forgetting why we are *all* here. Your husband will do his work all the better for having Joe Dummy so close to him. It has taken me thirty years, but I do know at last that when you marry into the Army, you marry all of it. We also serve, child. And"—she smiled delightfully—"that is why some generals' wives are so horrific. They're real veterans."

Laura was not ready for comedy. She jumped up. "I really must run along and see if the baby is all right."

"Run right back and bring your calico. I'll have some tea ready. Wrap the baby up warmly and bring him, too. We'll have a party."

"Oh, in this wind? He'd catch his death."

Jessica, who had married off two children, sighed at being educated by the young mother, let her go and set about making tea. She heard the boots of her husband and someone else come up the porch and go into the office across the hall, so she added enough tea for everyone. She sat down to have her cigarette (a pleasure considered daring throughout the wives' army) and listen to the water come to boil. The wind shrieked past. It imitated the oddest sounds, a woman calling and sobbing—or did someone just now run up on the porch in distress? Jessica started forward as the door blew open in front of



"or there's going to be a big build-up for a new all-out campaign."

"When does Gray go?"

"Will proceed earliest practicable date," quoted the major. He took a brooding pull at his heavy mustaches. "Then what? I'll tell you. The Army just abandons F Troop without medical care, here at the most advanced regular post in the West. Why did you ever do it?" he asked earnestly. "You get out and pick any other p'fession but the Army. It's too late for me. I'm in. But you—" He waved at unseen worlds of opportunity elsewhere, for Matthew.

"No. I'm in, too," answered Matt. Hiram Hyde asked himself cloudily whether Lieutenant Hazard was drunk, repeating things that were said to him that way.

The young man again moved his lips speculatively, and then said abruptly, "I'll tell you something else, too, sir."

"Yes, sir?" asked Major Prescott, in a burlesque of respectfulness.

"With your permission, I'm going to call him Prescott Hazard."

The major stood up and found at once that he had better sit down again, which he did. He stared at Matthew with a shiny blur over his eyes. After a long, breathy silence, he said, inarticulate with happiness, "Oh, thunder," and held out his empty glass.

Matthew was in the act of filling it when the office door opened and Jessica Prescott came in. She saw at once the

life that had come to his family and all that it held of love, pride and duty. The last thing he heard as he went out into the moonlight was the voice of his commander, raised in glad song:

"Put my little shoes away,

I'm going nowhere, dear.

The time has come when I must stay,
You'll always have me near."

TEN days later the desert was at its worst. Everyone at Fort Delivery longed for spring. Now the wind blew and carried cutting dust. It was still cold. Animals stood together for comfort, and so did men and women. Laura fought her way against the wind from her quarters to the Prescotts'. It was only a distance of about three hundred feet, but the journey left her trembling weakly by Jessica's Franklin stove.

"Yes, what a day!" said Jessica, to dispose of the obvious. "The poor Grays, setting off in it this morning. Did you see them go?"

"No, but Mrs. Gray brought me a present and said good-by."

"Maud Gray is a little tower of strength. What'd she give you?"

"Some calico. Said she'd carried it around for years, from Fort Porter to Jefferson Barracks to Leavenworth and here, and she refuses to take it another inch. It's pretty."

"Show it to me."

"I'll bring it next time." She glanced in the direction of her quarters. "I've

Laura, who was in hysterics, and carrying her child, who was crying.

"Laura, my dear, what is it? Is it the baby?"

Laura could not speak. She went to kneel on the floor before the stove, hugged the baby and sobbed in anguish. Jessica decided the baby was red and yelling with fright. She left the room, crossed to the office and looked for Matt. He was there with Hiram Hyde. She brought him with a commanding word, "Please, Matt?" and set him to manage his family. She believed that husbands should always handle their wives' hysterics. Both could learn in the process, if they were sensible. If they were not, then at least others were spared a task that had no claim upon them.

"Laura!" Matthew said, embracing her and the baby, "what is it?" But it was minutes before she could tell, and when she did, Matthew pressed his lips together, shook his head, and swallowed his regret and impatience.

"... and when I started home," Laura gasped, "that filthy Joe Dummy was outside, holding the baby in nothing but his little gown, and lifting him high, then down low, and then pointing him four different ways"—Matthew recognized the sacred directions of life to whom Joe thus offered the baby—"and then he took some stuff out of his belt and spread it over the baby, and then he took a dirty little stick and made signs with it, and then he took up some dust off the ground and rubbed it on Prescott's little cheeks, and all this time I was running, it was a nightmare, I never seemed to get there, to take my darling baby out of that horrible smelly creature's arms! And when I came, he shouted, 'Ek!' Why did he say a crazy thing like that? And I took the baby, and he began to cry, and I sent Joe Dummy packing. Oh, why, oh, why—"

SHE broke down beyond speech, sobbing in her exile, her hunger for safety in the wilderness.

Hiram Hyde came in from the office. "Ho-ho, where's my baby?" he roared, to cheer everybody up.

Laura hugged little Prescott closer, and cried, "Either that Joe Dummy goes, or I go!"

The issue was now an administrative one, and the commanding officer raised his eyebrows at Matthew.

"Sir," said Matthew, "Joe Dummy was only trying to bless the baby and dedicate him the way they do and pray over him. Laura caught him at it, and it upset her. He was probably doing it for my sake."

"Upset her!" echoed Laura, aghast at his reasonable tone.

Jessica brought the tea tray. "This cures everything," she said, and poured four cups. But the gentlemen didn't want any and returned to the office to think over their new problem.

Major Prescott finally said, "Of course it's all nonsense, but you know how touchy these Indians are, especially the indispensable ones. I leave it to you to manage it, but one thing is sure: nothing, underscore nothing, is to cause us to lose Joe Dummy. Is that clear?"

"Yes, sir," replied Matthew confidently, unable to imagine there would be any consequences of the episode.

He was wrong. At midnight Laura awakened him. The baby was in trouble, and she was frightened into silence. She held the child. They heard his breathing that went so fast and sounded like a little, wet whistle. His eyes were open and seemed without sight of the real world. He was in a high fever.

The father and mother looked at each other. This was probably pneumonia, a result of today's exposure in the bitter wind. The post surgeon and his wife and all their effects were a day's journey out on the desert, under escort commanded by Mainwaring, the first lieutenant, on their way to Driscoll, Arizona, and the railroad to Santa Fe. This little boy, eleven days old, the substance of love and pain, might be about to leave the life they had joyfully promised him.

Matthew climbed from bed, put on some clothes, and, with Laura, did what he could for the baby throughout the rest of the night—cool cloths, steam to inhale, the comfort of being held. The wind fell toward dawn, but after sunrise it came up again.

"I can't do anything," said Laura wanly. She was exhausted.

"Let me see if Mrs. Prescott will relieve you for a little while," said Mat-

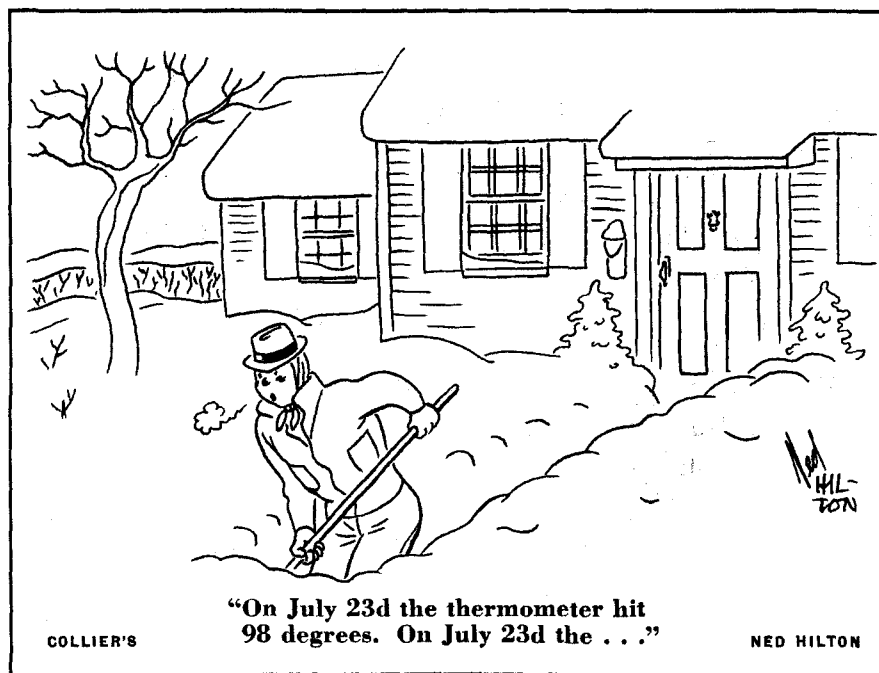
th, and made it clear that, as a doctor with ancient knowledge, he had but to see the child in order to invoke a cure.

Let me in this instant, Joe demanded in his silent fashion with his foot on the rock sill of the door. I will bring down huge powers, and you may stop worrying.

"No, Joe. Thank you. Good friend. Thank you. But no. My woman will never let you do that."

Woman won't? inquired Joe in dismay, unable to understand why any woman should be consulted about such a matter. He pushed open the door before Matthew could stop him and, holding up his magic, came upon Laura who was walking the baby. Seeing him, she turned white and weak with fury.

"Get out of here, you horrid, dreadful..." and her words dried up, but she made such sounds and shook with



"On July 23d the thermometer hit 98 degrees. On July 23d the..."

COLLIER'S

NED HILTON

thew. He put his lips to her brow for a moment and then left the house.

Outside his door he found Joe Dummy squatting with his back to the stinging wind. Matthew had a sharp stab of anger at the combination of devotion and ignorance that had made the misery inside the little house, but when he spoke to Joe, it was with patience.

"Joe. My baby, you know? He is very sick. Here." Matthew pressed his own chest. "It was bad outside for him yesterday, without any blankets, cold. It has made him very sick. You must not take him again, any more. Do you understand?"

Joe showed no feeling. It was possible that he did not understand cause and effect in relation to the child's illness. He did understand blame, however, and making an impolite, if serious, Indian sign for woman, he gestured toward the interior where Laura was, and wanted to know if she was still angry at him. He rehearsed how she had flown at him yesterday. He rolled his eyes and flapped his tongue and his hands, to show that he had been stunned—killed, really—by her attack.

Matthew nodded. She was still very angry.

Joe all but said "Ah!" with his forefinger and screwed up his face in delight at being able to please the lieutenant by what he would now propose, that would take care of everything.

"Yes, Joe? What is it?" asked Matt.

Joe Dummy produced his sacred

such loathing that Joe scrambled backward out of the door. His face, too, was wrrenched with anger. He spat and spat again on the ground and stamped on his spittle. Then with a most abused look, he turned to the young commander whom he worshiped and solemnly shook his head in reproof.

Matthew smiled warmly on him to claim him still as his friend and said, "Come along with me. I'm going to headquarters."

They walked in the cold wind up the row of quarters. Captain Gray's house was being made ready for First Lieutenant Mainwaring and family to move in. The Hazards would then move up one notch to the Mainwarings' quarters, and the adobe hut—Quarters D—at the end of the row would be vacant till a new junior officer arrived, unless a senior officer came to shuttle the lieutenants back to their old quarters again. As they passed Dr. Gray's quarters, Matthew said, "If only he were still here," and then was sorry if Joe had heard what he said, for it seemed hardly polite in the presence of one doctor to sigh for another. At the porch of headquarters, Matt said, "I'll see you over at the corral later on," and went indoors with his poor news...

It was a measure of how remote, and how real, life was at Fort Delivery that the baby's illness became an event shared by all. The women from Soap-suds Row clustered about the door of Quarters D in their shawls, proving sympathy by suffering the bitter, dry

cold. Jessica Prescott and Mrs. Mainwaring were indoors with Laura. The work of the garrison went on through the day, but the young trumpeter, who served as the major's orderly, ran every half hour to fetch the latest bulletins. These were progressively disturbing. As the day passed, the child seemed to be more ill. He went into a deathly calm toward sundown, scarcely breathing, barely responding to any stimulus. None of the women knew what more to do for him. They made about him, and about his mother, a cordon of fierce wills to live.

Jessica watched Laura with increasing pride in her. The young wife seemed to grow stronger the more drawn with fear she became. Late in the day she asked Mrs. Prescott, "Do you think he may die?"

"Yes," said Jessica, "I do. I also think he may live, my dear."

Laura pressed her hands on her mouth, and her eyes filled with tears, and then she said, "If there is a chance for the other, and if it is near, then I must do this."

Helped by the other officers' wives, she took a little dish of water and christened her child.

AS NIGHT fell on doubt and anguish, Matthew had an official task to do that he would rather not have done. At headquarters he said to the commanding officer, "I'm sorry, sir, but Joe Dummy seems to be gone. I've looked for him all day, but when nighttime came, and he wasn't around, I felt I'd better tell you. There's a horse missing, too."

"Didn't I order you directly—" began Hiram Hyde in fury, and then, remembering what everyone was feeling in common throughout the fort, he took a deep breath and resumed quietly, "Have you any explanation as to why he may have disappeared?"

"I'm afraid so, sir..." and Matt described the morning's encounter between Joe and Laura.

"What did you do to mollify Joe?"

"Sir, I said I'd work with him at the corral later. He loves to work the horses with me on the different gait."

"That all?"

"Yes, sir."

Matthew refused to claim, and the major would not do it for him, that worry over Prescott Hazard had taken all his attention during the day. The best Hiram Hyde could do was to admit, "Well, I suppose nobody could have done anything. Once they get their feelings hurt! He's made it off to his own people, I suppose." He screwed up his face at Matt in wryly comic expression. "You tell me which is worse to handle—wimmin or Injuns!" He sighed and came back to seriousness. "Well, Matt, we've lost a great scout."

"Yes, sir," said Matthew stiffly, feeling responsible both for his own and for Laura's part in what might become a military calamity.

"Oh, thunderation!" said Hiram Hyde at the complexity of human affairs. "Let's go see how my baby is."

They went out against the wind through which the desert spring was trying to come, and at Quarters D entered with the women upon the vigil of that doubtful night. Hiram Hyde kept his own counsel, but he knew that early the next day someone would have to go out after Joe Dummy, recover a stolen horse, and bring back as a prisoner an old comrade in arms. He decided upon a stern mercy, contingent on what all dreaded. If Prescott Hazard died during the night, it would be his father

who would be assigned the duty of capturing the renegade tomorrow.

In the lamplight turned low they all sat still, against the brushed adobe walls. They strained to hear, and the infant's breath that now and then came in small, fluttering flights was all they heard other than the wind pressing southwestward with its long, high cry. Yet at about four o'clock Major Prescott lifted his head suddenly, thinking that he heard something, a call on the wind. It was a sentry's challenge borne to him, even made louder by the wind. He glanced at Matthew and went to the door. The moon was gone, but there were stars overhead, and he could now see, as well as hear, a commotion at the main gate, where one horseman dismounted and another, passed on by the sentry, spurred across the parade and rode up to Major Prescott.

"Is that you, Major?" asked the rider, sliding to the ground and unbuckling a small saddlebag.

"Gray!" exclaimed Hiram Hyde. "How in thunderation did you—"

"That Indian scout of yours. He overtook our train about sundown, gave me your orders to return at all speed. He is a devil mounted. I'm ready to put in for line duty, now that I've proved I can ride like that. How is the child?"

The major answered him by pushing him through the door, with his bag of bottles, phials and powders. The captain called for more light, threw off his blouse, rolled up his sleeves and bent over the child who lay in the center of the big bed. Laura fell onto her knees and put her forehead against the mattress and poured out her grateful heart in silence.

SHORTLY after reveille everybody knew the wonderful story of Joe's ride, and all day they told it to one another in various ways.

"Joe found the train just like that, and talked to Gray. Told him the major sent for him. Said he had orders to bring the captain back regardless."

"And he came."

"Yes, and that Mrs. Gray—"

"What did she do?"

"Well, Captain Gray asked her if she thought she'd be safe if he took up and left her. You know what she said?"

"What'd she say?"

"Well, she never batted an eye, but she said right off that, why, of course he ought to leave her. She told him, she said, the baby's new life was more important than her old one!"

"She never!"

"She certainly did. And so she said she'd just go on to Driscoll with Lieutenant Mainwaring and the escort, and wait there."

"So then Joe and Captain Gray turned around and rode back here."

"Yes, and the captain said he was entirely lost till he saw the lights of the fort. Joe made his own trail."

"Now think of that."

"And the baby is already better. You watch. He'll be waving his little fists and cooing tomorrow."

As this prophecy was borne out the next day, a feeling of heroism went through all the garrison, men and women alike. They told the desert, the enemy, to do all it could against them. What could ever hope to succeed against the United States Cavalry? Even the weather, for during the afternoon the wind rose to wild gusts, and then gave way to rain. It rained into the night, and nobody but the sentries

Collier's for January 3, 1953

WRONG NUMBERS

Are the girls who stand under
The mistletoe
The sweet ones, the neat ones,
The pretty ones? No!

—RICHARD ARMOUR

was awake to know when it stopped, but in the morning, when the trumpeter called them with his harsh music and they went out, it was to see a day so pure, a sky so fresh, a land so fragrant and tenderly touched with green from which all dust had been washed away, that they had a feeling of being blessed and gave thanks that it had fallen to their lot to know spring in the desert.

GRAY was to leave to overtake his train. Matthew asked Laura if she didn't think he ought to ride with the doctor, along with Joe, who was to be the guide.

"I certainly do think so, Matt, after what he has done for us."

She was sewing, and bit her thread in a busy contentment that made him smile with love. He loved her to be so pretty, so free of anguish, so certain that with her small affairs in order, all was right in the wide world elsewhere.

"What're you doing?" he asked, indicating her work—hummocks of calico, and pins, and patterns cut from the Prescotts' old copies of the New York Herald.

"You'll see," she replied, "by the time you get back."

He forgot all about it, but six days later when he returned near evening, she continued the conversation in perfect logic and instructed him to bring Joe Dummy to her.

"Joe? You want to see Joe?"

"Immediately. Don't let him refuse."

"I'm inclined to think, on the whole, Laura darling, that the less you do about Joe the—"

"Nonsense. Immediately."

It took Matthew half an hour to persuade Joe that he must go to Mrs. Hazard. Matthew could not endure to witness the meeting. He remained at the corral while Joe moved sidelong across the parade to Quarters D, alerted to flee at any moment.

At the door Laura was waiting. "Hello, Joe," she said overloudly, as though Joe were deaf as well as alien.

The Indian did not answer, as he believed his presence was acknowledgment enough. He was afraid, for he had no recourse against the fury of a woman like this. With one of his own, if she dared to abuse him, it would be proper to hold her by the hair and beat her till she could shriek no more. But looking fixedly at Laura he saw something odd. He saw that her cheek, her lips, quivered in spite of the unimportant smile she kept on her face. Her hands trembled so that she had to clasp them together. Her voice was dry. He thought: She is afraid.

It was true. The impassive, grotesque creature before her seemed to her the essence of all that simply could not exist among human beings. Yet she was determined to recognize him as a man, to deal with him at close quarters in the terms she might employ with any stranger to whom she was indebted. If she could manage this, she would gain a milestone of maturity, and she knew it.

As steadily as she could, she said, "Joe, please wait just there for a minute. I'll be right back. Don't you go

now!" She disappeared into the house and then emerged bringing a large basin of hot water with soap and a towel. "Now use this. Take off your shirt, and wash, *hard*. Go on, Joe. Right now. I'll be right back again."

She retired once more. He plucked at his dirt-velveted shirt as if considering what to do. She appeared again holding something else. "Go on, take it off and scrub"—she pantomimed how with one hand and with the other held up a new shirt made of Mrs. Gray's calico—"because I made this for you, and I want you to put it on!"

It was a beautiful shirt, with long tails that could hang outside an Indian belt. The calico was of turkey red, and all over it grew lemon-yellow flowers with bright green leaves.

"You'll see, Joe," she said in accents that promised even more if he did as she asked. He slowly undressed to the waist and then wildly attacked the soap and water. He blew and whistled and tore at his face, his breast and belly, and fought each hand with the other. Her fear began to dissolve in amusement. He was like a dust-devil, stirred up from the desert by the wind and dancing over one spot in brief fury.

"Good!" she cried, as he dried himself with large, inaccurate swipes of the towel. "Now see how you'll look!"

She handed him the new shirt. As he buttoned it with a look of restrained pride, she saw that his hands, while cleaner, were not what she called clean. But it was as much as she could hope for the first time.

"Now. Don't we look fine?" she said, and added, "Now, what all this is for, Joe. You wait."

Turning to the house again she saw Matthew approaching cautiously to determine at close range what the curious performance meant that he had watched across the parade. Joe also noticed his coming, and averse to being an object of curiosity, he started to make his way sidelong toward the corner of the house where he could disappear. But Laura was too quick for him.

"Joe Dummy!" she called. "You come back here this instant!"

HER voice was clear and sweet. He turned. She came from her doorway with her baby in her arms. He walked back to her. This much Matthew saw clearly as he approached, but he could hardly believe what he saw next. Laura, leaning forward with the grace of all springtime, laid her baby in Joe's arms, as though to say that at last she knew who her real friends were.

Joe stared with incredulous pleasure at the child he was given to hold. He looked up as Matt's shadow fell across him. Laura watched an unspoken exchange between the two men. They were glad, both of them, that their recent trouble in connection with a woman was over, for that was the worst kind and always had to be met with special powers.

Joe Dummy then did an odd thing. After a long, earnest look into the baby's face, he ceremonially handed him to Matthew to hold, and then motioned to him to give the baby to Laura. It seemed a gesture larger than it was, giving life back to its source, from man to woman.

Laura held her child. Prescott Hazard, not quite three weeks old, lay with his face to the sky, where the light was changing. He could see light, vast and pure. It was reflected slate-blue in his clear, unfocused eyes. ▲▲▲

In Next Week's Collier's



The Secret Weapon We Were Afraid To Use

By JOHN STEINBECK

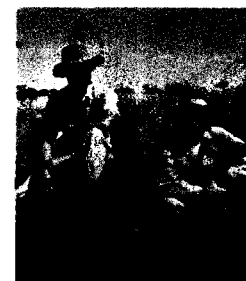
President Roosevelt liked the idea, but other high officials were shocked at the thought of using it, even against the Nazis. Here's a story which could have tremendous future significance



The Dog That TRAVELED INCOGNITO

By LUDWIG BEMELMANS

A famous writer tells the warm story of Little Bit, who had a patent-leather nose, shoe-button eyes, a brain no larger than an olive—and the brave heart of a lion. Illustrated by the author



Ruark Shoots a BUFFALO

By ROBERT C. RUARK

The adventurous and sharp-eyed Mr. Ruark continues his Africa safari and meets up with a big Cape buffalo. The result is a down-to-earth tale of adventure that you are certain to enjoy

CALENDAR ART

You'll have to look at those commercial jobs a whole year, so be selective

ANOTHER year is off to a frustrating start, with me failing once again to place a single calendar in the annual art competition at our house. I didn't even get an honorable mention.

The calendar exhibit at our place is an affair Harriet and I have been staging, about this time every year, as long as we've been married. From the time the new calendars first start to appear, everyone in the family gathers as many as he can. When we get a stack of them, we break the collection down into classifications, hang all the entries in the living room, then call in a few neighbors and have an art exhibit and critique. We install the winning calendars wherever they're needed for the rest of the year, and let the kids draw mustaches on the entries that fail to place.

There was a nice turnout this year: five classes of calendar art, with two or three entries in each class. Here are the results of the judging:

1. American primitive class (for sun porch). My entry here was a color lithograph of an Indian girl wearing a feather and a beaded antimacassar, standing on a rock at the edge of a pool. (Distributed by the Idle Hour Pool Room.) That picture had more art to it, per square inch, than any other entry in the exhibit. The shadowing was superb. The colors were warm and human. She was the pinkest Indian I ever saw, and the very personification of symmetry.

But Harriet ruled the picture out. She liked Indians well enough, she said, but with reservations. And her reservation line, as she put it, stopped short of squaws in G strings. She wouldn't even leave the picture up for the rest of the exhibit.

The winner in the American Primitive class was another Indian study, an old Navajo chief, done in tempera, sitting in front of a tepee with a clay pot full of corn in his lap. (Distributed by some washing-powder people.)

2. Industrial class (for my [?] den). I had two entries here. One of them was The Little Miss in the Motor, an offset, full-color job of the Kleen-Kut Tool & Die Company's Girl-of-the-Year. She was a beautifully proportioned young lady, with plenty of character, in a torn shirt and a pair of cut-me-down (cut-me-way-down) overalls. She was holding a Never-Slip adjustable wrench and bending artistically over an automobile motor.

The other entry was a blonde in a Bikini bathing suit (full-color, offset printing) operating a Thunder King Snow Plow.

Both of these entries lost out on technicalities. Harriet insisted that the girl in each picture was,

By **RALPH REPPERT**

actually, a composite of the better features of several models—one girl's hairdo, another girl's eyelashes, another girl's smile and so on down the line.

The Industrial class winner Harriet finally decided on was a color photograph of a Greater Hinkleville Power & Light Company substation.

3. Geographic class (for wall at end of hall). Judging in this department involved a great deal of heated argument, and I must say I conceded reluctantly. The winner chosen in the class was the Trans-Whiz Airlines' water colors of 12 of the world's faraway places, none of them more than 40 hours, by air, from Pomeroy, Ohio, or Owosso, Mich., or wherever you happen to get on the plane.

My entry in the Geographic class was prettier, I thought, and certainly as educational. It was a multicolor water-wash painting distributed by Osburn & Fiddler, Air Conditioning and Refrigeration Consultants.

The picture portrayed an Eskimo debutante getting ready to retire. She was attired, quite prettily, I thought, in a form-fitting fingertip-length sleeping parka with a television neckline. Ermine trim. Standing guard beside her was her sled dog, also a husky.

The picture was executed perfectly in every detail, and its lighting effect was the finest I have seen. The flickering colors of the aurora borealis formed the background, and the weird lights played beautifully upon the subject matter.

It was entitled Bed Time in Baffin Land, designated technically as an evening study. Offhand, I'd judge that particular time of evening to be about six weeks after sunset, which, as you well know, is just the shank of the evening up in Baffin Land.

4. Domestic class (for the kitchen). I had only one entry in the Domestic class, but a good one. It was a full-color job of a young lady wrapped up in a cellophane shower curtain, telling an intruding plumber that he had come to the wrong address. (Distributed by the Southern Soil Pipe & Fixture Corporation.)

Both characters were exceptionally well done. It was a harmless little vignette on everyday living, because you could tell at a glance that the intruding character was, basically, a gentleman. And you could certainly tell that the character in the shower wasn't, because you could see . . . well, because you could see.

But Harriet ruled the picture out without com-

ment and awarded first prize to a calendar sent to us by one of the department stores. It was a reproduction of one of those horribly heavy oil paintings of flowers, and I've never seen so much color smeared on so heavily in my life. As closely as I can determine, the artist must have created it with catsup, chlorophyll and four kinds of mayonnaise, laying the stuff on with a screw driver instead of a brush.

Second prize in this class (for the pantry door) went to another oil still life, a candlelight study of a chuck roast flanked by eggplant, sweet potatoes and Bermuda onions. (Distributed by Fordyce's Meat Market.)

5. Outdoors class (for the rumpus room). For real art, the calendar the chewing-tobacco people put out should have won me a first in the Outdoors class. Entitled Some Catch, it pictured a red-headed young lady out fishing. She wasn't actually nude, as Harriet insisted. She had on a creel and a fly rod, and was standing up to her creel in a clear mountain pool. Harriet wouldn't have any part of it.

So the Outdoors class first prize went, by default, to the little calendar we got from Beechum's Pharmacy. It was a picture of a little freckled feller with a bamboo fishing pole, bent pinhook and a can of worms. He had a string of big fish. He was grinning at a city feller, outfitted by Abercrombie & Fitch, who had caught only one little four-inch fish with all his expensive gear. The city feller was also wearing what is sometimes described as a rueful grin. More expressive grins I have seen painted on balloons.

That wound up the judging for this year. For real art, I still think I won the exhibit, hands down, but you can't argue art with a woman. I don't mind the losing so much. It's just that I've got to look, throughout the year to come, at the pictures that beat me out.

In the meantime, though, my entries won't go to waste, because I know any number of art lovers who will be glad to find places for them.

George Peeble wants the Eskimo girl to hang in his basement workshop.

Charlie Dinger will display the Indian maiden against the side of his furnace.

And the boys down at the garage are going to trade me a motor tune-up for the picture of the mechanical doll in the short overalls. She's the one, you remember, who borrowed one girl's eyelashes, another girl's smile and so on down the line.

Wouldn't it be wonderful to meet some of her other friends? ▲▲▲



We hang all the entries in the living room, then call in a few neighbors and have an art exhibit and critique

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT DAY

Moving in with the EISENHOWERS

also **2**
COMPLETE
NOVELS

THE BLONDE IN THE CLOSET

A shot heard by telephone summoned Sam Doney to the scene of murder...and every clue pointed to the girl he dared to love! An Oscar Schisgall mystery. And **FROST IN HEAVEN** by Allene Corliss: Could you resist the offer of another man's fame, money, and girl? Learn what happens to a man without conscience in this romantic novel, also complete in the January American Magazine.

6 LIVELY SHORT STORIES

All the exciting variety of a half-dozen short stories, added to the two complete novels, make *The American* a treat for those who love good reading. Don't miss a sports story that's a sure hit; the saga of a Siamese cat named "Lorelei;" the tale of a strange pact with the devil; a delightful comedy about the manners and mores of the suburban set; and others.

WHAT OUR TEEN-AGERS WANT TO KNOW ABOUT SEX AND MARRIAGE

At last, the vicious taboo of silence about sex is broken. And our teen-agers are being taught healthy truths about love, mating and secrets of a successful marriage. Learn for yourself all the answers to the 15 most common questions of young people preparing for marriage, from a famous teacher who has found an answer to today's alarming divorce rate.

WILL THERE ALWAYS BE A ROOSEVELT?

For 20 years, the Roosevelts have been with us! Their political maneuvers, business deals, marriages and divorces make so much news the average citizen can't follow it all. To bring you up to date, our reporter, Clarence Woodbury, traveled 7,000 miles, to present a rare portrait of the colorful clan now headed by Eleanor Roosevelt, undisputed First Lady of the World! Does the Roosevelt name help or hinder? See for yourself!

Articles, short stories, novels—every-
thing complete in *The American*! **35¢**

...You're invited to a housewarming—with the first Republican President in 20 years.

We Americans insist that our heads of state behave like Presidents, but live like kings! As you'll discover when you inspect Ike and

Mamie Eisenhower's \$400,000, 107-room new home that even tops their lavish NATO villa outside Paris.

The first Presidential couple to occupy the redone White House for a full term can see any movie ever made on a moment's notice! Will be waited on by 64 servants! Have secret service men do their shopping! Swim in a private pool! Walk through rooms always perfumed by fresh-cut flowers! Ride a private elevator! Take their choice of two dozen limousines, their own railroad car, a private super airliner, or a luxurious yacht! At night they'll retire to living quarters with 25 rooms and 12 baths. (Although the only private connection between Ike and Mamie's suites is a narrow passageway between their clothes closets!)

Want to know the special living habits of Hoover, F.D.R., and Coolidge? What will happen to Truman's piano? What it's like to live in a goldfish bowl? How well they entertain? Walk into the White House with our new First Family!

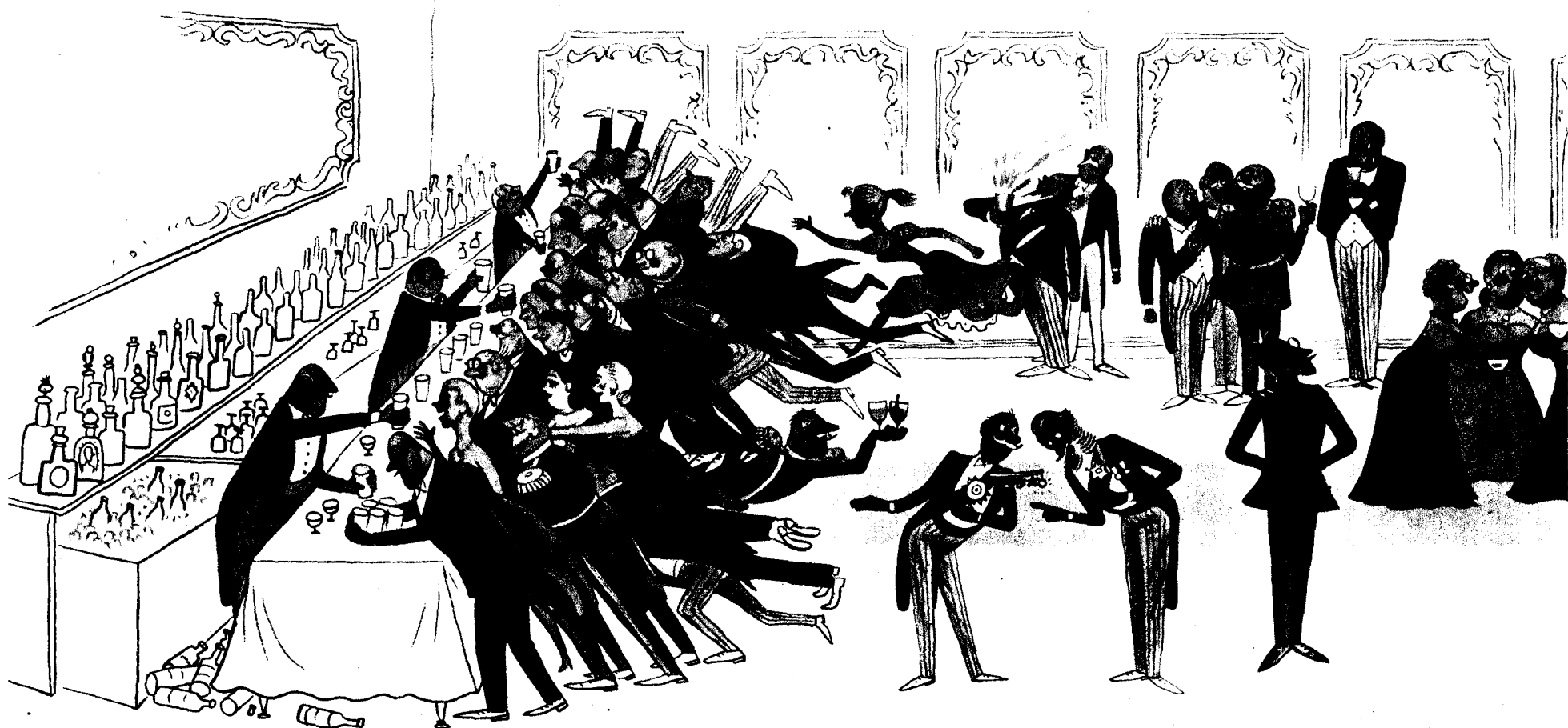
INTERESTING PEOPLE Photo-Section See 12 Pages of Unusual Personalities

Meet a fireside fisherman who catches trout from a stream that runs through his living room! A restaurateur who spends \$2,000 a year feeding stray dogs! A 100-year-old carpenter who easily totes 100 pound loads up a ladder! The American Magazine Co-ed of the Month—and other interesting people from Main Street to Broadway!

On Sale
January 2nd



THE American MAGAZINE



WASHINGTON'S THIRD

Newcomers to the capital can forget the rules they observed at home. In Washington, six-to-one Martinis are served at teas. And there's no need to greet the hostess. She may not even show up

By ANDREW F. TULLY

AS THE son of a President and a long-time politician, Senator Robert A. Taft of Ohio has never been a country bumpkin, nor has he ever lacked intestinal fortitude. Nevertheless, the distinguished senator was flabbergasted when he attended his first Washington cocktail party some years ago and surveyed the assorted alcoholic potions, arrayed in soldierly precision for the expeditious consumption of the guests.

"Good heavens," gasped Taft. "Do people drink *all* that stuff?"

The answer is: They sure do.

Of all the hazards faced by the new administration, few are more hair-raising than those it will encounter in the *salons* and saloons of the nation's capital. Washington offers the unwary officeholder the most awesome and diverse selection of spirituous and vinous beverages known to man. As new bureaucrats move in to replace the old, they will find themselves invited to as many as three or four cocktail parties a day. For the cocktail party is as much a part of the Washington scene as the fat expense account.

Happily, this problem is of no concern to the top figures in the new team which takes over January 20th. President-elect Dwight D. Eisenhower, a veteran of the Washington party circuit, is well aware of the dangers which lurk in the generosity of an affable host.

For years, Ike has stuck to plain Scotch and water, and he generally limits himself to a couple of swigs of the stuff per evening. Occasionally he will take a Martini, and if Southern friends of political power insist, he tries bourbon.

But although Ike is known as a play-it-safe drinker, he is far from being a stiff, unbending partygoer. Washington hostesses remember his appearances at their chrome-trimmed shindigs with pleasure because of his easygoing manner and his willingness to join in the fun. One of the proudest memories of Perle Mesta's halcyon days in the

hostess dodge is of the night she persuaded Ike to stand up at a party and warble a passable rendition of Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes.

Eisenhower put a fine quaver into his voice for that one, and some of the ladies present like to swooned. "Ike is definitely the romantic type," Perle declared a little mistily, after she'd located her breath.

Vice-President-elect Richard Nixon is on even more solid ground than Ike—Dick simply doesn't touch the stuff. At Washington parties he sticks to soft drinks.

Nixon's attitude toward strong drink is the subject of much sorrowful discussion around the Senate. To many senators and hangers-on, the new Veep is going to be a poor social substitute for the convivial, storytelling Alben Barkley. In recent years, Barkley has been a most sparing tippler, but his office door on the Hill was always open to the friend seeking a medicinal dram.

But if Eisenhower is protected by self-restraint and Nixon by total abstinence, others in the new administration face some harrowing nights trying to fight off the temptation to indulge in the fantastic drinks available at Washington cocktail parties.

Helpful Hints for the Inexperienced

It would be useless to issue the blunt warning: Don't go! After all, the nation was suffering from prohibition the last time the Republicans were in power, and now they want to have a little fun. But it also would be most uncharitable not to offer a few hints for survival. These are parlous times and we should not like any new man to wake up some morning with a hang-over and decide to give Rhode Island to Joe Stalin.

To begin with, a Washington cocktail party is like nothing you ever attended by that name in Sioux Falls. The main idea seems to be to herd as many people as possible into one place and then

feed them as much liquor as they can hold. Sometimes these shindigs are advertised as teas, but that's just a gag. There were ugly mutterings some time ago when a bunch of free-loaders showed up for a "tea" and found that tea—and only tea—actually was being served.

Chances are you'll never meet your hostess. Usually there's too much of a crush and, anyway, the lady giving the party doesn't care about the bowing and scraping, so long as everybody shows up and has a good time. There was, for instance, the occasion when Mrs. O. Max Gardner, widow of the former ambassador to Great Britain, gave a posh drinking party just before the 1950 Jefferson-Jackson Day Democratic dinner.

Leaving the party, one naïve guest mentioned that he felt caddish because he hadn't greeted his hostess.

"Oh, that's okay," replied his companion. "She wasn't even there."

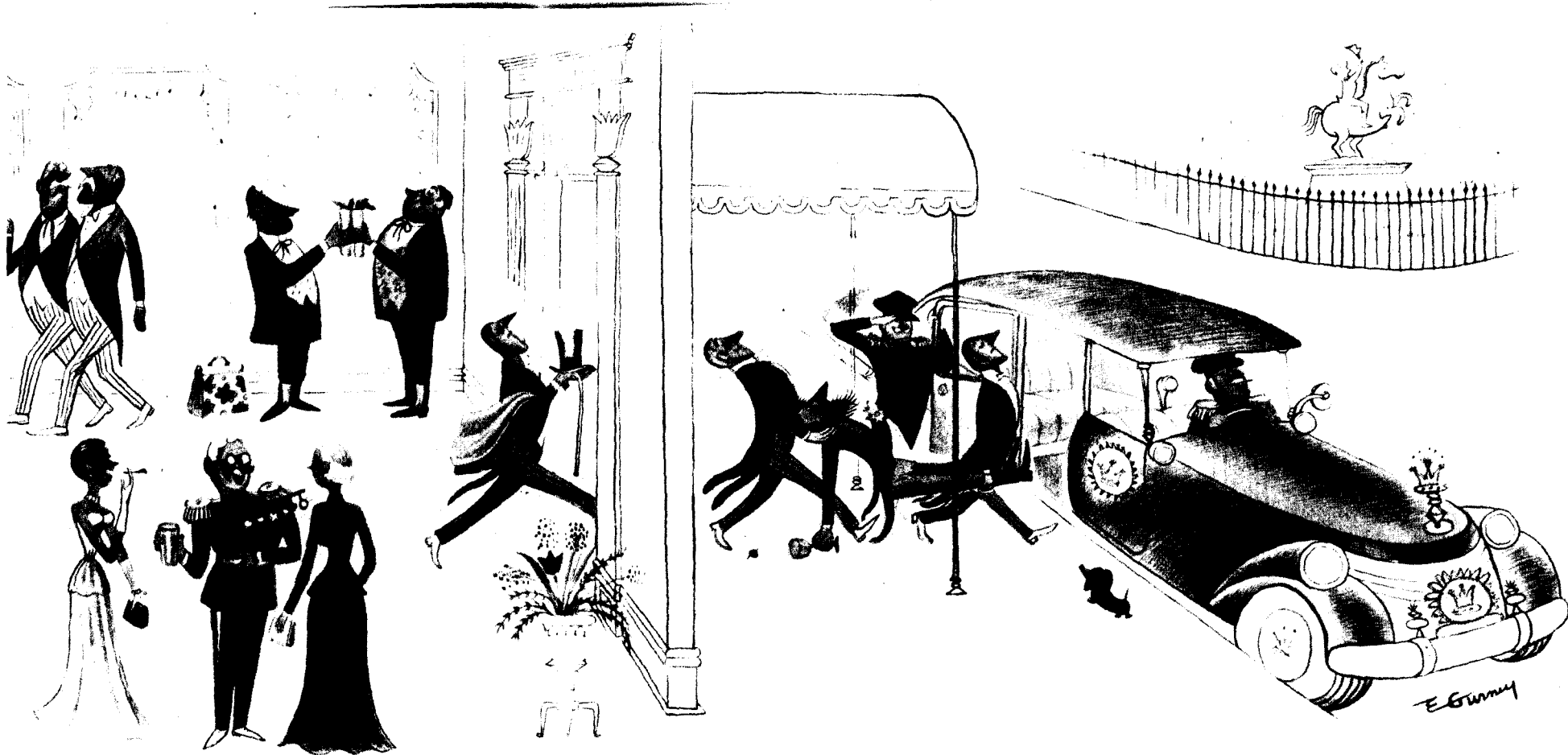
He was right. Mrs. Gardner had been busy attending a meeting to plan the Democrats' dinner.

The first thing the freshly arrived Republican will notice at a cocktail party in the capital is that there seems to be some rule against having it in a big enough room. The basic formula seems to be to crowd 500 persons into a space built to accommodate 250, and then turn them loose on a minimum of two bars.

The result is something like a Texas cattle stampede. Some guests, who make a show of concealing their thirst, stop first for a chat with the hostess, but the smart boys swing right into action. Pausing only long enough to check their hats and coats, they make an immediate dash for one of the bars—a simple and wholesome form of exercise, providing you played fullback last year for Notre Dame. In that case, you generally can make the bar about 10 minutes after hitting the scrimmage line, with only minor bruises.

There, Mr. Republican, is where the real danger

Collier's for January 3, 1953



PARTY—The Cocktail Party

lies. After a hard day at the office, followed by the savage off-tackle thrust that carries you to the bar, those bottles will look mighty good. Sample the stuff by all means. Sample it, even, generously. But make your selection with the utmost discretion.

At run-of-the-mill cocktail parties, the choice is pretty standard—bourbon, Scotch, Martinis and Manhattans. If you are wise, you'll stick to either bourbon or Scotch. But if you're normal, you'll probably be tempted by the cocktails.

As everybody knows, a good dry Martini is one of man's finest works. But to the uninitiated, the Washington Martini is a sinister concoction. A three-to-one ratio of gin to vermouth is for babies, and four-to-one is for the youth with down on his cheeks. Men take their Martinis, in Washington, at a five-, six- or seven-to-one ratio, and the capital's bartenders are attuned to their patron's desires.

One Martini at a Washington party will shore you up fine and set you to thinking kind thoughts about the Bureau of the Budget. Two will give you the strength (you'll think) of five men; your debate with that 200-pounder will take on new vigor. After a third, you're on your own—but keep your name and address pinned somewhere on your person so they'll know where to ship the body.

Veterans in Washington, of course, generally treat the Martini with the utmost respect. An exception is Dean Acheson, a particularly healthy gent, and an enthusiastic Martini fan. But Acheson is sensible; he is content with no more than a four-to-one ratio. "I like," says the retiring Secretary of State, "to be at least vaguely aware of the vermouth."

Henry Cabot Lodge, who will head the United States delegation to the UN, mixes one of the finest Martinis in the Western Hemisphere. But his personal consumption usually stops after one. He favors Scotch or beer, both in moderation.

Hazardous as the standard drinks might seem, they are as milk shakes to some of the more exotic liquors available—particularly at diplomatic affairs.

Most newcomers to Washington will arrive with a record of having successfully resisted ruin by champagne, by reason of never having had enough of it put in front of them. But at embassy parties, they will be confronted with fountains of the stuff, into which anyone may dip as often as his co-ordination permits. The heady realization that here,

for the first time in his life, is *enough* champagne, has caused many a bureaucrat to take leave of a party feet first.

There are, also, the punches. Some start with rum, some with sauterne and some with innocent grape juice—but they are all deadly. The latest fad, initiated by the ineffable Mrs. Gwen Cafritz, capital social leader, is a bowl that gives forth clouds of steam and conjures up uncomfortable thoughts of the nether regions. The steam is produced by dry ice.

Then there are the national poisons. Vodka, a corrosive distillation of potato alcohol, is standard at the Russian Embassy—although ambassador Georgi Zarubin prefers Scotch. It is also pushed at the other Iron Curtain embassies, since a satellite ambassador is well aware of which side his high-ball glass is moistened on.

Beware of Dynamic Vodka Martinis

Vodka has the approximate kick of a small jet engine and should be avoided, particularly when proffered in the guise of a "vodka Martini." Taken in that form, vodka not only knocks you flat; it stomps all over you.

The Yugoslavs proudly serve something called *slivovitz*, a kind of brandy distilled from plums (not, as some victims have sworn, from second-hand sulphuric acid). Still, if you chase it down quickly enough with water, the roof of your mouth is almost sure to heal within a week.

Then there is raki, a Turkish liqueur with the flavor—and all the baleful qualities—of anisette and absinthe. General Omar N. Bradley, after sampling some hospitality at the Turkish Embassy, once commented: "Let's never fight the Turks. Bullets would just bounce off a people who can drink that stuff day in and day out."

Most top officials, having, perhaps, purchased wisdom dearly in their youth, attend as few Washington cocktail parties as possible. But almost all of them attend one occasionally; when they do, they generally proceed with caution. Joseph W. Martin, Jr., of Massachusetts, who will be Speaker of the House, is as careful in his drinking habits as he is in everything else. He doesn't care for liquor of any kind and would as soon drink Scotch as bourbon because he never takes more than a few

polite sips. Senator Taft sips Scotch absent-mindedly; no cocktails for him.

Of the holdovers, Chief Justice Fred Vinson is probably the party-goingest man in town and one of the gayest guests a hostess could desire. A Kentuckian, the chief justice naturally favors bourbon. He's a dignified drinker, but, before a party breaks up, he can sometimes be prevailed on to render My Old Kentucky Home.

Justice Tom Clark is another bourbon drinker—and so are Justices William Douglas and Sherman Minton. Justice Harold Burton and Mrs. Burton are seen everywhere, but the justice is strictly a sipper. Among other familiar faces—and bourbon drinkers—at Washington parties are Representative Sam Rayburn of Texas, the retiring Speaker, and Leslie Biffle, the retiring Senate secretary.

As the new administration swings into the height of the social season, you can expect periodic outbursts in Congress against the cocktail party. Democratic Senator Robert Kerr of Oklahoma and Senator Wayne Morse, the Oregon independent, always make at least one speech apiece about the evils of the institution, and at least one Senate chaplain has raised a plea to Heaven to protect his legislative babes-in-the-wood from the Martini. It was the late Reverend Peter Marshall who opened one session of the Senate by praying: "Almighty Father, save these, Thy servants, the chosen of the people, from the tyranny of the nonessential, from the weary round of that which saps strength, frays nerves, shortens life, and adds nothing to their usefulness to Thee and to this nation."

But, Republicans or no, Washington will probably remain the kind of town where, at day's end, a stiff slug of snake-bite remedy will seem like the best specific for the preservation of sanity. White House sources tell this story about Harry S. Truman, whose liking for an occasional sour mash bourbon and branch water sometimes troubles his physician, Major General Wallace H. Graham.

The night of the 1952 Jefferson-Jackson Day dinner, at which he announced that he would not run again, Truman is said to have come home, kicked off his shoes and rummaged through a cupboard until his hand struck the proper bottle. Then he commented thoughtfully: "The hell with Doc Graham! There are nights when a man needs a couple of good drinks of whisky."

ILLUSTRATED BY ERIC GURNEY

Where Have All the Hands?

They're working at better jobs, and so are the plumbers, baby sitters and domestics

AMERICANS have always taken service, preferably with a smile, as much for granted as fresh air or the morning paper. We have been history's most spoiled, smiled-at, experted and sales-talked people. Yet, at a prosperous time when we can afford to pay more for it, the service itself has slipped out of gear.

The symptoms are painfully clear to all of us. We see them each day in an endless reel of mislaid deliveries, missing maids and short-lived repairs. Among the villains in these minor tragicomedies of errors are snippy salespeople, slow-motion re-

pairmen—and you. As customers, we have always expected as much as possible for as little as possible from the people who serve us. The time was bound to come when that attitude would bring on service with a smirk.

I talked with many authorities—economists, sociologists, government officials and labor leaders—and most of them agreed that never before has the customer been so ill-treated, or so hard to please. The resulting decline in cheerful efficiency, the experts told me, has become a creeping, costly economic ailment. And, ironically, it is a by-prod-

uct of our present high standard of living. But how is it that good times can mean a hard time for the served and the servers alike? The main trouble, I found, is that we now have what Harvard economist Seymour Harris calls "a sellers' market in service."

In plain talk, there just aren't enough service workers to fill the boom-time demand. American employment is at a peak, with about 62,000,000 on the job. There are more professional and technical people than in 1940, and many more industrial workers.

The fatter the payroll, the louder the clamor for service. Yet the percentage of people performing service chores, compared with the total number of workers, has slumped sharply.

Take salespeople. We're buying more than ever; the dollar volume of our production has shot up by 83 per cent since 1939. But the staffs selling those products to us have increased by only about 25 per cent. Over the same years, by comparison, the number of office workers has nearly doubled.

The World Needs More Electricians

We've never needed electricians as we do now. We are switching on more and more new electrical gewgaws. Last year, we bought more than 11,000,000 radio and television sets, not to mention enormous quantities of new-type appliances—like 2,000,000 steam irons and a half-million clothes driers and a quarter of a million dishwashers. Someone must keep them repaired.

In the last 10 years, the electrical-repair industry doubled its volume of work. Yet an industry spokesman estimates that the number of repair workers has increased by as little as 10 per cent.

Not only has it become difficult to get appliances fixed, but—more important—millions of old houses are dangerously in need of modernized rewiring. As it is, they're fire hazards.

But while the shortage of electricians is a sore spot, homeowners probably have been pinched most by the virtual disappearance of houseworkers and professional putters.

Nowadays, Old Joe, the handy man who used to do odd jobs around the house, is probably pleasantly engaged in a well-paying 40-hour-a-week factory job—and who can blame him? The teen-agers who used to mow the lawn and sit with the baby no longer need the money. Their parents are earning more; the kids get an allowance or they can earn handsome pin money at part-time jobs in stores or factories.

Maids are becoming as hard to find as the pot-bellied kitchen stove. Nearly half again as many women as before the war are working—but there are 350,000 fewer household workers. The help which families once got free from unmarried female relatives is gone, too. The "maiden aunt" now is a "bachelor girl," and she has a job.

Since many workingwomen depend on domestics, full or part time, this shortage has put an irritating kink in the nation's whole economic setup. Many women sorely needed in the defense effort, for example, either lose valuable time or don't work at all because they cannot find household help. A Washington hospital reports that the main excuse for absenteeism among its married nurses is that "the maid didn't show up today."

It isn't that housework is particularly unpleasant. The Women's Bureau of the Labor Department insists that many women would just as cheerfully wield a dust rag as run a machine or punch a typewriter—if pay and working condi-



A typical complaint of service workers: the boss who always expects too much for her money—and stands there to make sure she gets it. That's a widespread gripe

Collier's for January 3, 1953

Ten Gone?

By CARLE HODGE

other years. That's why service is at an all-time low—and costing more than ever

tions were comparable and if they were properly treated, as respectable employees instead of as lackeys.

These days, a maid's mop—or a plumber's wrench—almost always can be turned in for an implement with more prestige. One Washington official recounts the white-apron-to-white-collar success story of his former housekeeper, an unpleasantly plump young woman who had worked for him seven years. Shortly after the war, she suddenly began attending night school. Then she dieted into slimmness. She now is happily employed as a bank bookkeeper.

Her endeavor pinpoints two of the shiny lures which cause service workers to cast fond eyes on new fields.

First, she understandably yearned for more pay than she could collect behind a broom. Except for such skilled craftsmen as plumbers and electricians, service workers are traditionally low-paid. And their plight is worse now than ever before: in the wartime and postwar inflation, their salaries and working conditions, meager to begin with, have not kept pace with the general rise. The average maid's salary has jumped only 51 per cent since 1939, while the cost of living has doubled.

Second, and perhaps even more important than earnings, the Washington official's former maid was striving for the kind of social respect the rest of us bestow too seldom on maids. More and more, we have tried to make the white collar the symbol of what the well-dressed American wears. That attitude, along with the influence of wider schooling and the magic spell cast by movies and advertising, has meant fewer recruits for lower-paid jobs.

"Most girls who write to the Women's Bureau," says Frances Whitelock of the Labor Department, "want glamor jobs. They want to be air-line stewardesses or television actresses or to go into the Foreign Service."

Male Movie Star in Plumber Role

So many starched-collar Americans have looked down so long on that segment of the citizenry which toils with its hands that a plumbing-trade publication waxed ecstatic a few months ago when Universal-International turned out a movie called *Just Across the Street*, in which a plumber (John Lund) not only was the clean-cut, bright-eyed hero but also got the girl, who happened to be Ann Sheridan. The publication did not imply that every plumber worth his fittings might get an Ann Sheridan, but it did murmur a "prayer that movie makers finally are laying to rest those tired old jokes about plumbers."

Besides resenting their low social status, service workers often complain that their employers don't appreciate the work done for them, and, worse, frequently don't understand it. I interviewed many maids, for example, who protested that their lady bosses expect better work than they themselves would do.

A frequent grievance of fix-it people is that the customers try to second-guess them. A plumber told me: "Housewives almost always underestimate the job. If we were always equipped to do any job, we'd have to travel in five-ton trucks. We can't, so we often have to return to the shop to pick up more supplies. Homeowners can't understand why we charge them for such trips."

Essentially, all these complaints deal with a lack of consideration on the part of the employer.

There are other gripes of a more subtle nature which fall into the same category. A Chicago janitor, who says his tenants "can't afford to have servants of their own, so they try to treat the janitor as their servant," was deeply hurt one Christmas. He received an envelope from a resident in the building, and, warm with yuletide spirit, opened it quickly. Instead of a gift, the envelope contained a note which said curtly, "I'll be home today so please keep the heat up."

There is the story (reported in a survey by restaurant owners) of a waitress who burst into tears

because a customer failed to leave a tip. It wasn't the money, that bothered the girl. She was distraught because the customer had snubbed her.

In view of the great gulf that has been developing between employer and worker, it should come as no shock that many once-buffeted tradesmen and hired girls are asserting a firm independence now that jobs are plentiful. Here's how a noted sociologist, Dr. Everett Hughes of the University of Chicago, explained it to me:

"In any matter of service, one person is doing as routine what another person regards as highly



A typical complaint of employers: the worker who starts a job and takes his own time about finishing it—like the plumber who shut off the water for four days

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY DEVLIN

important. You think your repair work is an emergency, but to the repairman it's just another chore. When there is a change in supply and demand, as there has been recently, the question of what is an emergency comes up. Right now, the performer of the service is doing the deciding, and he is inclined to believe that nothing is an emergency.

"Of course, if he were looking for customers, he'd be on the spot."

Sad Experience With a Plumber

A neighbor of mine knows precisely what the sociologist means. Not long ago, a kitchen water pipe began to leak, and a plumber was summoned. The plumber appeared four days afterward, late on a Friday afternoon, turned off all the water in the building and then ripped into the wall. After a few minutes, he reported that it was time to quit. "You'll have to leave the water off," he announced, "until I come back Monday."

On Monday he worked a few hours, then decided that the trouble all along had been the water pressure upstairs. He'd fix that the following day; he had a big job to do that afternoon. On Tuesday—eight days after the plumber was called and four days after the water was shut off—the leak in my friend's kitchen faucet was finally repaired.

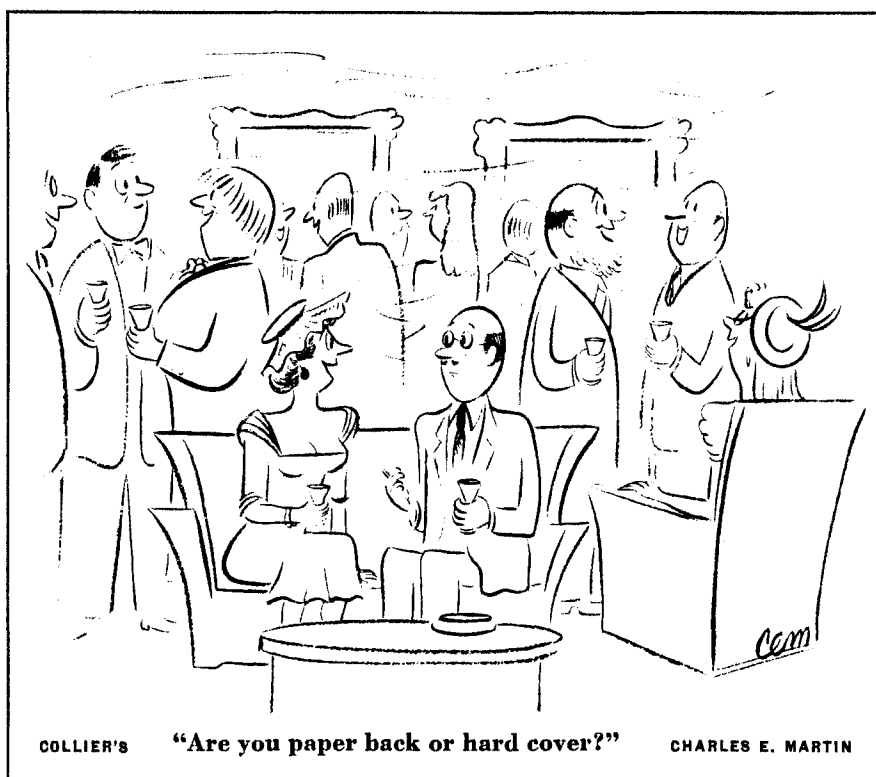
Even worse than such simple slipshoddiness, though, is what seems to be a spreading tendency to fleece the unwary. The television-repair business is an example. In St. Louis, the Better Business Bureau put its hawkshaws on the trail of a television service about which it had been peppered with complaints. A bureau investigator took a TV set in good working order, replaced a 15-cent fuse with a broken one and took the set to be repaired. A few days later, the bureau sleuth received a bill for \$32.60 for "aligning horizontal drive and frequency and adjusting horizontal and vertical hold and linearity."

Although the high-tension jargon might have impressed the unwitting, the bureau knew it was pseudotechnical jabberwocky.

However, most TV repairmen obviously would no more think of hoodwinking the public than most electricians or plumbers or service-station workers would intentionally give poor service. It is the dishonest or lazy few who burden the rest.

One official of an electrical union lays the blame, at least in his own field, to second-rate workmen, whose numbers seem to increase in good times because of a relative shortage of skilled men. "Under conditions of full employment," he says, "the level of mechanics tends to be lowered by the marginal workers who are carried along by the great demand for maintenance service."

But if there is a scarcity of skilled workers in the fix-it trades, the unions themselves must share the blame. They long have been inhospitable to newcomers. The plumbers, for example, have two craft organizations, the National Association of Master Plumbers and an AFL union of journeymen plumbers. Robert T. Morrill of Beloit, Wisconsin, national apprenticeship chairman of the master plumbers, told me flatly that "neither the masters nor the journeymen are keen about having more apprentices."



COLLIER'S

"Are you paper back or hard cover?"

CHARLES E. MARTIN

Keen or not, the plumbers are being forced to relent. Next year, the two organizations will sponsor an active recruiting program.

Faulty services, whatever their intricate causes may be, are gnawing like hidden termites at the American business structure, as well as at the repair trades.

A recent survey of laundries, as an example, uncovered an overflow of customer complaints—20 per cent more than two years earlier. And remember

the swarms of gasoline-station attendants who used to wipe your road-stained windshield and check your tires? A checkup disclosed recently that less than half the stations were including those added favors.

Some time ago, the New York University School of Retailing polled young workingwomen on their chief gripes against department stores. The career girls were irked most, NYU found, by discourtesy and an insufficiency of salesclerks. At about the same

time, the Willmark Service System, an organization paid by retail stores to keep tab on employee-customer relations, reported a new rock bottom in the efficiency of salespeople. A later survey showed improvement, and a Willmark official said that the reason undoubtedly was increased employer interest.

Like the Willmark official, a top retailing authority lays the blame for discourtesy squarely on management. "Show me a store," he says, "where management regards retailing as a public service, and not merely as a way to coin cash, and I'll show you a store with hard-working and courteous salespeople."

The significance of poor workmanship and low morale in the services goes far deeper than the irritated customer—or the apathetic employer—might suppose.

"What worries me," Sumner Slichter, another Harvard economist, told me, "is the vast waste of money brought on by inaccuracy and inefficiency. Mistakes by overworked and poorly supervised people run up costs. This waste touches our whole economy."

Professor Slichter related a personal experience which, except for minor details, might well be the story of any one of millions of us:

"We ordered a crib and a mattress recently for our granddaughter. A choice of two kinds of wood was offered. My wife decided on birch, but the store sent maple. Rather than go through the bother of sending the crib back, we decided to keep the maple—though the color didn't match the other furniture.

"But the wrong mattress was also delivered. In the case of the mattress, we felt that we had to get what we had ordered, so the store had to make an extra trip to take back the wrong mattress and deliver the right one."

Unfair Expense to Consumer

Someone must pay for needless extra trips, for mistakes corrected, for work done over. Who digs down?

Ultimately, you, the consumer.

The statisticians have not tried even to guess the amount of cash which ebbing service washes down the American drain, but they agree it must be staggering.

There's a bizarre footnote to the postwar spiral: the cost of mass-producing many low-cost items—inexpensive clocks, say—has dropped, while the fee for repairing them has rocketed. It's often cheaper to buy a new one than to repair the old.

And besides clocks, one repairman pointed out to me, fountain pens, irons, vacuum cleaners and sometimes even higher-priced merchandise often sell for less than major repairs would cost. I have a table-model radio for which I paid \$14 in 1945. In the past nine months, I've spent \$16 having it doctored. I would have been better off, obviously, buying a new one, even at slightly higher prices.

Most of my money went into salary for the repairman, who, like the rest of us, is paying fatter grocery bills. It is one of the little incongruities of our assembly-line age that the labor costs for manufacturing a gadget can be less than it costs one man to repair it.

The trouble is that most of us, though



COLLIER'S

"Then tomorra you'd tell th' kid a mean ol' burglar swiped it. No, thanks"

LARRY REYNOLDS

Place the missing service workers

We have outlived the nickel hamburger and the five-cent shoeshine, still think of most services—when we can get them at all—in terms of our 1939 budgets. We react angrily when the cost is so much higher than our expectations—and especially angrily when the workmanship isn't all it might be. Fortunately, there are some antidotes.

Workshops for Smart Fixers

We are learning to do more for ourselves. Many unhandy men—I'm an example—couldn't repair a radio even if Marconi stood by to offer advice. But there are enough skilled putterers to have made fix-it-yourself a booming business. Businessmen have started garages in Cleveland and in Parkland, Washington, where motorists can rent space and tools to repair their own cars, and many lumberyards and stores now offer build-it-yourself lumber and hardware kits.

Because of the growing popularity of washing machines, the commercial laundry business has slowed down the past few years. But the self-service laundries are going strong, a good example of how technology tends to solve eventually the problems it helps create.

Some wise plumbers have set up "faucet bars" in their shops. Instead of paying the plumber for the time it takes him to visit your home, you take your faucets to him to be repaired.

A young Manhasset, Long Island, industrial engineer heard so much griping about the servant situation that he put his scientific know-how to work on the supposedly simple task of house cleaning. Now he runs a company which dispatches two-man teams, laden with specially designed equipment and time-cutting tricks, to tidy up suburban homes. No housemaid could do the job so cheaply.

In my own neighborhood in Manhattan, an ex-boxer named Jerry Francis has, in a dozen years, parlayed a bent for mending typewriters into a bustling we-do-anything shop employing more than 20 assistants. Jerry and his men will give your frostbitten sedan a push on wintry mornings, or custom-build you a television set. They have repaired crutches, hearing aids, baby carriages, bikes and plumbing. They can unlock your front door if you forget the key, or send your dog for stud.

But not all the Mr. Fix-its nor all the handy home kits can put Humpty Dumpty together again. Slipping service usually can be traced back to the plain old problem of a good-neighbor policy. Not every servicer can be expected to purr like a contented cat while he tinkers in your basement. Nor is man constructed so amiably that all customers will beam fondly upon those they hire. The problem of the irascible employer and the irritated worker is still a bothersome one.

Formulas for Good Service

What can you do?

If you're a service worker, find out what you are expected to accomplish and how much you will be paid. Then, if you agree to take on the task, perform your best. Don't do a half job because you think the money you're being paid is too little.

If you're the customer, hire a competent service worker and then let him finish the job *his* way. He's the expert. Keep your part of the bargain, and expect no more from the worker. If you call in a plumber to replace a pipe, don't expect a free sink-scrub, or floors waxed or the dog walked.

These are simple, almost trite, golden rules. But without them we never again will have service with a smile. ▲▲▲

NED HILTON



"I'll take the coffee ice cream," I said without hesitation

Never Mind Me

By PARKE CUMMINGS

AS I finished the last bite of a bacon-and-tomato sandwich at lunch on a recent Saturday my wife announced: "There's enough coffee ice cream left over from last night for one of us, and there's also a helping of apricots. Which would you prefer?"

"The ice cream," I said promptly.

She doled it out to me, took the apricots for herself, sat down and subsequently remarked: "We haven't made any plans for tonight. There's a pretty good movie playing at the Palace—a musical that's supposed to have some wonderful ballet scenes. Or we could have somebody in for bridge."

"Have someone in for bridge," I told her.

"Of course it's pretty late to get somebody for a Saturday night," Virginia pointed out, "but we could try. The Pattersons, for instance, or the Shrivvers."

"The Shrivvers," I said.

Virginia put down her spoon, glared at me and demanded: "What's got into you?"

"What do you mean, what's got into me?" I countered, taken aback.

"Have you got a headache or a hang-over or something?" she pursued.

"I haven't got a headache or a hang-over or something," I told her. "I feel fine."

"Then why do you keep snapping at me?" she demanded.

"Snapping?" I asked. "I've been snapping?"

"I asked you whether you wanted ice cream or apricots, and you said ice cream."

"True," I confessed. "I happen to prefer ice cream."

"It seems to me you could have had the consideration to ask what I preferred," she pointed out. "And you could have waited to see whether I wanted to go to the movies or stay home and play bridge or whether I'd rather have the Patter—"

"Oh," I said, "so that's it. Well, the fact of the matter is that I've been reading an article."

"What was the name of the article?" she demanded.

I hesitated. "As a matter of fact," I confessed, "I've been reading a good many articles on the same general subject. There was one called Get off the Fence! There was another one entitled Don't Be a Mealy-

mouth and another one, Can You Call Your Mind Your Own?"

"What were they about?" asked Virginia.

"Indecisiveness," I said. "The burden of all of them is that it can be as detrimental to a happy marriage as selfishness."

"I don't get it."

"Let me explain," I offered. "Suppose when you had asked me whether I wanted ice cream or apricots I had countered by asking you what you wanted."

"That's what you should have done," she declared.

"You've already said that," I pointed out. "Well, you'd simply have come back by saying you asked me what I preferred."

"How do you know I would have?" she challenged.

"Because you've done it before—lots of times. Take last summer when we debated whether we should take my vacation at a place where I could get in some good tennis or whether we should go to Mossip Lake to be near your cousins. We each kept insisting the other one should decide, and we'd probably still be at it if the kids hadn't insisted on going to Lake Mossip."

"That's ancient history," said Virginia, "and I think you owe me an apology for being so selfish just now."

"The apology is herewith tendered," I said. "I'm sorry I took the ice cream if that's what you wanted, and I really don't care if we go to the movies or play bridge. Furthermore, whom we invite, if we do decide to play bridge, is a matter of complete—"

"Oh, no you don't," interrupted my helpmate. "You've said your piece, and we're playing bridge—with the Shrivvers if we can get them. That decision's been made." She paused a moment. "We might ask them to dinner too. What do you think?"

"Up to you," I said.

"I asked you."

"Be very pleasant to have them to dinner," I conceded. "On the other hand, it would be less trouble and I'd be perfectly happy just to eat with my family and—"

Virginia sighed despairingly. "It certainly would be nice," she said, "to be married to a man who could make up his mind."

What's new downtown? ▲▲▲



LOCKE

"Vera and I are going to the party as Lady Godiva and her horse. Is she ready yet?"

COLLIER'S

LAKE LOCKE



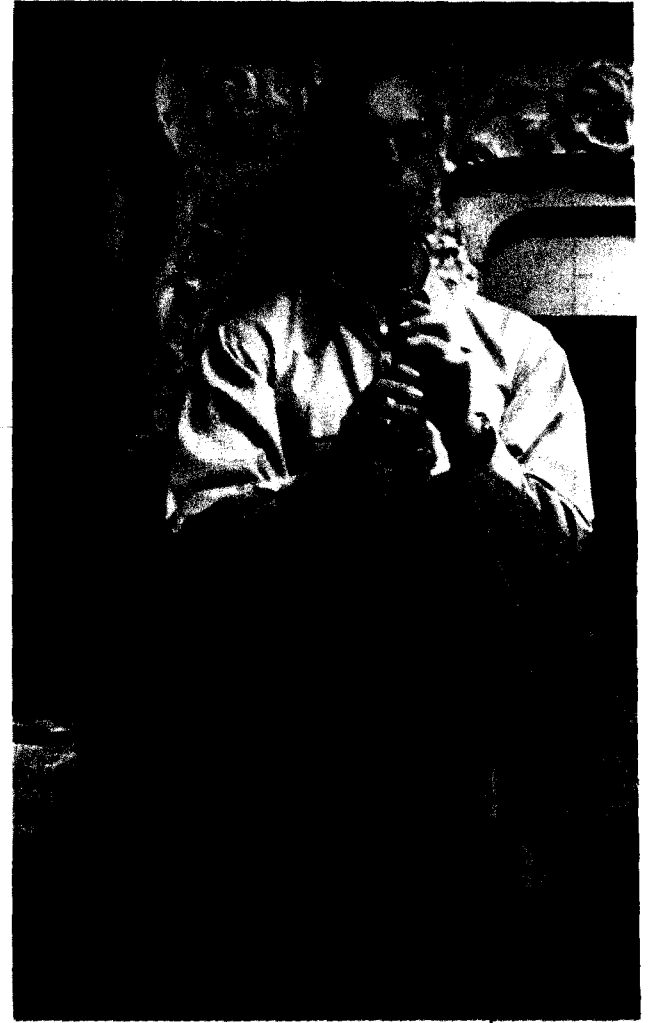
A man of many hobbies, Wally Cox's pursuits include sculpturing nudes and the study of all types of outdoor life. Despite TV success, he lives in one-room New York apartment

Anthony Randall, who plays Wally's history-teacher pal, Harvey Weskit, on Mr. Peepers show, is also a real-life friend. Here the two rest after strenuous game of paddle ball



WALLY

Portraying a wistful little scie



Wally often whiles away time playing folk tunes on a 17th-century-type flute called a recorder

Once a jeweler, he works on silver chess set in shop now run by Marlon Brando's brother-in-law



COX IS "MR. PEEPERS"

Teacher on television is more than a role. Even off camera, the new comedy star is a devoted bird watcher

By JAMES POLING

AT a last-minute dress rehearsal of TV's newest situation comedy, Mr. Peepers, the director asked the star to play a certain scene with his coat buttoned. Wally Cox, who plays the scholarly Mr. Peepers, obligingly fastened his jacket. But in place of a button there was a safety pin. Director James Sheldon, accustomed to the idiosyncrasies of his star, made a mental note, however, to have a button sewed on before showtime. "But I suddenly realized," says Sheldon, "that the safety pin was more in character with the role. And it also struck me that it was getting increasingly difficult to tell where Wally Cox left off and the fictional Mr. Peepers began."

TV's Robinson Peepers is a young general science teacher at a mythical Jefferson Junior High. He is a gentle, owl-like young man who is at home in the world of flora and fauna, but constantly perplexed by that of his fellow teachers, his school board, his P.T.A., his pupils and his principal. He accepts things philosophically, but he is not much concerned with the material things of life. His interests are pedantic and he constantly peppers his pupils with unworldly didacticisms, delivered in a small, precise, prissy voice—No, he says, he doesn't think the oyster can be called exactly a volunteer friend of man; Yes, he does think tonsils can be useful to some people; No, he doesn't think we know just how fast the dinosaur could run.

Mr. Peepers also has his side line. He writes for Petal and Stem on such pressing subjects as Are You Starving Your Dirt?, or Who Will Get to Your Lima Beans First?—You or the Japanese Beetle?

The emergence of Wally Cox as Mr. Peepers has been one of the high lights of the current television season. His sudden success amuses Wally, hitherto a little-known comedian, because he thinks he knows one of the reasons for it.

"Everyone but my friends has always taken it for granted I'm ridiculous in real life," he says quite dispassionately. "I gave this matter much thought and I decided that since people laughed at me, I'd play me. It's gainful employment."

Wally, himself, is a wistful individual about the size of an ax handle, who says he does "odd comedian jobs." He also does odd jobs of flower watching and bird watching, and he is unquestionably much more at home in the world of flora and fauna than he is in the world of Television Row.

In his day he has made his own shoes; carried a sharp pocketknife with which to assault restaurant meat; and gone about with a pocket alarm clock, set to remind him of phone calls he wants to make—little eccentricities not ordinarily found in the high-powered world of TV. Even his most casual speech is ornamented with thoughtful absurdities—No, he says, he doesn't think matzo balls are as satisfactory a food as they are a weapon; Yes, he does think Paris could be an exciting metropolis—for coin collectors; No, he doesn't believe an interior decorator would be able to locate an antique foam-rubber mattress.

Wally's side line is writing, and last year his play Violets Are Blue, about a sad and unwanted rose bush, came perilously close to production.

It is not surprising, therefore, that director Sheldon sometimes finds it difficult to tell where Wally leaves off and Mr. Peepers begins.

Even at rehearsals of the show, which is sponsored by Reynolds Metals, it is a question whether it is Wally or Mr. Peepers who sets the tone. Un-

like most first-string productions, a lecture-hall calm hangs over the five days of intensive run-throughs that precede the show. Voices are well modulated, emergencies are few, and the cast and production crew alike seem to live and breathe the atmosphere of Jefferson Junior High.

Wally, a highly punctual young man, arrives at rehearsals on the dot, walking to the studio by a route scientifically planned to avoid all red lights. There he puts in long hours rehearsing the quiet misadventures of Mr. Peepers; using the intellectual approach toward a recalcitrant ice tray in the privacy of his furnished room; practicing alone in his closet for a Saturday-night date with the school nurse; or pleading with the faculty to spare a family of myrtle warblers who have nested in the school clock.

Peepers situations are so plainly stamped with the Cox personality, it is hard to believe he doesn't write the show himself. And his offbeat reactions to everyday happenings, like those of Wally Cox himself, are the crux of his humor.

Sausage for Breakfast on Payday

For instance, Mr. Peepers will explain to the TV audience, "Being a single bachelor, I usually eat my breakfast in the drugstore. I have the same thing every morning—prune juice and two scrambled eggs. On payday, of course, I usually go a little crazy and get a side order of piggy sausages. For lunch they have specials, like this one here for instance. It's called the businessman's lunch—appetizer, coffee and dessert, for only 40 cents. Sometimes I order that at noon." Looking carefully around to be sure that no one overhears him, he confides, "They don't know I'm not a businessman."

Having arrived at a time when it seemed strategically sound to spend a sociable evening with his girl friend's parents, Peepers' fellow teachers try to prepare him for the occasion. They tell him he must be entertaining, do card tricks, bird calls, tell jokes. But he is reluctant.

"I never do very well in the competitive race for smart things to say. In a word, one might simply say I'm just not peppy, I lack dash. I only know one funny story. It's my favorite. I used it in my college thesis. But I'm afraid they wouldn't get it. It's in Latin, one of those swell jokes Cicero used to get off."

Although he sometimes sits in on writers' conferences, the script is the product of David Swift, who thought up the characters, and Jim Fritzell.

"Playing me" is a relatively new role for Wallace Maynard Cox. So, for that matter, is gainful employment—even though he accepts with monumental calm the fact that his weekly salary has grown, in five years, from \$40 to \$1,500. Mr. Peepers made his first bow on NBC-TV just last summer, and by the end of the season had reached a 32.8 Nielsen rating, soaring above such programs as Suspense, Robert Montgomery Presents and Burns and Allen shows. And he has since been put into the choice 7:30-8:00 spot on Sunday night on the network's winter schedule.

Under less benevolent moons than shone last summer, Wally had cast only a small shadow over the entertainment world. As a satirical monologist, who occasionally whistled Bach fugues for encores, he made his theatrical debut in the winter of 1948 at the Village Vanguard, a Manhattan night club,



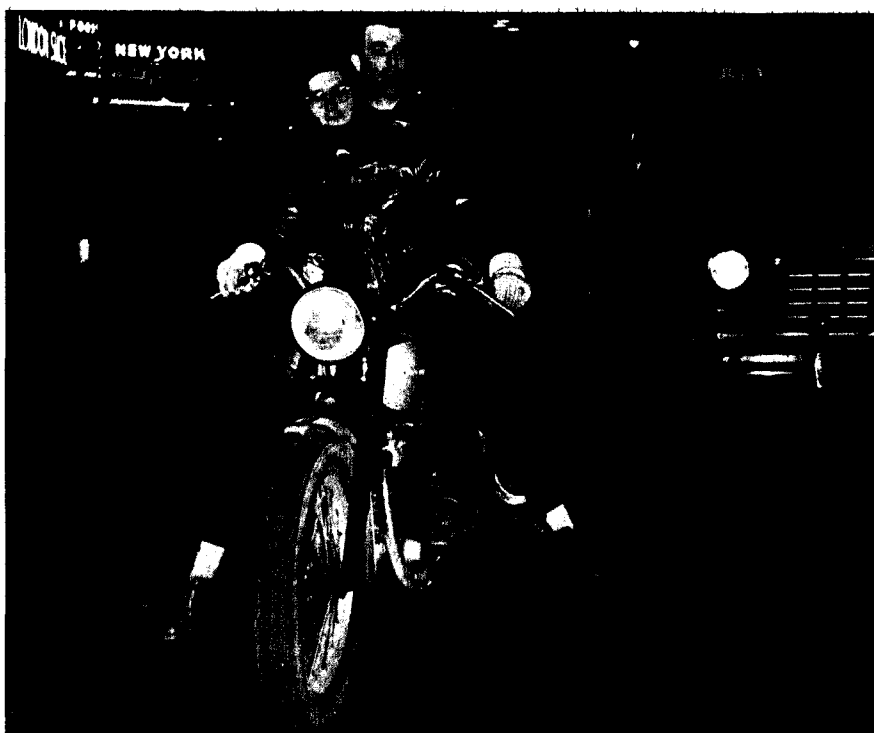
Shy Mr. Peepers' TV flame is Patricia Benoit. She plays school nurse at Jefferson Junior High

In typical Peepers dilemma, he is forced to bowl with faculty when he has date with nurse



PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JERRY YULSMAN

Wally has yet to meet a Jones he wants to keep up with. With his new weal



With television actor Earl Hammond as the passenger on one of his two motorcycles, helmeted Wally Cox stops for a red light in Times Square

wearing his only suit, an ancient, shabby combination of chocolate gabardine slacks and light brown tweed coat. At the end of his week's engagement he had earned \$50, almost as many compliments on the "subtlety of his costume," and a small cadre of fans—chiefly, he says, "among people who like to sit on floors at parties."

In the next three years he played engagements in four more night clubs, made guest appearances on 35 radio and TV shows, got a radio job as an off-stage whistle, bought a new suit, and gave a performance in an ill-fated Broadway revue, *Dance Me a Song*, that won him high personal praise from the critics.

He Gave the MC a Hard Time

During this period he had only one real opportunity to play himself. He made one of his first TV appearances on the Garry Moore show in 1950. When he had finished his monologues, Moore began the conventional guest-star interview. He tried to query Wally about his days as a silversmith, his experiences as a herb gardener, his addiction to motorcycles, and his technique of mending his clothes with plastic cement. But Wally wasn't interested in biographical exhibitionism.

Garry finally became so desperate he asked, "Have you read any good books lately?" Wally brightened. "It so happens," he said, "that just this morning I was reading a 1921 issue of the *National Geographic* in which a verbose gentleman had much to say about the ant lion's voracious appetite for aphids. Now, how can one pretend to be profound on such a subject? Everyone knows you just walk up to an aphid and start eating."

Garry, a first-rate showman, gave Wally his head for the remainder of the interview. The mail response to Wally's unique humor was so heavy that Moore eventually used him as a guest star on 16 programs—always letting him roam at will through a world peopled with aphids and cabbages and kings.

In October, 1951, Wally won his first-hour-long, starring role in the Philco Television Playhouse presentation of *The Copper*. David Swift, while writing this comedy in Hollywood, had amused himself by drawing on his manuscript pen-and-ink sketches of the little, unworldly, bewildered rookie cop he had created. When Swift finally saw Wally—with his fluttery hands, doltish grin, five feet six inches, 130 pounds, unruly hair and horn-rimmed glasses—he did a startled double-take. "It was a damned eerie feeling," he says. "Wally could have modeled for my sketches. The resemblance was almost photographic."

As a result of Wally's sensational performance in *The Copper*, NBC asked Swift to build a whole program around the little, offbeat comedian—a request that resulted in the *Mr. Peepers* show.

Wally's whole life has had a Peepersish quality. His sister, Eleanor, who works for a New York magazine, remembers him as "a funny little boy around the house who used to read the dictionary and go around trying out new words on us."

"He was so vague he often used to put food in his mouth then forget to chew it. We had to call him back from his private world and remind him to eat. And he always had his strange sense of humor. When a foreign family we once knew changed its unpronounceable name to Shaw, Wally asked me if they spelled it with a P. And I remember a letter he wrote for a high-school business-correspondence assignment. It was addressed to a mythical insurance company, setting forth a claim for damages as the result of an auto accident, and he began it: 'Gentlemen: Yesterday I passed another car just after the nick of time...'"

Wally says he was always the runt the gang tied to trees and forgot, and that the story of his youth is contained in the phrase, "Go away, you can't play with us." And he contends that he was forced into comedy by a universal childhood prejudice. "Kids always have an animosity to scholarship," he says, "and

I always got good grades because I was afraid to get bad ones. So I became the clown, as a means of keeping friendships while still giving correct answers."

Soon after his birth in Detroit, 28 years ago, Wally's parents were divorced. With the exception of two high-school years with his father, he spent an ambulatory life with his mother who, until her death last year, wrote mystery stories under the name of Eleanor Blake. He was nurtured on reference books like *Legal Medicine* and *Toxicology* instead of the adventures of Tom Swift or The Rover Boys.

Studies Cut Short by Draft

After attending nine different grammar schools and high schools, he settled, with his sister and mother, in New York. It was only after he'd taken root in macadam, Wally says, that he developed his insatiable curiosity about nature and natural science. In 1942, he entered the City College of New York to study botany, but was almost immediately drafted. He spent four months, Peepers-fashion, as a foot soldier in the Army, before his unusual susceptibility to heatstroke brought about his discharge.

When he returned to New York his inquiring mind led him to take an aptitude test to determine where his future lay. Confronted with Wally's complex personality, the test fell apart at the seams.

"My testers told me I shouldn't try to use my head because it didn't work very well," Wally says. "I was advised to engage solely in manual activities, although they thought I might possibly be good at memorizing and identifying paintings, which didn't strike me as a very negotiable skill. This sage advice cost only \$20 and four years of my life."

Wally obligingly enrolled in New York University's School of Industrial Arts in 1943. He studied handicrafts and supported himself with some odd jobs: working for a silversmith; weaving cloth; posing as an artist's model; and teaching the Lindy hop at the Mary

Bruce Dance School "... for \$1.50 a night and some rum cake."

In 1946 he went into business for himself, as a designer and manufacturer of jewelry, with a factory on Tenth Avenue, in the kitchen of his cold-water flat. He connected a soldering torch to his gas stove, thus outfitting his kitchen as a workshop, and furnished his other three rooms with a bed. He lived in this apartment for two years with a family of mice, for whom he left food on the floor, and a Christmas tree which he never got around to decorating or discarding.

Wally's customers were mostly exclusive Madison Avenue haberdashery shops to whom he delivered tiepins, tie clasps and cuff links, samples of which he took around wrapped in pieces of old shirts or last week's newspaper. He was regarded as a talented craftsman and a less talented businessman. It was a good week when he cleared \$40.

During this period he took to traveling around New York on roller skates. These were consciously chosen as an antidote for his extreme self-consciousness. He knew people would stare at him, and that he'd either have to overcome his self-consciousness or be overcome by it. When he no longer cared whether people stared at him or not, he abandoned his skates—they'd served their purpose.

Pfc Inspires a Monologue

Once he was freed of the more debilitating aspects of his shyness, he was able to start developing another phase of his talent. After his return from the Army he had entertained at a family party with a monologue in which he satirized an absurd Pfc he'd had the misfortune to encounter, and his listeners had laughed. Later, at another party, his sister urged him to repeat the performance—and, again, he held his audience.

Wally found center stage a very satisfying spot to occupy, quickly developed three other monologues—based on a grammar-school teacher, a scout-



In pleasant weather, Wally likes to picnic on his rural property with friends: dancer Marilyn Gennaro (l.), actress Reba Tassel and Randall

Collier's for January 3, 1953

he bought an overcoat, a third suit, and a motorcycling jacket

naster and a Greenwich Village Dead End Kid—and became a professional party-attender. He went to any party to which he could obtain an invitation, in order to have an audience to practice on. Nor would he forget to bring his little pliers' box as he left for the evening's assemblage. It held his jewelry samples. According to his sister, his parting words usually were, "Well, I'm off for an evening of rehearsal and festive salesmanship."

Wally might have grown old as the life-of-the-party had he not run into Marlon Brando on the street one afternoon. Wally and the star of *A Streetcar Named Desire*, *The Men*, and *Viva Zapata!* had been schoolmates together in the fourth grade at Evanston, Illinois.

Reunion on Seventh Avenue

At the time of the encounter they hadn't seen each other since childhood, and Brando had not yet achieved stardom. According to Fran Loving, Marlon's sister, they met at a grocer's empty hand-delivery cart, parked at the curb in a busy section of New York's Seventh Avenue. Brando was trying to persuade his sister, Frances, to crawl into the cart so that he could take her for a ride. She was bitterly opposed to the idea. Wally came along and said, "Hello, Marlon." Marlon said, "Hello, Wally," and immediately launched into a denunciation of his sister's unwillingness to co-operate in a venture that was obviously of high merit. It was Wally's considered opinion that Frances Brando was acting like a stuffed shirt. So he crawled into the grocer's cart. And, Frances says, "Marlon pushed Wally off down the street and they've been in complete rapport ever since."

They became constant companions, and Brando, as he progressed in the theater, took Wally to parties more and more populated by theatrical people. Wally performed before tougher and tougher audiences. One night, in 1948, Wally gave his monologues at a party given by Betty Comden, motion-picture and musical-comedy writer. When he finished, Judy Freed, an NBC policy editor, cornered him, told him he was wonderful and asked him if he'd like her to arrange an audition for him with her friend, Max Gordon, owner of the *Village Vanguard*. According to Judy, "He said he wouldn't mind, and then pulled a white cardboard box out of his pocket and tried to sell me some jewelry."

She ignored the jewelry and arranged the audition, which won Wally an engagement at the *Vanguard* and launched his theatrical career. Eventually, after he'd become convinced he could earn a living as an entertainer, he abandoned his mice, his Christmas tree and the jewelry business, and took an apartment with Brando at 53 West Fifty-seventh Street.

Those were halcyon days. They lived in dungarees and T-shirts, ignored shaving, bought electric train sets, and chugged happily about on their motorcycles.

Brando gave Wally the nickname "Walrus"—"because it evoked some small satire of my solemnity," Wally explains. Wally had calling cards printed bearing the message *Walrus was here*. Brando practiced on his conga drums and Wally worried about the neighbors. Wally tried futilely to

keep Brando from cheating at monopoly, a game they both loved, and Brando futilely tried to make a competent sparring partner out of Wally. Together, they shattered August's soggy air practicing Christmas carols. Obviously, such a calm and tranquil state of affairs couldn't last.

Brando made one of his periodic trips to Hollywood, to make *Viva Zapata!* He brought Russell back with him when he returned. Wally tolerated Russell as long as he could, then said, "Russell must go." When Russell didn't, he did.

Russell was a raccoon; reputedly the most destructive *Procyon lotor* ever held captive. "Russell not only had a repulsive personality, he gnawed on everything," Wally says; "people, hair and ukuleles. I didn't so much mind his eating my shoes, but when he started gnawing through my suit to get at the candy in my pockets, I left."

He got another suit and a new apartment. And, since he earns \$1,500 a week, this one-room apartment stands as a symbol of Wally's attitude toward success, possessions and money. The apartment is furnished with two chairs, a bed and a desk. It serves him as a workshop as well as a bed-living and drawing room. In it he whittles, plays on the recorder, sculpts, writes and sings duets in which Wally-in-person harmonizes with Wally-on-a-tape-recorder.

His attitude is, "I've got chairs to sit on, a bed to sleep in, and a desk I can either work or eat on. There's a cupboard where I can store shirts, and I've a view of the Hudson. What more do I need?" Nothing he can think of at the moment, except, possibly, a second motorcycle to serve him when his present one is being repaired.

Why He Enjoys Having Money

Money has only one real value, in his opinion—if you can accumulate enough of it you become "unemployment-proof." He has yet to meet a Jones he wants to keep up with, and he has yet to spend a penny to symbolize his success. He has bought himself a new overcoat, a third suit, and a



Wally bird-watches from swing on land he owns near New York City

leather motorcycling jacket. And he takes his friends—largely those he had when he thought \$40 a week was more than ample—to good restaurants, with evident delight in his ability to entertain them.

The fact that sudden success has in no real sense altered Wally's approach to life is highly significant, according to his friend Alan Brandt, publicity director of the New York radio station WNEW. "It proves to me," Brandt says, "that Wally, although a really off-beat character, is in no sense a guy who's trying to be a character. He is a man who has asked himself a lot of questions about how he wants to live and what his values are. And he's arrived at completely independent answers. I don't know anyone who is under less social pressure than he is. And it isn't that he doesn't care what anyone thinks of him; it's that he cares more about what he thinks of himself."

Wally and His Four Freedoms

Wally's independent answers are simple, but all-encompassing. He wants to be unemployment-proof, to have a home life, to be free to write, and to have time to wallow in nature whenever he so desires.

Success has at least carried him part way toward his last desire. It brought him the money to buy two heavily wooded, very sharply tilted, rock-encrusted acres on a Rockland County, New York, hillside. Aside from his work, these have become the focal point of his life.

Wally intends to build a house on his land, with his own hands. "As a social gesture I shall include plumbing," he says. He has been working on his project for over a year and a half. The house site has been cleared somewhat; a 30-foot swing and a long swinging rope have been hung from the limb of a towering oak, flowers and radishes are planted at appropriate seasons and ground has been broken for the house.

There are good and sufficient reasons for the slow progress he is making. One day during the last Indian summer, he removed seven shovelfuls of dirt from his foundation trench, smote his earth three times with a pick, and placed 11 heavy rocks in a declivity of the roadbed of what he fondly believes is someday going to be his driveway—though it is apparent to even the inexperienced eye that the only sane way to travel to the crest of his land is by funicular railway.

He also spent an interlude on his swing, resting from his labors; discovered a gray wolf spider that excited his interest; located an American hop hornbeam tree, whose wood is so heavy it sinks in water; came across a *Lobelia Siphilitica* plant, a blue wild flower the American Indians erroneously thought to be a cure for syphilis; and visited at some length with a family of four salamanders. In the afternoon he took a motorcycle ride through the rock-strewn woods.

A friend says, "Nothing interesting ever happens when I go into the woods. Isn't it strange how they seem to come to life and perform for Wally?"

Considering that Wally performs largely to earn the money which will give him the leisure to enjoy the woods, it seems only fitting that they should reciprocate in kind. ▲▲▲



For Variety
SPICE YOUR LIFE WITH
MYERS

Wake up your taste with a tempting Myers's Rum Old Fashioned! Your guests will be delighted . . . your party more enjoyable.

Write for FREE Rum Recipe Booklet.

Traditional,
dark
**JAMAICA
RUM**
97 Proof



Not too heavy,
not too light—
but
**RIGHT-
BODIED**

Dept. D, R. U. Delapenha & Co., Inc.
655 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

**I BANISHED
DRAGGLE-TOP**
(Disorderly—Unruly Hair)

**This
EASY WAY**

Rub a few drops of
SURLAY on your hair;
comb; presto—
Draggle-Top is gone!
Gives you new confi-
dence; holds hair in
place; helps control
dandruff; gives lus-
trous healthy looking
hair. Look your best,
with—



Sur-Lay
HAIR DRESSING

AT
DRUG STORES • BARBER SHOPS

FLORIDA...

Nice homesites \$245 at \$10 monthly. New development adjoining Ocala National Forest. Best fishing, hunting. Folder free. Webb Vernor, DeLand, Florida.

**RELIEVES
PAIN OF
HEADACHE
NEURALGIA
NEURITIS**

FAST

The way thousands
of physicians and
dentists recommend



Here's Why...

Anacin® is like a doctor's prescription. That is, Anacin contains not one but a combination of medically proved active ingredients. Anacin is specially compounded to give FAST, LONG LASTING relief. Don't wait. Buy Anacin today.



ERIC GURNEY

J. Stalin Please Note

WE BELONG to the old-fashioned or Irving Berlin school of thought which holds that a pretty girl is like a melody, and not like a domestic pet. So we heaved a sizable sigh of relief when we read that the "animal influence" in women's hair styles is a thing of the past. In other words, the poodle cut and the pony tail have been ruled out. The good news must be accepted as authentic, for the ruling came out of the annual meeting of the National Hairdressers and Cosmetologists Association in Milwaukee.

This is the same organization, we feel sure, which solemnly decreed some three years ago that the girls should earnestly strive to resemble a clipped dog or a pony's crowning posterior glory. Just why they should was something we never did figure out. Neither, we imagine, did millions of women who nevertheless promptly hustled to the hairdresser's for a crimped crew cut, or else tied back their hair in a tolerable facsimile of Dobbin's caudal appendage.

They accepted without question that the "animal influence" was smart and becoming. Now, and still unquestioningly, they will accept the dictum that the zoological trend is dead. The time will shortly be upon us when a girl would no more be seen with a poodle cut than she would be seen in a pair of Army shoes.

Maybe the male's griping puzzlement over women's styles is old stuff. But it isn't any older

than the mystery of why the gals jump through the hoop in response to something which is, or anyway used to be, called the "dictates of fashion." If the term isn't still in use it should be. For the world of fashion is a real dictatorship. And it is the only dictatorship which works perfectly and painlessly—except, perhaps, on the pocketbook.

The fashion dictatorship doesn't need any secret police or concentration camps to enforce its "party line," and to apprehend and punish the nonconformists. This happy situation might well arouse a bit of envy in the breasts of J. Stalin & Company, who have a party line of their own, and who employ an army of enforcers to see that their subjects think and do as they're told.

The dictators of fashion have no such problem of conformity. The desire to look a *little* different, but—Heaven forbid—not *too* different, is quite enough to make the ladies toe the mark.

Perhaps Stalin would be smart, and the rest of the world would be happier, if he let some of his bright boys off the leash and sent them forth into the Western World to study the bloodless techniques of persuasion as practiced by Dior, Fath, Balenciaga, Hattie Carnegie and others of the high-style hierarchy. Including, of course, the National Hairdressers and Cosmetologists Association.

Worth Every Nickel, Zog

WE NOTE that former King Zog of Albania has paid \$2,914.50 in back taxes on his Long Island estate to the treasurer of Nassau County, New York. Paid 'em under protest, too.

For ex-King Zog feels that he should enjoy sovereign immunity from personal or real-estate taxes. And his attorney claims that putting the bite on his deposed majesty is a violation of international law and of treaties between Albania and the United States.

It seems to us that Zog's viewpoint is a little behind the times, and we bleed only slightly at his plight. Apparently he has forgotten that he is residing not only in the land of the free, but also of the free and equal. The exile who settles down among us to enjoy the blessings of liberty must be prepared to get up some cash now and then to keep the machinery of liberty working. That goes for kings as well as commoners, and it is an eminently fair arrangement.

It may be that King Zog's successor, General Enver Hoxha, Albania's puppet premier, lives a tax-free existence over in Tirana, but it can scarcely be a carefree existence. For the general can look about him in the other Balkan "people's republics" and see what happens to puppet functionaries who fail to toe the exact line that the Kremlin has drawn—like the unhappy gentlemen in Czechoslovakia, for recent example.

No question about it, the vacated throne of Albania has become a hot seat, and King Zog is lucky to be where he is these days. Under the circumstances, we'd say that he has got his \$2,914.50 worth. And we rather hope that he won't push his philosophy of the divine right of monarchical tax evasion any further.

New Lives for Free

MOST OF OUR READERS probably saw a recent newspaper story, out of Detroit, about an operation in which a mechanical heart was successfully substituted for the patient's during the course of surgery. And they may recall a sentence in that story which read: "General Motors engineers helped develop the mechanical heart, and are working on (an) artificial lung for humans."

That one sentence interested us particularly, so we did a little inquiring. And we found that the people at the General Motors Research Laboratories had done all the engineering details and construction of this new, intricate and delicate instrument "as a public service"—in other words, for free. They are doing the same for the artificial lung, which, if it works as well as the mechanical heart, should permit surgeons to detour blood from both the heart and lungs and thus make possible operations which previously had been highly dangerous or impossible.

And that's all we have to say on the matter, except to remark that this public service bolsters our contention that big corporations are not so heartless, money-hungry and generally wicked as some "liberal" economists make them out to be. GM's construction was not an example of the "diversified industry" that we hear and read about. The company is not going into the business of making these lifesaving surgical aids. It just contributed the services of its men and their skills and facilities to build the first model of a machine which, we trust, will save many lives in the years to come.

Collier's for January 3, 1953

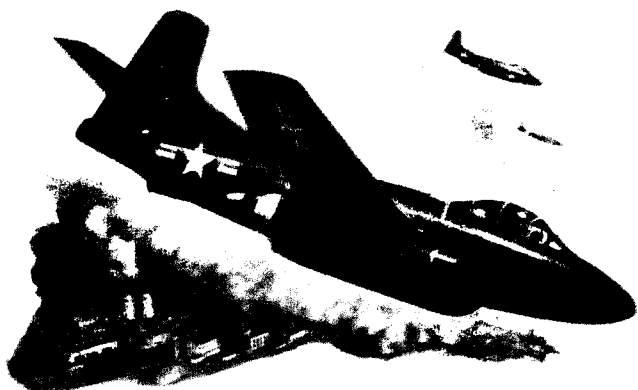
What's doing at Douglas—*WORLD'S LARGEST BUILDER OF AIRCRAFT*



"DC" MEANS DOUGLAS . . . builder of the famous DC-3 and DC-4 . . . the ultra-modern DC-6 and DC-6B . . . tomorrow's DC-7. Next time, *go by air!* Ask for reservations on a dependable *Douglas*.

In the next hour—5 times around the world!

Every day, Douglas "DC" airplanes fly about 3,126,500 miles for 160 airlines. That is more than five times around the world *every hour!* Douglas airplanes link all the continents, and they span the seven seas.



Navy's "Skyknight" has twin-jet speed, radar eyes, rocket punch!

Douglas builds the sleek Skyknight for use on aircraft carriers. With its two big jet engines, it flies near the speed of sound. Its radar pinpoints targets in any weather, day or night. 88% of Douglas production is military.

Only Douglas builds all four airplane types: piston-engine, turbo-prop, jet, rocket . . . and guided missiles, too.



"Picture window" is right! Windows in the Douglas DC-6 and DC-6B are big . . . 16 by 18 inches . . . to display the magnificent views below. Made of clear, heavy plastic, the windows have an "air-sandwich" construction that prevents formation of mist or frost.

"Queen of the fleet" on these leading airlines of the world is the giant, modern Douglas DC-6 or DC-6B:

AA Argentine • *ALITALIA Italian • AMERICAN U. S. • BCPA Australian New Zealand
BRANIFF U. S. • CMA Mexican • CONTINENTAL U. S. • CPAL Canadian • DELTA U. S.
*FLYING TIGER U. S. • KLM Netherlands • LAI Italian • NATIONAL U. S.
PAL Philippine • PANAGRA U. S. • PAN AMERICAN U. S. • SABENA Belgian
SAS Danish Norwegian Swedish • SLICK U. S. • SWISSAIR Swiss • *TAI French
TRANSOCEAN U. S. • UNITED U. S. • WESTERN U. S.

*Soon

Twice as many people fly **DOUGLAS**
as all other airplanes combined

THEY SATISFY *AND HOW!*



"FOR 25 YEARS I've been a steady Chesterfield smoker," says prominent tobacco farmer Pearsall L. Rogers. "They buy the world's best tobaccos and make the world's best cigarette."

Pearsall L. Rogers. MULLINS, S. C.

AND NOW—CHESTERFIELD FIRST TO GIVE YOU SCIENTIFIC FACTS IN SUPPORT OF SMOKING

A responsible consulting organization reports a study by a competent medical specialist and staff on the effects of smoking Chesterfields. For six months a group of men and women smoked only Chesterfield—10 to 40 a day—their normal amount. 45 percent of the group have smoked Chesterfields from one to thirty years for an average of ten years each.

At the beginning and end of the six-months, each smoker was given a thorough examination including X-rays, and covering the sinuses, nose, ears and throat. After these examinations, the medical specialist stated...

"It is my opinion that the ears, nose, throat and accessory organs of all participating subjects examined by me were

not adversely affected in the six-months period by smoking the cigarettes provided."

Remember this report and buy Chesterfields—regular or king-size.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR
CHESTERFIELD—EITHER
WAY YOU LIKE 'EM



LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.



LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

★ CONTAINS TOBACCOS OF
BETTER QUALITY AND HIGHER
PRICE THAN ANY OTHER
KING-SIZE CIGARETTE

Buy CHESTERFIELD *Much Milder*

Copyright 1942, LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.